THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. F

APRIL 24, 1915 THE COPY

THE GODS ARRIVE—By William Allen White

A Talk With the Japanese Premier—By Samuel G. Blythe

Firestone

Most Miles per Dollar

Actual Size
3-inch "Plain Tread"
FIRESTONE

Fig. 1. 4 plies of fabric in Firestone —3 plies in the ordinary.

Fig. 2. Extra coating of finest rubber between fabric layers in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

Fig. 3. 1-16 inch finest rubber cushion layer in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

Fig. 4. 1-16 inch breaker strip of high-grade fabric and high-grade rubber in Firestone —same quantity in the ordinary.

Fig. 5. 1-4 inch tread, tough, resilient, in Firestone —3-16 inch in the ordinary.

Fig. 6. 1-16 inch side wall of strongest rubber in Firestone —same quantity in the ordinary.

Fig. 7. Bead of extra cohesive strength in the Firestone —same size bead in the ordinary.

Yet you pay only $9.40 for this 30 x 3 Firestone—less than 5% more than four widely advertised makes.

Actual Size 5-inch
"Non-Skid" FIRESTONE

Fig. 1. 7 plies of Sea-Island fabric in Firestone —some are satisfied with 6.

Fig. 2. Extra coating of finest rubber between fabric layers in Firestone —not in the ordinary.

Fig. 3. ⅛ inch Pure Para Rubber cushion layer in Firestone —none in the ordinary.

Fig. 4. 3-32 inch Breaker Strip of Sea-Island fabric and high-grade rubber in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 5. ½ inch Tread, tough, resilient, gripping in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 6. ⅛ inch side wall of strongest rubber in Firestone —less in the ordinary.

Fig. 7. Firestone Bead, built into tire specially for clincher rims in Firestone.

In the ordinary tire the clincher part of bead is only a patch applied to the straight side type to fill "clincher" space.

Yet you pay only $39.80 for this 37 x 5 inch Firestone NON-SKID—20% below the average of four widely advertised makes.

"Keeping the Faith" on Quality—at Low Prices

HERE are two examples of the extra values you get in Firestone tires: a small size, and a large size. The same relative values apply in all sizes.

Yet Firestone prices are almost down to the figures at which "ordinary" tires are sold. Why? Because a discriminating public has demanded Firestones until we are the largest producers and distributors in America specializing on tires.

Having delivered Most Miles per Dollar always, we have rendered the service the public really wants. This service brought us the volume. Volume brought down the cost.

In fairness to yourself and the tire industry we ask you to measure tire values by the mileage rule—not by the rule of price. We are proud of being able to give you Firestone Tires and Tubes at such low prices.

We are proud of our economy in manufacture and distribution which gives you such quality for so little money. But if we couldn't reach this low price we should ask you to pay more in order to get this quality, which we know to be essential and economical.

Fortunately you don't have to pay more.

The savings give you the quality standard of the industry at the low prices quoted here.

Firestone Tube Prices Prove Firestone Economy

Firestone Tubes are known to be of the highest standard of quality. You can judge that before buying. Firestones look quality, feel quality, weigh quality. The bulk of pure rubber is there.

Then why is Firestone lower in price on tubes?

Specialized production on an enormous scale is one reason.

Specialized marketing facilities of international scope is another reason—America's largest distributing organization devoted solely to tires and tubes cuts costs for you.

The specialists at buying save you some more.

The Firestone policy of small profit to win large demand saves you more.

The low overhead costs and interest charges on the Firestone business save you more.

These are the reasons why you get the supreme quality of Firestone Tubes at even less than others charge.

The same relative difference, which means a bigger advantage to you, exists in the tire prices and values.

So compare tires and tubes, inside and out. Compare the prices. Compare the service records among your acquaintances—then get Firestones from your dealer and enjoy Most Miles per Dollar.

Firestone Net Prices to Car-Owners

	Case Round Tread	Case Non-Skid	Grey Tube	Red Tube
30 x 3	$ 9.40	$10.55	$2.20	$2.50
30 x 3½	11.90	13.35	2.60	2.90
32 x 3½	13.75	15.40	2.70	3.05
34 x 4	19.90	22.30	3.90	4.40
34 x 4½	27.30	30.55	4.80	5.40
36 x 4½	28.70	32.15	5.00	5.65
37 x 5	35.55	39.80	5.95	6.70
38 x 5½	46.00	51.50	6.75	7.55

Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, O.—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Society Brand Clothes

Send Now for the "Panama-Pacific Exposition Style Book"

Showing Designs by Peine

MR. A. G. PEINE, as most well dressed men know, is the leading designer of young men's clothes. And more men than ever before—men who are young in years or young in viewpoint—are now seeking Society Brand Clothes because he designs them.

If you want to get full information about these clothes, ask for a copy of our style book. You'll find it immensely interesting.

It pictures the pick of the designs by Peine. The figures are shown with the San Francisco Fair buildings as backgrounds, and some instructive data about the Fair is given.

The requests for these books are out of all proportion to our expectations. So, if you want to be sure of getting a copy, you'd better send for it *now*.

Scene from the Panama-Pacific Exposition Style Book. On the Balcony of Tower of Jewels, overlooking Palace of Horticulture. © A. D. & C.

The Male Figures, From Left to Right, Wear Society Brand Models Master, Budd, York and D'Orsay.

The Age of Youth

This is the Age of Youth. Men of all ages are living in closer relationship. You hear very little of old-fashioned ideas. Fathers are thinking as their sons—they are playing the same games—they are *dressing* more alike.

That is why Society Brand Clothes are so popular now. They show a dignified, conservative touch of *youthfulness*. They make men look as young as they *ought* to look today. Peine now makes men of forty look *thirty-five* instead of forty-*five*, as was usual.

Even men up to *sixty*, in modern times, want more *youthful* looking clothes. They are still active and want their clothes to express it.

© A. D. & C.

Another Scene from the Book. Palace of Horticulture in background.

The male figure of which back view is shown wears Society Brand Model Belter A. The dominant figure Model No. 1.

The Genius in His Line

Ten years ago A. G. Peine designed the clothes of New York's smartest dressers, making a Broadway tailor famous.

Now he designs Society Brand Clothes alone. He is a member of this firm and devotes his whole attention to it.

He abhors fads and extremes. Yet his models lead in exclusiveness. He is widely copied, but no other designer seems able to get his incomparable effects.

He is the genius in his line. If you want to be up-to-date, you have but to wear Peine models.

And Don't Overlook This

—that *design alone* never made good clothes, for shape and style must be *built-in to stay*.

We have trained in this organization *special men* to work out this idea.

We search the world for the best of fabrics.

Our whole organization—scientifically developed—works in harmony with Peine to get his best results.

Where to Get Them

Please remember this fact before you start to look for these clothes:

—there's but one merchant in any town who can sell them. You must go to him to get them. The best way is to write for his name and address. You'll know that this little trouble was worth your while, after you've seen these models. They are too slowly and too carefully made—the output is too limited—to sell to every store in your city. But *that* adds to exclusiveness.

We'll send the name and address of the Society Brand merchant in your town when we send the style book to you.

* * * * * *

Don't miss getting this book. You'll enjoy looking it over, especially if you are going to the San Francisco Fair. You'll be glad you discovered the clothes it pictures. Send a postcard for it and for the merchant's name now.

* * * * * *

Society Brand prices range from $20 up—dress clothes from $35 up.

No garment is an A. G. Peine model unless the inside pocket bears the label, "Society Brand Clothes."

Made in Chicago by

ALFRED DECKER & COHN

MADE IN MONTREAL FOR CANADA BY SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, LIMITED

BABIES and Ivory Soap seem to belong to each other. It is natural to think of Ivory Soap in connection with a baby's tender skin and it is almost impossible not to think of baby's bath when recalling the many particular things which Ivory does so well.

The sensitive little body demands a soap that is mild and pure, above all else. To most people Ivory has come to mean the mildest and purest soap that can be made.

Users of Ivory Soap now think of it as the soap for all better-than-ordinary purposes. They know that it is capable of the most exacting things—that even the tender skin of a new baby is unhurt by its use.

The Ivory Soap "Baby Book" is a valuable treatise on the raising of healthy, happy children. You may have a copy free of charge by addressing The Procter & Gamble Company, Dept. 8-B, Cincinnati, Ohio

IVORY SOAP.... IVORY IT FLOATS .... 99 44/100% PURE

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

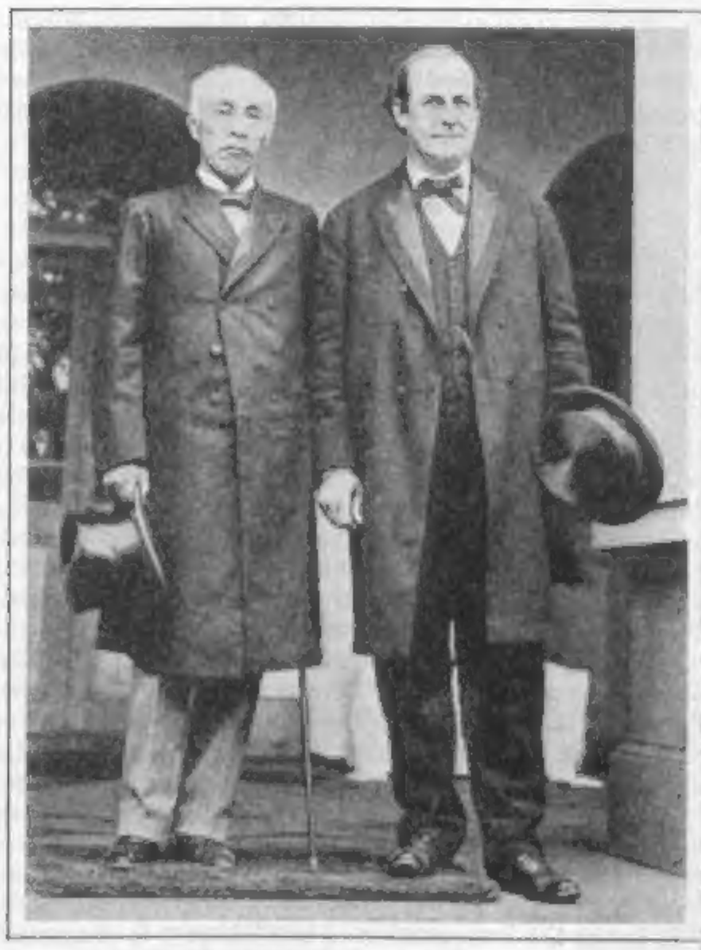
Copyright, 1915,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 *PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 24, 1915* *Number 43*

A TALK WITH THE JAPANESE PREMIER—By Samuel G. Blythe



Count Okuma and Mr. Bryan

Count Okuma at About the Time Commodore Perry Landed in Japan. The Picture Shows the Count in the Samurai Costume of the Clan to Which He Belonged

Count Okuma and His Wife

THERE never was a war party in Japan. There never was any real war sentiment in Japan. And neither exists now."

As the Premier of Japan said this he leaned forward in his chair and emphasized each word with a beat of his right hand, in which he held, like a baton, a half-smoked cigarette in a short amber holder. We were sitting in one of the inner audience rooms of the official residence of the Premier, in Tokio, with a small Japanese table between us. Tea had been served. The cigarette box was open. We had been talking for an hour and a half on that most interesting and important topic, the relations between Japan and the United States. We had skirted round the edge of a possible war several times.

Finally, after the Premier had been commenting on the situation in China, which was then acute, for the interview was on Wednesday, February twenty-fourth, I plumped the question at him:

"Is there a war party in Japan? Is there any real war sentiment?"

Hanihara—the able, alert, active, smiling Hanihara—for so many years in the Japanese Embassy at Washington, was interpreting for me, for the Premier is not fluent in English and I am dumb in Japanese.

Hanihara put the question and the Premier listened, far back in his chair, with his lips firmly compressed and his eyes watching Hanihara closely. A ray of sunshine filtered through the cedar tree at the window and threw a high light on the rugged face of Japan's greatest statesman and orator, bringing out its strong lines, its great character, its impressive uncomeliness. The Premier held his cigarette pointed upward, firmly clasped between thumb and forefinger. His other hand was clasped on the arm of the chair.

As Hanihara finished, the Premier nodded. He said nothing for a moment; then he bowed to me, turned to Hanihara and began to talk. As he listened he had been the grave Japanese statesman, almost stern in aspect. As he began to talk he became the impassioned orator, speaking with all the eloquence and elocution he uses on the platform or on the stump.

Tons of words have been written about the impassive Japanese, whose face never betrays his emotions, and whose ever-present smile is merely a physical demonstration, a part of his politeness. That may be true of the race, but it is not true of Count Okuma, the Premier. When Okuma smiles his smile is a real smile. It does not stop at his lips; but his eyes smile, his cheeks smile, his forehead smiles. His face lights up all over. I can readily understand the comment of the diplomat who said to me: "Count Okuma is the greatest orator in Japan. He has magnetism. When he rises to make a speech he gets you and holds you, no matter if you do not understand a word he is saying."

He is an old man—within a year or two of eighty. He suffers almost continuous pain in the stump of the leg that was blown off by a bomb some twenty-odd years ago. He has been in many cabinets—as Minister of Finance, of Foreign Affairs, of Agriculture and Commerce; and this is his second premiership. He was almost at his majority when Commodore Perry came to Japan and opened the door to progress for the Japanese. He has participated actively in all the tremendous development from feudalism to the civilization of the present. And now, Premier and leader, he is fighting a political fight, in a general election campaign, with all the enthusiasm and energy of a man half as old, and directing the affairs of the country in this critical period with the sagacity of experience and the fervor of youth.

"There never was a war party in Japan," he said. "There never was any real war sentiment in Japan. And neither exists now. If you will refresh your memory concerning this talk of war, or if you will examine into its origin, you will find that no single phase or phrase of it originated in Japan. There never has been a responsible agitation for war in this country—war between Japan and the United States, I mean. What there has been was the echo of agitation and war talk that began in your country.

"We have jingoes here just as you have jingoes in America. We have a sensational press here just as you have a sensational press in America. Naturally when the jingoes of America, and those with selfish interests to serve, began to cry war in America, and the sensational press took up that cry, the cry found an echo here and the press propaganda found imitators. But it was not responsible, and it was not official.

"How could there be war between Japan and the United States? Your country will never be the aggressor and Japan never will be. What, then, could or would start a war? If you will look into history you will find that Japan never has begun a war until war was forced on Japan as the last alternative. There has been an idea, based to some extent on the old stories of the samurai, that the Japanese are a warlike, belligerent people.

"It is true that the samurai carried two swords, but those were swords of preparedness. He carried the two swords in order to be ready for attack. And it was the invariable rule of conduct of the samurai that his swords must never be drawn until he was prepared to use them. There was no flourishing of weapons, no threatening, no braggadocio. When the samurai drew his sword he was under penalty of death to use it; and if he did not use it he was disgraced. And he never drew it until he was in a corner and there was no other way out than the way out to be obtained by fighting.

"It is so with the Japanese people. They will not fight until they are cornered, until their honor has been stained, until that is the only course. We were forced to fight in

our Chinese War. We were forced to fight in our Russian War. And in neither of those unfortunate wars were we the aggressor. We went to war because there was nothing else left for us to do and maintain our national honor. We went to war this time because of the terms of our treaty of alliance with Great Britain; and we were not the aggressors. We do not draw our swords before we are prepared to use them—until that is the last resort.

"Who talks of war between Japan and the United States? Not your government. Not my government. Who will be the aggressor? Not your government. Not my government. Are the relations of two peoples whose friendship is not only cordial but traditional to be disturbed by sensationalists and rumor-mongers, and jingoes and a yellow press? I do not think so. No intelligent person in Japan thinks so. And I am quite confident that the same opinion prevails in America.

"Let me repeat and emphasize what I said at the beginning: There is no war party in Japan. There is no real war sentiment in Japan. We suffer, as you suffer, from certain elements in our society which can conceive of no settlement of any difficulty or misunderstanding that may arise between nations—particularly between our nations—save the settlement by war. But I assure you that there has been no time when war between us was ever considered as a probability. Our national ways and yours are the ways of peace and enlightenment and commerce and friendship, and not the ways of war."

I had presented my letters to Count Okuma soon after my arrival in Japan, and had been told to come to the official residence at two o'clock on that Wednesday afternoon, when the Premier would be pleased to see me. So, at two o'clock, Hanihara and I arrived and were shown into a long reception room, where the hangings were of dull red silk and the furniture of mahogany upholstered in a shade of the same color. There was a gas grate burning brightly, a cabinet containing specimens of Japanese porcelain and glass and carvings—a quiet, restful sort of room. The windows opened on a garden that in the summertime must be most artistic; but it was deadened by winter then, and had no beauty save the beauty that came from the bright sunshine which bathed it and cast fantastic shadows from the fantastic trees on the brown sward.

The Premier's Personal Characteristics

WE WAITED only a moment. Then a messenger came in and bowed, and we went through another long room, also hung and upholstered in red—the dining room—and into a small, cozy room, again in red, where there was a bright grate fire; a round table on which there was nothing save a copy of the Premier's magazine—New Japan; a small tea table, and a few large and comfortable chairs. There was a lacquered box containing cigarettes on the small table. That was all.

We heard a heavy step in the hall.

"Here he is," said Hanihara.

The door opened and a man, taller than the average Japanese, fully five feet ten, came clumping in, walking with the peculiar swing of the man who has lost a leg and who has replaced it with an artificial one. Hanihara bowed low and so did I. The Premier came to me, held out his hand, smiled and welcomed me in Japanese. Then he escorted me to the small tea table, placed me in a chair where the light from the windows shone full on my face, sat down opposite me, offered me a cigarette, and said something in Japanese to Hanihara.

I watched him intently. The one word that describes him best, as to his physical characteristics, is rawboned. He is a man of rather broad shoulders which seem bony rather than muscular; with long arms; with strong, sinewy hands; with the flat chest of the rawboned man and the general aspect of angularity. He wore a long black frock coat; a vest cut rather low in front; a white shirt, in which there was a little pearl stud; and a small black bow tie. He stretched the artificial leg out in front of him; lighted his cigarette after he had placed it carefully in the holder; and after I had explained my mission and presented my compliments he began to talk.

I observed his face—a strong face, seamed and lined as are the faces of the older Japanese; a face essentially and characteristically Japanese, with its high cheek bones, its slanted eyes, its hollowed cheeks and its sharpened chin. The mouth and the eyes give it its greatest character. The mouth can shut into a most stern and formidable mouth which gives the impression of severity and dignity and sternness; or it can change to a smiling mouth—a mouth that imparts geniality and warmth of feeling. The eyes can narrow to mere slits of concentration or can smile with the mouth. When he talks his face is all aglow with animation. When he listens that mouth compresses almost into rigidity. I imagine he can be very austere at times.

But his hands are most interesting. He uses his hands to interpret his thought, with all the grace and fluency of the practiced orator. He argues with his hands, observes with them, comments with them, pleads with them, emphasizes with them, impresses with them, elaborates with them. He could almost make a speech with his hands, without using words. His gestures are as various as his intonations. He declaims, exclaims, proclaims and inflames with them. He soothes, quiets, calms and composes with them. He excites and incites with them. They move constantly.

I could not discover whether the words followed the hands or the hands followed the words; but their harmonious relation was complete. Many times he grasped his cigarette holder, by making a fist about it, and beat time to his words; or, almost as frequently, he held it upright in one hand and made a baton of the extended forefinger of the other. And all the time his face was animated; all the time his smile was persuasive; all the time his earnestness was infectious. It was no perfunctory affair with the Premier. He knew how many millions of Americans he was talking to.

He told me about his own magazine, asked a few questions about THE SATURDAY EVENING POST; and then, as I was about to put my first question, he stopped me by holding up a detaining hand and spoke to Hanihara.

"Before we begin," interpreted Hanihara, "the Premier desires me to ask you how long you have been in Japan."

"Only a few days," I replied.

The answer was translated and the Premier spoke again.

"He desires me to say to you that, even though you have been in Japan for these few days and only about the country, thus far, on your journeys between Yokohama and Tokio, you have undoubtedly observed the difference in customs and manners between our country and yours, as well as noted the different modes of thought. He wants you to remember that we Japanese have a different view from yours, think according to our own lights and not with the Western perspective, and are influenced by our own environment to a certain degree. Thus, you will understand that all the Premier says to you is from the Japanese view, based on his own conclusion and study in his own manner, and by his knowledge of our nation, our nationality and the thoughts of our people."

"How does Japan regard the United States?" I asked. "What is the present attitude of your people toward America?"

"Japan regards the United States as a friend," the Premier replied. "Japan holds tenaciously to the idea that no circumstance can arise which will not be subject to rational settlement, in a rational manner, when the proper understanding of the viewpoints of both nations prevails. You are undoubtedly familiar with the early history of the relations between the United States and Japan, and know the basis for this regard on our part and for this friendship that has continued so long.

"Holding this in mind, let me call to your attention that, in the course of the history of any nation, in the progress of the upbuilding of any nationality, there invariably comes a time or a disposition to consider a stronger nation as an object of some suspicion, which perhaps comes as much from the pride of accomplishment and desire for recognition on the part of the weaker nation as from any other cause, but for which there may be a variety of other causes. It is quite true that after our war with Russia there came a change in Japan in our feeling toward the United States. This might have been psychological or it might have been physical. At any rate, there began to grow up in this country, as in yours, evidences of relations that, though not strained, may be said to have been less pleasant and cordial than before.

"This situation did not develop in any sort of acuteness until the agitation began in California—the agitation with which you are familiar. From the viewpoint of Japan that agitation was not justified, and it was most unsatisfactory and depressing to our people. We had always considered the United States as our friend and we still considered her as our friend. There were certain of our people who looked on this agitation as a national agitation; but those of us who understood had no such view.

"Rather, we held it to be a local agitation. We did not and do not consider the action of California as a national attitude in any way, and we were constantly assured by our friends in the United States that such was not the case. Instead, we considered and now consider it as a local affair and not in any way representing the real national spirit of the United States. Therefore, we feel that we can wait patiently for a solution of that difficulty; and we are sure that some such solution will be found. We are quite certain that the great American nation, as a nation, will do nothing to affront the national spirit and the national pride of Japan by unjustified discrimination, or in any other way; and we are content to let the event prove the truth of our belief."

"How Could There be War Between Japan and the United States?"

Japan at the Panama Exposition

"AS PROOF of our attitude in the matter let me cite our participation in the Exposition at San Francisco. Though that Exposition is held in California, where, in greatest measure, this agitation has been fomented, we held it to be a national exposition, broader in its conception and in its purposes than a state exposition, or a California exposition, or a Pacific Coast exposition—a national enterprise. And, having that conception of its purposes and its radius, we, as the Japanese nation, decided to take the broader consideration and to participate, which we have done as generously as we were able. That circumstance, I think, shows the reasonableness of the Japanese view, and is the proof that we do not consider the attitude of California in any sense the attitude of the great American nation or the attitude of the American people as a whole.

"We are convinced that the American people are as desirous as we are of maintaining friendly and cordial relations, and we are waiting, with patience and composure, for time and the intelligent consideration of the American people, as a whole—as a nation—to compose these differences, or to find a settlement or a basis on which we can agree with mutual satisfaction.

"So far as the immigration of our laborers is concerned we have no disposition to endanger the relations between our country and yours on account of a few hundred thousand laborers, though we are sure that this relinquishment will not mean to the people of the United States any abandonment of our contention that the Japanese resident in those territories shall be treated with justness and with equal fairness, and not discriminated against. And we feel certain that all this will be adjusted, and shall be patient, relying on the temperate consideration by the American people of our contentions, and the equitable adjustment that we know must come when the facts are all known, and the attitude and viewpoint of our country are thoroughly understood.

"This does not mean, of course, that we sacrifice anything or abandon anything. It means that we have every faith in the ultimate justness and fairness of the American people, and are content to be patient until such time as the proper view shall prevail, as we feel sure it must."

"Then there is a renewal of that cordiality which formerly existed?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly. It is quite true that at the time of the agitation there was considerable resentment in this country; and that is not to be wondered at. Let me again call your attention to the fact that we were not the aggressors in this affair. We did not begin it. Naturally, when it was begun and sensationalized the agitation in the localities where the movement was on found its echo here. There are agitators in Japan, just as there are agitators in the United States; but the agitation and the propaganda in Japan did not typify the real basic feeling in Japan, among the intelligent classes, any more than the agitation on the Pacific Coast typified the real basic feeling and attitude of the whole people of the United States toward Japan.

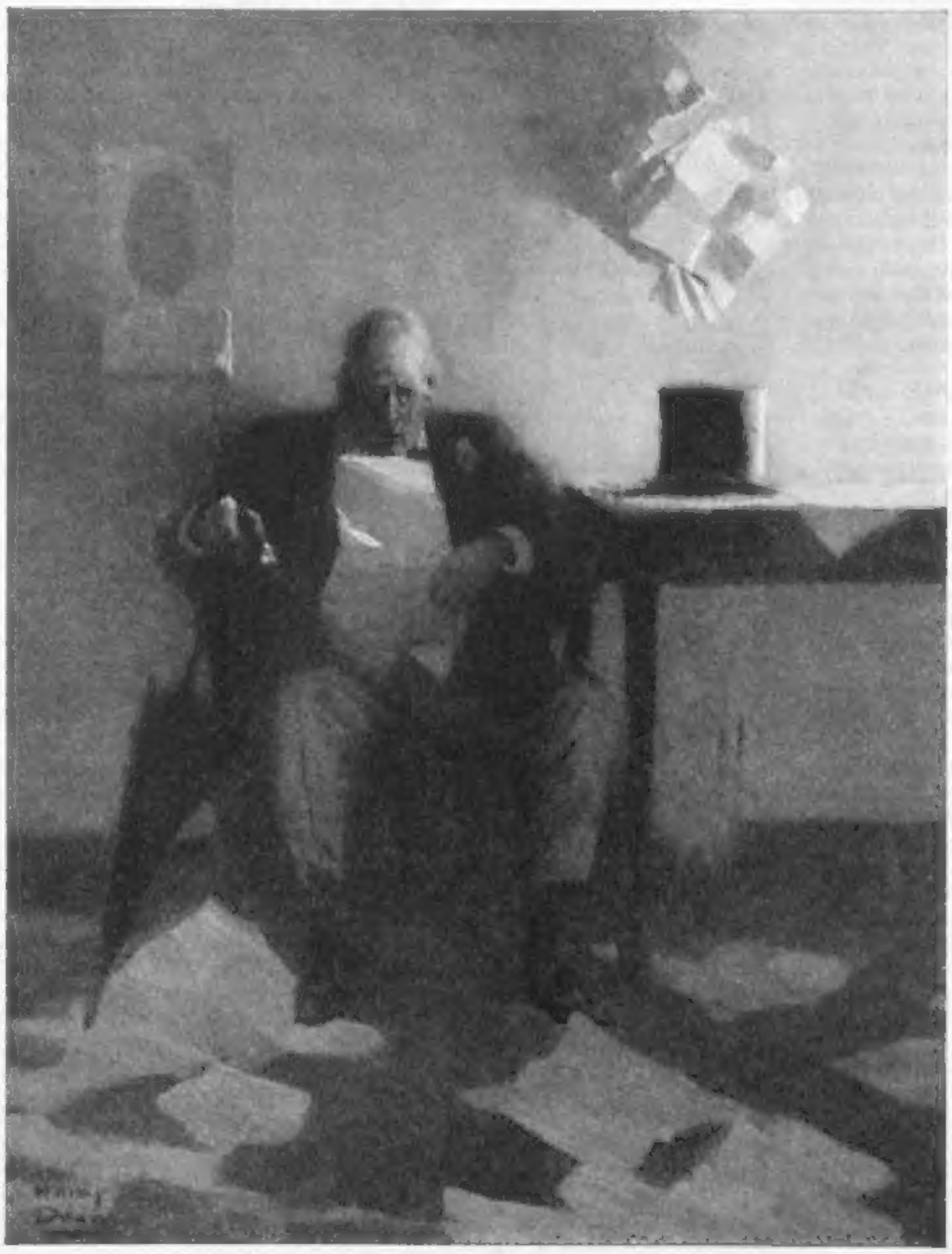
"We are confident that the people of the United States, both officially and popularly, are friends of

(Continued on Page 53)

THE GODS ARRIVE

By William Allen White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN



"But My Life—My Work! It's All Over! It's All Done!"

ONCE upon a time—and the time was in the latter half of the first decade of the twentieth century, when strange new currents were running through the minds of men—in a certain small town in the Missouri Valley there sat at night in a smelly little newspaper office, rather poorly lighted, in the midst of a great throng that watched anxiously bulletins which flashed on a dead wall near by, a congressman.

The congressman was a pudgy, soft-handed, short-legged, thin-haired, pink-browed, clabber-jowled congressman, all swathed about as to his podlike torso in a white vest, draped in a black frock coat. His name was Joel Ladgett. Joel Ladgett was the famous author of the Ladgett Bill. He sat rolling a dead cigar from one side of his loose, coarse mouth to the other, displaying a set of big uneven teeth, badly battered by time. His jaw was coming unscrewed and was wabbling—almost visibly.

He held in his small, soft hands a yellow telegram and was reading it over and over, and over again. Outside, the contents of the telegram were shining on the dead wall; and in the summer breeze that played through the south window near the congressman he could hear the hum of the crowd. Somebody started a cheer; but the cheer was not successful and a faint clapping of hands died away fatuously.

The crowd knew that Mrs. Ladgett sat beside the congressman and his enemies banked the bonfires of their exultation. It was the first primary for choosing a congressman ever held in the district; and on that yellow slip of paper, containing the news from four of the seven counties of the district—there, impersonally and irrevocably—the finger of Fate spelled his defeat.

Defeat in a convention, with the tumult and the shouting of the captains, softens political death by dramatizing it. Often the vanquished has something of value to trade with the victor, and thus defeat is not complete. It may mean a slow-turning movement—as, say, to a Federal judgeship, or a receivership, or a state office. Or it may mean any of the thousand feather beds of political consolation wherewith politicians ease their wounded and dying. But Congressman Ladgett's defeat at the primary was just cold, hard, miserable, unmitigated defeat. His hands sank trembling to his lap and his eyes filled, and he began trying to choke down the sobs that were rising in his heart.

The yellow sheet slipped to the floor. A lank, leathery man, who stood at attention, as a sort of courier or herald or outrider, near the Person, stooped to pick up the paper, and, as he rose, cried:

"That's what your pure democracy does to a man!" Rising, the lank courier put a horny brown hand out, grasped the flabby little paw that dropped loosely from beneath the white vest; and the tall man said gently: "It's all right, Judge—it's all right. I'd lots rather go down with you than with ——"

"Hiram!"

The man turned his face toward Mrs. Ladgett, a monumental person with three chins.

"Hiram," she repeated, "get a hack—Joel is tired; tell it to come to the alley; I don't want them to see him."

"The situation, madam, certainly does seem ——" Larson replied; but a look from the woman almost batted him out of the room.

No emotion shook the woman's voice; yet her face was burning with wrath. She stood foursquared to whatever winds were blowing through her soul and gave orders like a ship's captain in a gale. She looked at the tall man beside her and directed his eyes to the figure of the congressman. It had slumped. The face was hidden and the hands were clasped above the half-bald head; and the slanting shoulders were nervously pumping as the man wept. The woman said instantly:

"Keep the boys in the office away from him. Get the hack, quick!"

As Hiram Larson left the room Mrs. Ladgett locked the door behind him, and stood beside her husband. She did not whimper; nor did she touch him for a minute, but let his anguish spend itself. Then she said:

"Joel—Joel!" She found his hands. "Joel, you—you mustn't—not here—not now!"

He raised his grief-riven face, all working with shame, and whimpered:

"But my life—my work! It's all over! It's all done!"

When the royal party was gone and the editor's room deserted, the crowd in the office, where the telegraph instrument was clicking out the details of his defeat, knew vaguely that Congressman Ladgett had in some way broken under the news. No one laughed; men were constrained. They shook their heads and sighed: "Too bad!"—even those who had contributed their votes to the landslide that overcame him.

The clicking instrument was bringing news of similar defeats from elsewhere in the state, and for months the primaries in other states had been mowing down men of the Ladgett type all over the nation. So the town about him was prepared for the overthrow of Ladgett. But though the congressman had seen his fellows drop before the grim reaper with the new weapon of democracy, he had imagined himself safe. He had his organization—the strongest in the state—all bristling with postmasters under the control of Hiram Larson. The congressman also had the district attorney, the revenue collectors and their deputies, and the flunkies of the Federal court. He had Boyce Kilworth's money—all he needed of it; and the golden touch of the Kilworth money never before had failed to do everything but raise the dead.

And then, of course—and the congressman did not minimize this point—there was his splendid record: his high place in the House, his great power with the Administration, the fame of the Ladgett Bill, and his place on The Committee. Even the congressman himself capitalized The Committee when he spoke of it, for it awed him with its power.

No matter how jauntily he pranced before the newer members across the floor of the House, with the red carnation in his coat lapel—the red carnation that set him apart and made him a member of the autocracy—The Committee, even to him, was a holy of holies, and his membership in it seemed to guarantee him against ordinary mortal mishaps. Politically he thought himself one of the deathless gods. He marveled that a member of The Committee could eat and sleep and function physically as other men functioned; so, when the avalanche hit him, when the last definite telegram unmistakably revealed the truth to him, Congressman Ladgett's whole universe came crashing in. He could see no moral control of creation, no purposeful guidance, no plan or scheme or direction to it.

It was a week before he could show himself to the town; but in that week the red corpuscles of hope began building round the congressman's heart. A thousand plans developed in his mind to bring back the seat he had lost. Two years, he thought, would give him a needed rest; but it would do more. The two years would prove to Boyce Kilworth that his tin mills could not run without a congressman. Rates, schedules, duties—specific and ad valorem—trailed through his head in endless procession as he built his life firmly into the structure of his country's future. For he saw life not as a moving picture on the reel; he saw it rather as a tableau set in the static calm of some Elysian Field, with the gods of things as they are in full dominion, and with congressmen and manufacturers moving together in a common orbit of magnificence, dependent on each other, glorifying each other in heavenly harmony forever. So the hope in his heart charged his mind with an unshaken conviction that the universe required him in its divine economy.

As he sat in his rooms at the Astor House, where Hiram Larson was the host, and there, rearranging to his purpose the fragments about him of the wreck of matter, he read the press clippings that came flooding in on him from the Clipping Bureau. Hiram used to come to the royal bedchamber betimes; and, after reviewing what he referred to as the Situation for an hour, he would slip out of the pile of newspaper cuttings those which indicated in a rather definite way that the congressman's district had gone stark mad in retiring such a distinguished statesman. And these cuttings the cupbearer of Parnassus would read exultingly on the streets of Pleasant Ridge to such gross cattle as he thought might be prodded to repent of their ruthless conduct; but Hiram never was able to report any change in the Situation. The Situation always was grave with Hiram—grave or acute.

Finally Mrs. Ladgett decided that the congressman should appear on Constitution Street, in the marts of trade, where the author of the Ladgett Bill was used to the adulation of the multitude. He made his public appearance in his long coat, his white vest, his immaculately creased trousers and his high hat. In this regal toggery for twenty years he had swept the street before him as the wind bends the grainfield. Yet that first day his regalia did not seem to be achieving all it should have achieved. Men were patronizingly polite; and that cut him. And some men, whom he knew were lying to him, professed sympathy; and that angered him. Because Mrs. Ladgett had demanded that he go to the bank, he went; though he knew his overdraft was wide and deep, and that his past-due paper was baled in a withered bundle.

Boyce Kilworth, of the First National, for thirty years had been a sort of foster Providence to the congressman, controlling his destinies at home and, through New York channels, guiding his Washington career. In greeting the Judge, Kilworth looked up from his interest book gloomily, then took the Judge into the back room of the bank and gave him the bank's third degree for delinquents. He had heard Kilworth give others that third degree; but it

was a new thing to the Judge to hear it visited on his own head. It rumpled his white vest, disheveled his hair, and disorganized his fundamental faith in the essential goodness of great riches, as such. And that faith was all he had left in a shattered universe whereon to pin his sanity.

The congressman left Joyce Kilworth's bank dazed, like a new soul in purgatory. That the dogs in the hustings might turn on him, he had come to believe, was largely to his credit. He accounted it a virtue that he had been picked for a high martyrdom to his principles. Greece and Rome furnished countless examples of the treachery of the rabble. But that Boyce Kilworth, who was of the divine cult and of a divinity of pure gold higher than that in which mere congressmen moved, that Boyce Kilworth should snarl at his friend and should bicker at the defeat, that he should find Boyce Kilworth's gilding rubbing off and disclosing brass—that was real disillusion.

But his faith in the political immortality of the demigods of his Parnassus was unshaken. He knew in his soul that Boyce Kilworth's tin mill would shrivel under the blighting curse of the jealous divinities if there was no Ladgett in Washington to intercede for the mill; and, though he was pained—even deeply hurt—at the ingratitude of Kilworth, still, he knew that in the order of things in his universe Kilworth would be brought to see his error and retrace his steps.

Yet, as the Judge turned out of Constitution Street into a shady elm-covered avenue and walked sadly to the Astor House—not the best hotel in the Ridge by any means, but one where for many years he had been welcome without money and without price for the glory that he shed there—as he walked he wondered and wondered and wondered at the perfidy of the gods, which was so uncomfortably like the baseness of man! Only in the mad tragedies of Euripides could he find any counterpart of this baseness of the divinities, such as he had seen in Kilworth.

He hesitated to go to Mrs. Ladgett, who had packed him up and sent him to Constitution Street as a Spartan mother threw her offspring on the rocks. So he gave audience first to Hiram Larson, the cupbearer. In a little cubby-hole behind the high pine desk, whereon rested the dog-eared hotel register, Ladgett and his lieutenant retired as to a sibylline cave; and there the congressman gave out this oracle:

"Hiram, have I or have I not deserved of the Fates a kindlier portion than they have dealt me?"

He put one hand behind him, pointed an oratorical finger at the lank hotel keeper, wrinkled his mottled pink brow until his eyebrows all but met, and glared at Hiram as though he was one of the Fates; and then the congressman proceeded to break the dam of his restraint:

"Hiram, boy and man for sixty-five years my goings in and comings out have been an open book. Did I desire an education? Yes. Well, who paid for it? Who? I ask. Joel Ladgett taught school and paid for it; and none of your flimsy fads and frills were in that education. Greek—hard beautiful Greek—and elegant Latin, and deep mathematics, and subtle philosophy. And when I came home and studied law here in Old Man Herrington's law office, I ask you, who was the youngest county attorney ever elected in Lincoln County? Who? Well, I was. I was!

"And who was it that stood by Boyce Kilworth in the county attorney's office when they were clamoring to send him to the penitentiary for fee grabbing as county treasurer? You know! You know! And who, as district judge of a district as large as a New England state—who shielded Boyce Kilworth from the clamor of the mob that would have sent him up for stuffing the ballot box in the county-seat fight, if it was not I myself? I defy you or any other man to tell me who it was!"

The Judge was strutting up and down the little cave of a room, with his hands in his trousers pockets, wagging his head vigorously in his best manner, defying some hypothetical adversary.

"When I went into politics," he began again, taking a new tack, "I knew the game. I knew one must rise by his own efforts—and I rose. It was my business to rise and I kept rising. I made one office get me another. And no other man in this state ever played a smoother game than I played—if I do say it. They were my own offices. No man can say he ever made Joel Ladgett. Joel Ladgett had no faith in the rabble; he didn't fool himself into thinking the rabble would appreciate what he did. He didn't fawn on 'em and pretend he was in office to serve 'em.

"Joel Ladgett, Hiram Larson, was in office to rise, and keep rising; and now, when the Huns and Vandals come, overwhelming the city, Joel Ladgett does not propose to run. Joel Ladgett will sit on the porch of his house in his vestments of office—a Roman noble, garbed in all the insignia of his rank. And let the gods do their worst!"

That figure pleased him. And, though there was much more of his speech to Hiram, the cupbearer, that day, his picture of himself grandly sitting under the marble pillars of a decaying republic while the barbarians ravaged his country so gripped the Judge's imagination that he resolved never to appear on Constitution Street without his white vest and the carnation at his coat lapel, which marked his high calling as a Roman patriarch.

In the Spring the Judge Took Up the Practice of Law

It was while the Judge was ruminating thus in silence amid the débris of our institutions that Hiram mysteriously beckoned the waiting Mrs. Ladgett into the darkness of a linen closet and confided to her, in a high-pressure whisper, that the Situation was becoming "acute."

The day following Judge Ladgett's interview with Boyce Kilworth the banker sent his wife round to call on Mrs. Ladgett. And the call roiled the waters of Mrs. Ladgett's soul; for of old it was known in the town that whenever Boyce Kilworth had reason to hate himself for a particularly despicable trick it was his practice to send his meek, soft-voiced wife to call on the victim.

She was known as Boyce's First Aid—not that she aided in any sense. It was her habit to chirp naïvely through her call about nothing at all, and to get up and leave a whole pack of cards rather shyly; then fly happily away on the next errand of mercy to deposit her peace tablets elsewhere. When she called on Mrs. Ladgett, at the Astor House, Mrs. Kilworth sat with her gloved hands carefully folded in her lap and listened meekly to the unctuous patronage the grand dame bestowed.

"Of course, Mrs. Kilworth," quoth the consort, sitting bolt upright in purple satin, and with all her false hair set on her wrinkled front, giving her the appearance of an animated heathen temple—"of course, Mrs. Kilworth, you cannot understand that they have let in chaos at Washington. It is not only the Judge they have retired—temporarily, of course—but the other strong men of the House; the government, in fact. The government has fallen—only a shell remains."

Mrs. Kilworth smiled up sweetly from under her white hair, falling in gentle waves on her placid forehead, and replied:

"Of course! Isn't it unfortunate?"

"Unfortunate! Unfortunate!" rumbled Mrs. Ladgett. "Why, woman—is that the word to use about the fall of your country? I have just said it is chaos—Chaos! They have let in chaos; and the Judge feels it a patriotic duty to hurry right back to Washington—session or no session—to do what he can to prepare the country against its ruin. Ah, madam"—this with a shake of the head that set the temple lights of beads on the lower levels to trembling as in an earthquake—"you little dream what it means to this government to lose the guiding hands that have kept it from socialism and anarchy!"

But the time had come when the impulse to deposit her cards was burning unquenchably in Mrs. Kilworth, and she rose and flitted away, carrying a vague impression with her that Mrs. Ladgett was booming on interminably. And ten days after the primary, when the Ladgetts moved majestically back on Washington, Mrs. Kilworth had an impression that they were going back to do something or other to chaos.

It was a beautiful world into which the Ladgetts came when they finally returned from Washington to Pleasant Ridge—and a happy world, too, as worlds go. Here were miles of wide, elm-shaded streets, and hundreds of acres of blue grass, whereon children pastured; and flowers grew in little gardens behind comfortable homes. Youths and maidens met and played the little comedies of their courtships simply and gayly, without thought of class or caste; and the natural selection of the human creature was going on as Utopians for many hopeless ages dreamed it should go. Riches were distributed more fairly than ever dreamers had known them to be in any other age in the world, and life was full of joy.

If they had but looked for it the Ladgetts could have found joy, too, in seeing the flower of many a world-old dream fruiting so sweetly. But the Judge saw only the wreck of the order on which he had built his life's faith; and the Roman matron who stood beside him saw only chaos. Their eyes were focused on a universe running wild; and they had no eyes for the loving hand of God, which was beckoning through all the streets, through all the homes, through all the hearts and lives of the town, to an age-long human vision achieved—to a glimpse of a justice that might some day be realized by all men.

So it was a hard, hopeless, dreary sky that gloomed over the Ladgetts when they settled, temporarily, of course, into their old apartments—two bedrooms, with a tin bathtub in a closet between them—in the Astor House. They had not accumulated a stick of furniture during their twenty years in Congress, and the Pleasant Ridge home they had built in the seventies long before had been taken for its mortgage and the taxes.

However, because credits in the stores of the town were easy for the nobility, and the Judge kept the flag of his hopes floating, for a year he managed to put up the outward show of prosperity. Always the white vest, the tail coat, the high hat, the red carnation, insignia of his nobility; always the grand manner—even in buying his cigars on credit; always the air that the author of the Ladgett Bill was stooping to dwell on a mortal plane; always the atmosphere of the grandeur that was Rome—pervaded him. He made no new friends; when he came out of his lofty dream to speak at a formal occasion, the audience was made to feel that the author of the Ladgett Bill was still in public life.

Hiram Larson always had been his campaign manager; always had spoken for the Judge, translating the oracles into the language of the people. Hiram continued at his post; and the Judge's casual appearances on Constitution Street during his first year of exile seemed to partake something of the nature of a pageant, so far removed was he from his fellows.

"He wears," said Colonel Longford one afternoon to Tony Delaney, as they sat in the back room of Boyce Kilworth's bank watching the Judge out skirmishing for a cigar—"He wears the hue

"—— like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

"'Tis the procession of the bleedin' heart," returned Delaney. "And I wonder," he mused on, "whether the Judge really knows it's all over for him! He can't come back. Why, all the chief's money here wouldn't galvanize him! And, what's more, the chief's tied up the new man so tight he can't breathe."

The miserly drib of a pension which the Judge received for his service in an Indian war in the late sixties Mrs. Ladgett appropriated to bedeck herself in a manner befitting her station as wife of the author of the Ladgett Bill. She referred to this pension as "our income," and precious little did Joel get to apply on Hiram Larson's rising account. It was her habit to commandeer periodically one of the three musty hacks in the town and call in regal pomp on such official families as she considered required calls from her.

On these occasions she would tell, with bated whispers, of the responsibilities at Washington that almost broke her husband's body and soul. She was careful to exhibit an indifferent view of the senators, a nicely restrained contempt for the Cabinet Members, and to withhold her loathing of the President's general incompetency only by main strength and awkwardness. But for Joel Ladgett—Mrs. Ladgett calmly left Pleasant Ridge to freeze with horror at the thought of what would have happened to a bleeding country if it had not been for the Judge.

When some of her friends suggested that she should join the Woman's Research Club, Mrs. Ladgett rested her arms proudly over her ample fortifications and smiled benignly and replied:

"I shall avail myself of the opportunity to visit your club—sometimes. But"—here she paused—"naturally for so short a time I can scarcely be expected to take an active part; I should hardly get into next year's work before the Judge would no longer feel the need of the rest he is taking and would be back in the harness again—and we shall be in Washington."

It was in those decadent days of the republic that Mrs. Ladgett began livening up the interest in her Thursday afternoons by telling the ladies—mostly oldish ladies of an unfashionable cult—of the temptations that beset public men in Washington. Such a seamy side did she turn to the ladies; such dreadful court secrets did she disclose; such

an insight did she give her salon into the wicked life of the capital—that Elsie Barnes, the society editor of the Globe, once said:

"Charley"—speaking on the office square and under the Masonic pledge of secrecy which that solemn obligation put on the youth before her—"Charley, if I could just get the right to publish what she reels off there at her Thursday afternoons, under some such a title as The Secret Memoirs of a Lady Dragoness in the Court of Theodore I, I could make our fortunes."

It was not Mrs. Ladgett's habit to paint a halo of virtue round the thin hair on the Judge's pink head; but she gave the strong impression that she had snatched him from the burning pit and held him spotless only by her own splendid qualities of heart and mind. She was not, however, the woman to say so!

Thus, as the Ladgetts' first year away from Washington went by, the Ridge said that the dragoness was getting used to her chains. But people did not know how fiercely she snapped at them. It was in January following their return from Washington that Mrs. Ladgett breathed fire into the Judge's soul and sent him out, with the weapon of his trembling hopes, to release her from her captivity and take her to the heights where she was wont to dwell.

It was one thing to buckle on the Judge's armor and send him valiantly into Constitution Street; but, alas, it was quite another thing for the Judge to storm and retake the Kilworth fortress. As the Judge went into the marble and tiled splendor of the outer offices he clicked his heels as gayly as he could—for one whose legs seemed water beneath him—and swung as jauntily as possible past Boyce Kilworth's desk into the back room, where all the dire deeds of the bank were done. In a few moments Kilworth followed the Judge and found him seated at the table where in times before the two had often held high conference. Kilworth remained standing. He held his fountain pen impatiently in his hand and asked quickly:

"Well, Judge?"

"I have come," answered Judge Ladgett—trying vainly to get back into the old imperious manner that came to him naturally as a member of The Committee and as the author of the Ladgett Bill—"I have come," he repeated, to get a good start, "to talk over our plans for my campaign—this spring."

"That's good—that's good!" cut in Kilworth, still holding his pen, and jingling his keys and his silver with his other hand in his trousers pocket. "By the way, what are you running for now, Judge?"

The Judge met the keen black eyes of the banker, and the old eyes dropped. Kilworth felt that the worst was over. The Judge's head and eyes came up a moment and he replied: "You know very well what I'm running for, sir! What should I be running for but Congress?"

"All right, Judge—go ahead. It's a free country. But I've had to obligate myself to the present incumbent. You know the story of the appointment of the new United States marshal. I had to have him. And, anyway, I'm lined up that way now, Judge."

Kilworth put the least shade of kindness—or maybe it was self-pity—into the last sentence. He stood towering over the Judge and saw suddenly come into the old frame a stiffening of purpose; and an instant later the Judge was on his feet.

"And you," cried the Judge passionately, "you tie up"—he paused and repeated—"you tie up with him! With him? With anarchy, with socialism, with the enemies of the Constitution—just for a Federal marshal to herd round your serfs down there at the tin plant and keep 'em down! You betray your country for a piece of pie?" His face was red and his voice charged with wrath. "You—you who would be doing your time still in the penitentiary if it wasn't for me! You! You!"

He was glaring at the banker when Kilworth sneered: "Get off your high horse! A man's got to be practical, hasn't he? Anyway, I'm busy."

Kilworth turned to go. The Judge's passion was waning and he cried:

"Look here, Boyce; can't you listen to reason? Does a stable government mean nothing to you?" He stood pleading rather pitifully as the banker stopped but did not turn.

Kilworth answered harshly:

"No use talking, Judge; I'm all tied up. I'm sorry; but I can't help you."

He was gone a moment later. The Judge picked up his hat and his gloves—newly cleaned, as a part of his burnished armor, by his wife. He stood for a moment looking out of the window, and then walked through Kilworth's room into the corridor of the bank, without speaking and with what pride he could rouse from a broken heart.

He countermarched about the outside of the frowning fortress he could not storm and made a sad detour before going to the castle, where the pining prisoner lay in the dungeon of the Astor House. He talked a long footless hour with Hiram, went over every county in the district, postmaster by postmaster, precinct by precinct, town by town; but, as for conclusions, Hiram, after the manner of his cult and caste, had few to offer. He looked wise, made certain familiar grimaces to indicate that he was thinking deeply, and, in the end, would venture nothing more definite than that the Situation seemed very grave—acute in fact!

At the end of the hour the defeated knight in armor shuffled wearily and rather stiffly, in the clotted garments of his downfall, up the stairs to break the news to the captive in her shackles. And she—the dragoness—alas! when she took the burnished armor off her knight, being wise and exceedingly kind in her innermost heart, knew full well that the armor never could go on again.

The Judge tried vainly for a month or two to rouse some enthusiasm for his candidacy in the district. Hiram Larson went through a rather ponderous ritual of giving out interviews to the effect that the Judge might run again if his friends insisted. One or two, perhaps altogether half a dozen, patriots in post offices wrote letters to the papers demanding that the Judge should run and restore the government of the fathers; but the movement got no farther.

And in the spring the Judge swung a new tin lawyer's sign to the breeze. He moved a rickety old walnut desk into an insurance man's shabby office, upstairs in a by-street, and took up the practice of law; but he had not been on his feet in a courtroom for thirty years. The law had grown away from him and his youthful practice was scattered. He had no law books, and the whole business of law had changed so since he had practiced in the courts that he was sadly adrift in it. Rarely did a client climb his stairs—except the old soldiers who puffed up, with their tangled pension cases, which he was supposed to untangle free of charge.

A rather dreary and distinctly dingy life lived this little tin god, forever beleaguered in Pleasant Ridge. For a time he wrote letters to his grand friends in Washington and kept in touch with the life of which he had been a part; but their letters to him grew shorter, and sometimes he got form letters, which he knew were signed and—alas!—composed by their clerks. So it came to him that the lost Alsace for which he was eating his heart out was a vast sham. They were all frauds down there, he told Hiram. The coming of the Gauls had sapped their courage and they were truckling to the mob.

"Are they blind?" he would demand fiercely of Hiram on hot afternoons, when he saw no reason for inhabiting his dusty office and having to live with a man to whom he owed a year's office rent—"are they blind to the follies that wrought the downfall of Greece and Rome? Can't they see that these new fads are old perils? What are all these frills of popular government but the rise of the Grecian demagogues? And these low abasements to labor—what are they but the soup kitchens of Rome and the idiocy of the agrarian movements? Why can't men read history? And why do we forget the principles of the fathers and beset ourselves with demagogy!"

And Hiram, in his wisdom, would pull a wry face and shake a doubtful, silent head over the grave Situation.

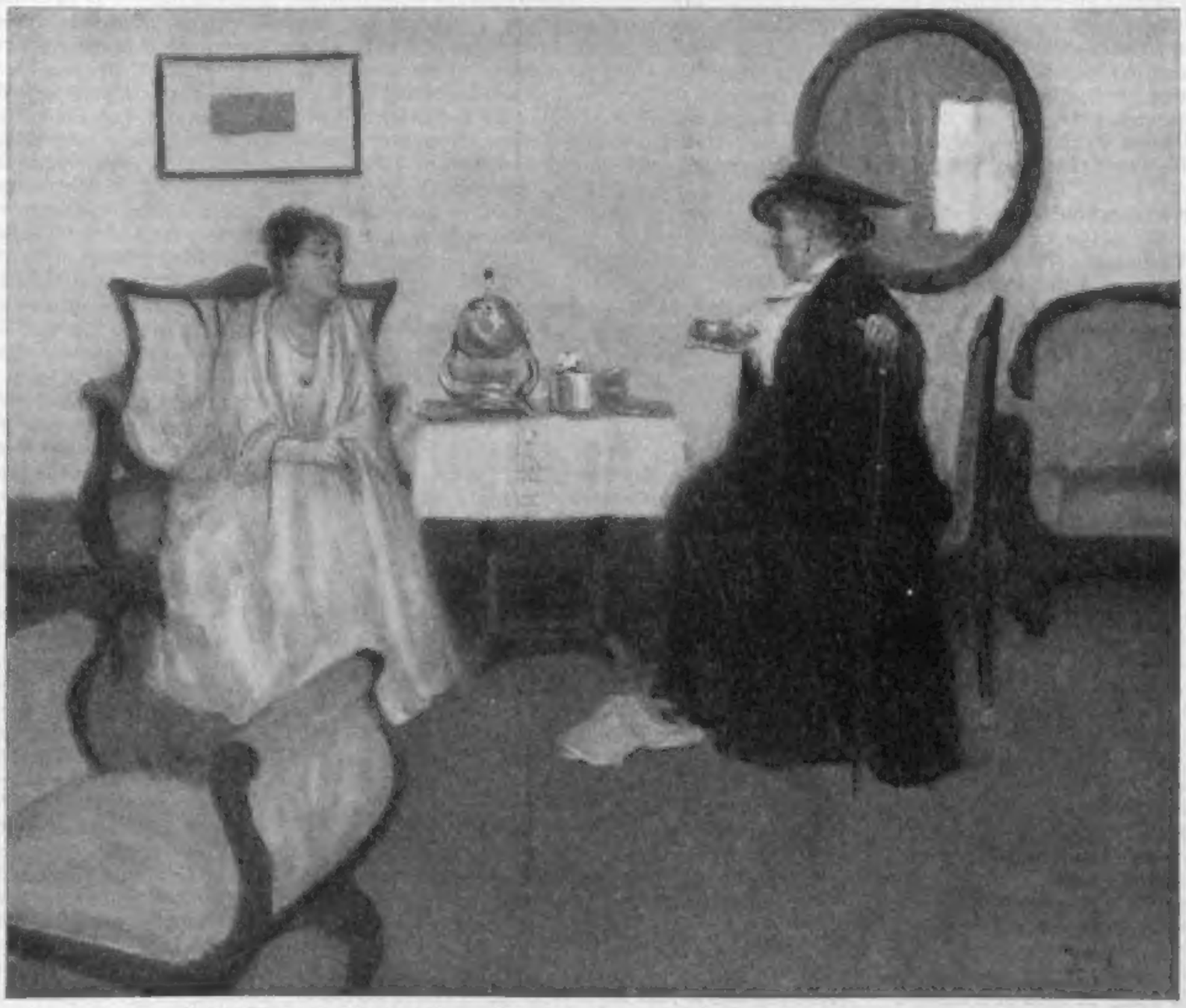
A time came when the white vest had lost its pristine splendor. It was often spotted and poorly cleaned with gasoline; then washed in the tin bathtub and badly ironed. Money was so scarce with the Ladgetts that a dollar became a family institution before it was spent. It was known as "that dollar," and then as "that quarter"—and finally, "that nickel."

The Retailers' Association—another of those modern devices that were bleeding the noblest blood of Pleasant Ridge white by making the nobility pay cash—had entered the Ladgetts in their fraud book. They were marked FFz; and when the Judge desired to smoke he had to saunter behind the counter in the office of the Astor House—sometimes when Hiram was there and the Situation was grave, and sometimes when he was not there and the Situation was less acute—and take a cigar. No Constitution Street store would sell to the Judge without the cash. The business of being a Roman lictor and staring the Gauls out of countenance, or of dying that France might live, was a sad and discouraging business.

Sometimes—perhaps on circus days, or when lodge conventions were meeting in the Ridge, or when a club or society was filling the Astor House for a few brief hours—the Judge, as a creature of some higher order among mortals, would appear behind the counter in the office, obviously stooping to the lower classes as Alfred ate the oat loaf, and would assign guests to their rooms; take their money with conspicuous playfulness; or in something like the manner of a dancing elephant he would even take ice water to their rooms or bow them into the dining room.

It had been over a year since Mrs. Ladgett had begun to help Mrs. Larson in the kitchen at rush times and to slip into the bedrooms on her floor, making the beds, half surreptitiously, half apologetically—like some grand griffin caught violating a garbage can!

When he went to the newspaper office in the afternoons to get the news of the day the Judge was still able to rise to his heights—to the real Parnassus, where he had shone with the glittering divinities. Our Press report is a pony report of only three thousand words—a dignified bulletin service; but still a bulletin service. At first the Judge used to sit by the pale youth who edited the briefed copy that came from the telegraph



She Was Careful to Exhibit an Indifferent View of the Senators, a Nicely Restrained Contempt for the Cabinet Members

(Continued on Page 33)

THE WORLD IN DEBT

By Albert W. Atwood

HOW much will the war cost? Everybody is trying to guess at the answer, but nobody will know until long after the war is over. What we do know is that the nations involved have been selling bonds at the average total rate of at least one billion dollars a month. This means that if the war lasts only until August 1, 1915, the public debt of the great belligerent Powers, which stood close to twenty-four billion dollars when the war began, will be increased by half, and just doubled in two years' time.

The loans so far made do not cover future expenses to any extent; in some cases they do not cover the cost of the war up to the present.

Even if the war should end this summer the national debts of Europe will be increased by at least fifteen and perhaps by nearly twenty billion dollars. No one expected that any large part of the national obligations in existence before the war would ever be paid off. Now that a second mortgage as big as the first is being placed upon posterity, the likelihood of Europe's ever paying its bills is not even a sporting chance. What Atlas will carry this world of debt upon his shoulders?

But will the coming generations stand for it? A Pennsylvania steel manufacturer, who recently refused to accept ammunition orders, says that a new and more democratic generation will arise and repudiate all the war debts. Even that dignified and conservative English financial paper, the Economist, solemnly asserts that the burden of taxes to pay interest on war loans will be followed after peace is restored by bloody revolutions and fierce wars between labor and capital on the continent of Europe.

No nation of the first rank, no so-called Power, has repudiated any of its bonds in more than a hundred years. Even the French Revolution respected at least part of the obligations incurred by extravagant kings long dead. During the last one hundred years British consols have sold as low as 53⅞ and as high as 114. They are now round 68½.

Not in more than two hundred years has England repudiated a single item in its debt. When the American Revolution began, consols were selling at 89. They had fallen to 70 when Burgoyne surrendered, and to 54 when Lord Cornwallis handed his sword to George Washington. By 1802 they had risen 25 points. The Rothschild fortune was builded upon speculation in consols.

The Rise of the House of Rothschild

THE greatest gamble in the world to-day is the government bonds of Europe. Even the Assembly of the French Revolution declared the national debt to be a "sacred trust." If the traditions of centuries are followed, if the people stand behind their governments after the war and if armaments are reduced enough to make it possible to carry the new burdens, then the fortunes to be made by those who are now buying the war bonds of Europe will create a new aristocracy of capital, an unforeseen generation of millionaires.

It has been said that the Rothschilds were really responsible for Europe's slavery to the bond-issue habit. Of course the government bond, like many another institution, is the result of evolution, but the Rothschilds perhaps more than any other group of individuals gave it a push in the right or wrong direction.

Anselm Mayer Rothschild, the German founder of a family whose name and estimated fortune of two billion dollars are mightier than those of many kings, was just an ordinary Jewish money-changer who had refused to be a rabbi. So expert did he become in detecting good and bad coins that his fame went beyond the ghetto to the ears of one William IX, Landgrave of Hesse, a prince with the fattest fortune in Europe and badly in need of a trusted agent.

Rothschild took care of the princely fortune, and, when Napoleon's armies approached, the Landgrave fled precipitately, leaving everything in Rothschild's hands. The careful Jew hid the money, estimated at from one to three millions, probably in empty wine casks in his cellar. In time he shifted it to England for investment, and many years later returned it with five per cent interest to the Landgrave. Overjoyed at such faithfulness the Landgrave suggested that Rothschild become "loan contractor" to European governments, which Rothschild and his sons and grandsons proceeded to do with a vengeance.

How much of the vast development of public debts is due to the simple fact that one man in Frankfort happened to begin life as a royal instead of as a private money-lender, history will never settle; but it is known that Rothschild conceived a dislike for making loans to private persons unless they were princes.

"If there is a question of a loan, let it be to a state," was one of his parting injunctions to his five sons, who opened branches in five great financial centers of Europe. Rothschild died more than a hundred years ago, but the fact that his family has remained to this day the world's only billionaire dynasty speaks well for his theory. Rothschild's widow, who long survived him, refused to leave the old ghetto home, and the poet Heine, walking through the narrow alleyway one evening, pointed to the house and said to his companion: "There lives the grandmother of all loans."

Up to 1904, so it has been computed by a London authority, the Rothschilds had contracted for, or participated in, loans to the huge total of six and a half billions, nearly all for governments. The head of one branch alone, Baron Lionel, arranged in his lifetime for eighteen great government loans of a billion dollars' total. It was the Rothschilds who arranged all the details of the indemnity of five billion francs which France paid to Germany.

Nathan was the son who opened the London branch, and as a financial genius the world has never seen his superior. When the government could not meet the money drafts which Wellington made upon it, it was Rothschild who bought the drafts at a big discount and later had them redeemed at par. From that date his influence was colossal. He raised all the funds to defeat Napoleon. Later he became bond-seller for France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Brazil, Belgium, and Naples. It was he who first conceived the idea of having the interest on foreign bonds paid in London in English money. "Every loan," wrote Lord Byron, "is not merely a speculative hit, but seats a nation or upsets a throne."

Rothschild plunged to the limit in the English Government bonds which he was handling. Two days before the battle of Waterloo, Blücher, the Prussian general, was defeated by the French, and English bonds went tumbling. Then Rothschild became so nervous, according to tradition, that despite having always "shrunk from the sight of blood" he went posthaste to the scene of the battle, and as soon as Wellington gained the upper hand raced to Brussels on a foam-dripping horse. From Brussels to Ostend he paid an exorbitant price for a carriage, only to find such a storm at sea that at first no sailor would dare make the crossing. But at last by paying two thousand francs down he found a pilot, and arrived in London on the Stock Exchange far ahead of any other newsbearer. He walked the floor of the Exchange pale and muttering rumors of dire disaster. He and his known agents flung securities on the market while his secret agents bought even more vigorously, and by the time others had learned of Napoleon's defeat Rothschild had made millions.

Now, the fact is that Rothschild never risked his life in any such way. But the truth is in some ways stranger than this particular piece of fiction. The banker had arranged for a special service of carrier pigeons, fast couriers and the fastest sailing vessels in existence, probably the first approach in history to the modern news service. In this way an agent of his, Roworth by name, waited at Ostend for news of the battle, and got it to Rothschild fully twenty-four hours before Major Percy came with Wellington's official dispatches. Rothschild reported his advance information to the Government, but the ministers with true British reserve refused to believe that Napoleon had been defeated.

Far from trying to depress the price of British "funds," as bonds were then called, Rothschild appears to have been a large and open buyer in an incredulous and falling market. The newspapers of the day stated such to be the case, and in the diary of one Thomas Raides it is related how that gentleman dined with Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby a day or two after the Battle of Waterloo, but before its result was generally known, and found the company in breathless impatience for news. "I felt little alarm," he adds, "as I had heard that Rothschild was purchasing funds largely, and that they had risen two per cent." When Nathan died, in 1836, he left a fortune of fabulous size for those days, and a large part of it consisted of "funds."

The World's Greatest Bond Salesman

NEXT to Nathan Rothschild the one individual most responsible for the creation, or at least the flotation, of national debts was Jay Cooke, financier of the Civil War. Even the prodigious achievements in this direction by England and Germany in the present war seem small in comparison, if the relative wealth of this country in 1863 and that of England and Germany in 1915 be taken into account. If Jay Cooke had not floated bonds for the Union someone else probably would have performed the job, but such genius as he displayed has never been equaled by J. P. Morgan or anyone else.

"Mr. Chase," said the president of a New York bank to the Secretary of the Treasury at a dinner at the Willard Hotel in Washington in 1861, "you have now received from the Associated Banks of New York the vast sum of $50,000,000. We all earnestly hope that this sum will be sufficient to end the war."

For a short time these banks took a proprietary interest in the Government, and called President Lincoln to account for his military conduct of the war. But before the war was ended, nearly sixty times that amount was raised by bond issues, mostly by Cooke, and the banks were forgotten. To the lowest classes of society, into the byways and hedges of the land, by every means known to man went Jay Cooke's agents to raise the vast sums. In one hundred and forty days $700,000,000 of bonds were sold by popular subscription. They were sold as low as $50, and nearly three thousand agents were employed.

The one stroke of genius, never since excelled and perhaps never equaled, was the distribution of circulars describing the bonds entirely by means of questions and answers. These circulars were advertised in every newspaper, even in religious and Masonic papers, were left in the seats of trains, and pasted on tree trunks, telegraph poles, in railroad stations and hotels. In New York, Jersey City and Newark every factory with more than three or four employees was personally visited. Clergymen were asked to urge their parishioners to subscribe. Night subscription agencies were opened in the larger cities, and newspapers were persuaded to print the amount taken in day by day, and even the names of all purchasers willing to have their names published.

"This has been a hard day," wrote Jay Cooke. "I have been at it from eight A. M. till after five—a continual stream, clergy, draymen, merchants, girls, boys, and all kinds of men and women. Some of our citizens who came

in went out almost with tears in their eyes, so overjoyed at the patriotic scene."

Never had such use been made of publicity. Enemies called Cooke a financial quack, a charlatan. They would have dubbed him the P. T. Barnum of finance if Barnum had then been in his prime. But he kept right on selling bonds, even when Washington was surrounded by Confederate troops and the most loyal Union men predicted its end. Agents with handbills followed the Northern armies and not only sold to soldiers but attempted to sell to Southerners. New Orleans, Charleston, Norfolk, Savannah, all were canvassed as soon as occupied by Northern troops. Agents in border states were often roughly handled and barely escaped.

It was only the rapid sale of what were known as the "7-30's," which were 6 per cent bonds sold at par, that enabled Grant to invest Richmond and slowly end the war. The Union troops had not been paid for six months, but the success of the "7–30" sale not only enabled Grant to keep his vast army together until Lee was worn out, but made it possible to pay off the largest body of troops ever gathered together and quickly disband it without any trouble. As soon as these soldiers were paid, Jay Cooke's agents induced them to buy the very bonds which had been issued to pay them.

How Robert Morris Saved the Colonies

WHEN it began to appear that the North was sure to win there was a mad scramble on the bourses of Europe to speculate in United States bonds. One issue rose ten points in a very short time. Germans were particularly fortunate in their purchases. But the debt was quickly paid off. On August 31, 1865, the total national debt stood at $2,756,431,571, with an average interest rate of 6.34 per cent. In 1868 the amount had been reduced by more than a billion dollars, and the average interest rate was 5.8 per cent. In 1884 there were only $1,408,482,-948 of bonds, with an average interest rate of 3.92 per cent. Today this country has only a billion dollars of national debt. Seven-tenths of it bears only 2 per cent interest. Eight-tenths of it is held by national banks to secure notes. Therefore, this is the only one of the great, wealthy countries of the world that does not have a huge national debt owned by the people at large. Only China has a smaller debt per inhabitant.

Robert Morris, who bore the title of Superintendent of Finance during the American Revolution, was just as much a genius on a smaller scale in selling bonds as Rothschild and Cooke. Some of the loans which the thirteen colonies secured in France and Holland cost 8 per cent and perhaps more, but the weak, hard-pressed colonists were lucky to raise money at any price. The great feats which Morris performed rested mainly on his boldness in drawing upon French and Dutch lenders before the bonds had been actually sold. So hard up was Washington for funds that Morris drew on Holland for $530,000 at one time before he knew the loan had been subscribed for. He had already extended his own personal credit for $800,000, an immense sum in those days. He also overdrew on France for such a great sum that the French minister entered a formal protest. Morris explained that he had miscalculated the amount.

"When the country is at war for its political existence and the life and fortune of every citizen," wrote Morris to the Dutch bankers who also protested, "the stake played is too great to mind a risk, which may involve a few hundred thousand guilders, when that risk is necessary to save the game."

After the Revolution the debt was all taken care of, and by 1835 the United States had no national debt whatever. Indeed, this country is the only one that ever accumulated a financial burden in the shape of bond issues huge enough to threaten to become permanent, that has had any marked success in paying it off. With other great civilized nations the debts have become so big that the task of paying them off seems hopeless. Wars and other expenses are paid for over and over again. France paid Germany a billion-dollar indemnity, but France had to sell bonds to pay the indemnity, and it has paid interest on those bonds for forty-five years, with as yet no reduction in the original liability. Thus it has paid for its war of 1870 more than twice, and is starting strong on the third lap.

England has tried hard at times to pay off its bonds, but some of its efforts have been pitiful. First prize for the simple folly which for long periods of time often guides the destinies of nations must go to Great Britain. About 1770 statesmen became worried over the size of the debt, but could think of no way of reducing it. Along came a Dissenting clergyman, also something of a philosopher, Dr. Richard Price by name, with a radiantly beautiful and simple scheme that no one had ever thought of before.

"One penny put out at our Saviour's birth at five per cent compound interest," said Doctor Price, "would before this time have increased to a greater sum than would be contained in one hundred and fifty millions of earths all solid gold. But put out at simple interest, it would in the same time have amounted to no more than seven shillings four and a half pence. Our Government has hitherto chosen to improve money in the last rather than the first of these ways. I confess myself incapable of speaking on this subject with calmness."

Doctor Price actually got away with his hocus-pocus, and influenced the British Government to borrow money to set aside at compound interest, with the idea that in some fifty years the amount would be so great that all debts, and pretty nearly everything else in the world, could be paid off. The scheme was tried for some forty-three years, with a net loss estimated by Alexander Hamilton, the first American Secretary of the Treasury, at $100,000,000, and by later English statesmen at even a larger sum. Doctor Price was strong on arithmetic, and he performed a real service in calling attention to the growing debt; but he forgot that so much money could not be created, because no possible use or investment could be found for it. Besides, human systems of civilization, law and government change too fast for interest to accumulate over such long periods of time. But a scheme not unlike his was actually put into effect for twenty-seven years before anyone thoroughly exposed its fallacies.

Piling It On

The early English kings borrowed money on their personal credit, or by pledging jewels and lands. They gave the lender half of a willow stock or wand, notched to show the amount loaned, and the other half was kept by the treasury. From this practice comes our word stock. Not until 1824 was this curious method of bookkeeping done away with, and ten years later a workman was told to burn up all the stocks in the treasury. He put too many on the fire at once and burned down the Houses of Parliament.

Dick Whittington, thrice Mayor of London and owner of the famous cat, loaned King Henry V five hundred pounds, but demanded as security the king's "great collar garnished with rubies and sapphires and pearls." At first loans were made for a few years only, and until enough taxes came in to pay them off. But gradually it became the custom to overload the account, and borrow more than was coming in, to relieve immediate needs. Thus the floating or temporary debts were gradually funded, or made more or less permanent. Separate accounts were slowly blended into one indistinguishable charge, and so came to have the name consolidated, or consols.

In the Middle Ages it was considered wicked to receive interest on money, but in 1660 Parliament passed an act reading that "any person lending £100 or a greater summe shall doe very good and acceptable service and shall receive interest at 6 per cent."

In two respects national borrowing had been cheaper in the Middle Ages. Not only did the kings pay no interest, but often they did not even repay the principal. A despot looked out for himself first and for the creditor afterward, especially when the lender happened to be a Jew or a goldsmith, neither of whom received any too gentle treatment. Sometimes the kings borrowed from the Church, and then they usually had to give an actual mortgage on the royal demesne.

Adam Smith's Gloomy Prediction

ONLY a few years ago a descendant of an ancient Florentine banking family was dining in London, and told his English hosts that King Edward III of England had borrowed 900,000 gold florins from his ancestors in 1345 without repaying the same. But the loss had been written off five centuries ago.

The oldest item recognized in the great consolidated British debt relates to a small sum which Charles II refused to pay, and which was later compromised by Parliament. In 1691 England had only $5,275,000 of bonds out. But the French Revolution and the wars with Napoleon added $3,000,-000,000. That was where Nathan Rothschild got in his fine work. In forty years of peace following Waterloo only $375,000,000 of this vast accumulation was paid off, and it took twelve years to pay off the $170,000,000 added by the Crimean War.

But though England has never paid off the original debt incurred in licking Napoleon, and has paid for it several times over in interest, the rate of interest has been reduced materially. Indeed, if it were not for a nation's ability to put through so-called conversion schemes, by which interest on government bonds is reduced, the European nations, and this country as well, would long ago have been completely pauperized by the crushing burden. As early as 1752 the philosopher, David Hume, predicted the early bankruptcy of England and France because of their growing debts. Adam Smith, father of the science of political economy, took the same view. What they failed to foresee was the increase in wealth, and the consequent ability of the nation to borrow at lower rates of interest, thus being able to pay off the old loans with new ones at much lower rates. In 1815 the interest on England's public debt ate up nine per cent of the country's national income, whereas in 1880, with an even larger debt, bond interest amounted to only three per cent of the nation's income. The great conversion schemes of 1822, 1824 and 1830,

(Continued on Page 39)

"ALL'S FAIR"—By Kathleen Norris

IN A SMALL hotel on Bush Street, in San Francisco, late into the mild Western night, Miss Sarah Gilfoyle sat at her window, and studied the lights of the Exposition City with gloomy and disenchanted eyes. She was a young woman, and under ordinary circumstances possessed a buoyant and philosophical spirit; but the circumstances of the past week, her first week in California, had been unusual, and Sarah admitted bitterly to herself that she was beaten.

She was sitting in the dark, but she knew to satiety every detail of the crowded little room behind her—her bulging straw suitcase propped open on a chair; her big coat, with its daring check, flung across the radiator; her little artichoke hat dangling from a knob of the narrow white-enamel bed. She also knew the street outside the window too well to find any particular pleasure in a prolonged study of it; but Sarah was tired, her feet ached and her head ached and her back ached, and she had no friends in the city, and did not know what else to do with herself than this.

So she sat on and on as night fell, her feet, in their transparent gray silk stockings and shabby gray suède shoes, locked about the rung of her chair, her flimsy little yellow silk shirtwaist dragging away from the belt of her pale gray tailor-made skirt; her remarkable yellow hair—Sarah's hair had always been her fortune—pushed carelessly back from her small and rather pathetic face.

Meanwhile, San Francisco was behaving exactly as a child behaves on Christmas Eve. Another day and another night, and February twentieth, the enchanted date for which so many years had been the preparation, would be there! San Francisco shut her eyes, her breathing came regularly, she lay relaxed and silent in the dark; but only San Francisco knew what a fever of joyous confidence and expectancy surged in her veins. Every whistle in the city was ready to break into mad noise as soon as the clocks marked seven on the momentous Saturday morning; every car line and omnibus line, every ferry boat, even the smallest of the detested jitney motor cars, was ready for the pressure of the big opening day. Bunting-draped bandstands lined Van Ness Avenue; and it was, indeed, a poor-spirited citizen who did not buy the special opening-day badge, whether he already had his season ticket or not, and plan to march in line with hundreds and thousands of other citizens into the enchanted portals of the Fair. Every shop showed the Exposition colors of buff and blue and rose; and in the streets of the city a million flags blew out against the sky, flags of all nations, and the special flag that only came into being when the great canal was opened.

Visitors were pouring in from all parts of the state and from other states. One noticed them at crossings, bewildered but good-natured and excited, with bags of oranges and souvenirs from the Chinese quarter in their hands. Sarah Gilfoyle decided scornfully that she could distinguish these strangers already, even though native San Franciscans were still somewhat new to her eyes.

She herself was from New York City, as she took pains to inform any waitress or saleswoman with whom a meal, or the purchase of a veil, brought her in contact. Other than these poor Sarah had not really an acquaintance in the city, unless a person who chanced to cross the continent in the same Pullman car with her, and to whom she darkly referred in her inmost thoughts as that "freshie," might have been counted as such. That "freshie" was otherwise known as Mr. Hugh Cunningham, a rather personable young man in the show business, crisp, well set-up, and coming to San Francisco full of gay confidence that in some one of all the varied concessions on the Joy Zone of the Fair there would be room for him and his unparalleled acrobatic act.

Sarah had detested Mr. Cunningham from the first moment of their meeting just out of Chicago, because he was so conceited, so offensively sure of himself. He had shown her newspaper clippings in which his turn was enthusiastically spoken of as being at once the most amusing and most surprising ever seen by the respective reporters of the Clarion, of Rainesville, Alabama, and the Bee, of Polo, Wisconsin. He had traveled a great deal, evidently starred with his own company or featured on the best vaudeville circuits, and he seemed to know New York intimately, from the Liberty Statue out to Van Cortland Park.

These things might have impressed, even have charmed, Sarah, had she not been in the show business and a New Yorker herself. As it was she was humiliated to have to realize that two years with the Hippodrome, however lucrative and safe, do not in themselves constitute a notable theatrical career, especially when one has lived with a devoted mother in Forty-fourth Street for the entire time, spending the hot months with a sister and her large family in a cheap cottage at one of the beaches. Sarah had no newspaper testimonials, and even of New York her knowledge was somewhat limited by her mother's old-fashioned ideas. Mrs. Gilfoyle trusted Sarah absolutely, but she had strenuously objected to the girl's sudden vague plan of coming to San Francisco, to "get into something in the Fair."

"Stay here, you little idjut," said Mrs. Gilfoyle affectionately, looking at herself in a small mirror and blackening her eyebrows carefully as she spoke. "What more do you want? You get your money and you've got your good home, with Kate and the children near. It may be dull, I don't say it isn't, and it's hard to keep up the same thing for month after month without getting sick of it; but there's many a girl would think it was grand to be in the chorus of the Hippodrome. What with knowing all the other girls, and having them in to dinner now and then, and this one and that one getting married, I declare it's like one big family! You'll do worse if you break away, leave me tell you!"

With which motherly caution the elder lady had completed a scaly costume by fastening on a helmet of glittering spangles, and taken precaution to place two small wads of cotton in her ears, for Mrs. Gilfoyle was one of Neptune's daughters this year, in the aquatic display that ended the performance; and she was always afraid of an earache following the immersion.

In One of the Concessions in the Joy Zone There Would be Room for His Unparalleled Act

The Lady Policeman of the Joy Zone

But Sarah had somehow won her mother's half-hearted consent to the experiment; and for a few days it really had seemed a delightfully daring and independent thing to do. She loved the train and the new clothes she had got for the train. She countered Hugh Cunningham's brilliant story with the announcement that she herself had a diving act that always drew crowded houses, and was accustomed to a salary of not less than five hundred a week. Hugh had shown his disbelief, and this, and his own recital, had led Sarah into such mad flights of imagination, that upon reaching San Francisco she really was emboldened to take a high tone with such managers as she met. She began with a confident claim for two hundred dollars a week, and not more than two performances a day.

That was a week—a dreadful week—ago. Sarah felt as if she had learned more of the seamy side of life in that week than in all the twenty-three years preceding it. Managers were too busy to talk to her; at the mention of the suggested salary they merely smiled and shook their heads. Before plunging back into the sensational problem of how three weeks' work was to be done in the few days left before the opening of the Fair, she might go over and see Smith, she might talk to Jones, they suggested. They were kind, in an absent-minded, excited, impatient sort of way, but Sarah hated them all.

She went to the managers of the vaudeville houses, but these explained that no new turns were booked at this stage of the circuit. Sarah in desperation went across the Bay to some film-producing firms, who offered her a small position involving about three times the work of the dear old Hippodrome at about one-third the pay.

So she came back to the little hotel, wondering how she could possibly have thought two dollars a day very little to pay for a room. She could not keep this room much longer at this price, or any price. To-night she had less than five dollars in the world, and she must make her money last somehow until mamma had time to answer her wire.

For it had come to that. Sitting at her window, staring into the darkness of this particular Thursday evening in February, Sarah planned her telegram in bitter humiliation of spirit. She must have a hundred dollars to get home, a little more would be none too much. And mamma was buying a two-family house in East Orange, and more than that, notably a spendthrift, she would not have the money. She would borrow it gayly from a dozen of Sarah's intimate friends in the chorus, telling each one exultantly that Sarah had come to her senses. And these domestic, hard-working young women, many of them wives and mothers, would be all ready to mingle laughter and pity with their welcome of the runaway.

Sarah felt that she could not bear it. Bitter tears came into her eyes; and she crooked her arm upon the window-sill and dropped her face upon it.

But there was one more chance.

When Sarah had slicked her glorious hair tightly under her tipsy little artichoke hat next morning, and wiped off her shoes on one of the hotel towels, and buttoned and strapped and pushed the little tan tailor-made so trimly into place that she looked even less than her one hundred and two pounds, she went out to a cafeteria in Geary Street, and over a fifteen-cent breakfast decided somewhat ruefully to take that last chance.

She had in her little red-leather vanity case a penciled note from Mr. Baum, manager of the Queen Theater, to Mr. Thalberg, manager of a certain concession known as The Diving Girls, on the Joy Zone. The big Fair would not be open until to-morrow, but Mr. Baum had thoughtfully supplied Sarah with a small green ticket known as an Exhibitor's Employee's Pass, and with this in her hand the girl half-heartedly climbed on a car and turned her face toward that region already affectionately known to San Franciscans as the Jewel City.

Beside the car ran a motley throng of omnibuses, motor cars and wagons and drays of all sort. Exhibitors' passes had been liberally distributed, and a brisk crowd was wedging its way along with the trucks through the gates. Sarah's green bit of cardboard was immediately honored, and she wandered in with the rest.

Inside everything was desperate rush and hurry, a confusion of shouts, the constant banging of a thousand hammers, the crash of falling lumber and the agitated whistling of donkey engines. Nothing was completed, nothing was going well, nobody was satisfied. The great buildings, lifting their domes of cream and apricot and blue above the rich green of laurel and eucalyptus trees and the blue bay dancing beside the long line of the Marina, alone seemed calm and undisturbed. But all along the Avenue of Palms trucks were discharging confused loads of boxes and chairs, benches, flags and rope; motor cars were threading their way through the crush with infinite trouble; crates were being split open; and frantic men were running, shouting, climbing, grouping and scattering as if half demented. On the Zone a brisk spring wind was blowing clouds of choking dust—dust thickened with plaster and with excelsior and scraps of paper—into the eyes of passers-by; and even to Sarah, whose early years had not been calculated to inspire her with a reverence for stage illusion, the spectacle seemed pitiful enough to rouse a sensation of contempt.

Ready to-morrow! Why, they would not be ready here for two months, the girl said scornfully to herself, staring at the bare planks, the plaster ornaments destined for impressive façades that were still in their excelsior packing, the painted signs, still wet where they were not merely sketched in charcoal, the stretches of transparent white cambric temporarily tacked up as screening where soon there would be a rich representation of tropical greenery, and, above all, the dirt and rubbish, hopeless great pyramids of it blocking one everywhere, at every turn, and little eddies and drifts of it wherever the breeze could sweep it into windrows.

She had no trouble in finding The Diving Girls. Their impressive establishment seemed to be a shade nearer completion than many of its neighbors. An immense plaster mermaid rose towering above its entrance, her arms posed for the dive, and a red curtain protected a small platform underneath the superstructure where The Diving Girls themselves would make their shivering appearance just before a performance was to begin, and smile in all their scaly and seaweedy beauty upon the passing throng. Inside was a circular theater, the tiers of seats rising above a large tank, now empty, and with two plumbers working busily at some of its pipes and drains.

Learning, not much to her surprise, that Mr. Thalberg was not there, Sarah went out into the uncertain sunlight again and roamed idly down the Zone, stopping here to watch a group of Chinese working madly upon the fiery yellow and blue portals of their theater, and there to study dispassionately the mammoth toys in Toyland—red and blue soldiers that stood sixty feet high, and building blocks as big as the hotel room to which she must presently return.

She was sitting upon a worn, wide sawhorse, watching the experimental trips of the aëroscope's great arm raised against the sky, and wondering what this swarming horde of workers meant to eat this noontime, when Mr. Hugh Cunningham came swinging blithely up the Zone, his face rosy and contented, his plaid cap hanging upon his head by a fraction of its circumference only.

Sarah would have shrunk from sight if she could, but his eye, if roving, was thorough in its survey of the scene, and as she stood up he came over to her and held out his hands with theatrical joy.

Toyland Specialties

"Well, if it isn't Miss Giles!" said he. Sarah's stage name was Evelyn Giles.

"Well, and how are you? And what do you think of all this? Some fuss, huh? What do you know about this, huh? Pretty late, what?"

"I don't see how they're ever going to be ready to open to-morrow," Sarah said unenthusiastically, as they began to walk along together.

"They won't be open for a week, take it from me," Mr. Cunningham returned confidently. "I'm not stuck on this town," he added frankly. "It's a jay town, take it from me. I wouldn't be found dead here! I'm going to get out of it, I don't care what they offer me!"

"The buildings are cert'ny grand," Sarah said, instinctively trying to keep the conversation impersonal. But her escort's next question went straight to the point:

"Well, and how's it going? Are you signed up?"

Sarah was more hungry and tired and depressed than she could ever remember being in her life before, but she rallied gallantly to the charge.

"Not yet, I'm holding him off. I didn't care much for his terms," she said casually. "There's two or three propositions I'm considering, and I'm in no hurry. They wanted to date me up for forty-two weeks, the whole Fair, but that sounds like a long time from Broadway to me."

"Same here," said Mr. Cunningham aurily. "But nix on the life sentence. Too much is enough. I expected more," he yawned. "However, I'm signed for a coupl' months," he added. "He came to the nut kettle the minute I talked terms, and I guess I'll make a pretty good thing out of it. It's something new, and we're going to try it out on the road for a few weeks; but after that, why, you can count on a box and ask all your friends."

A pang of jealousy stabbed Sarah and she found a congratulatory reply very difficult. She wished heartily that she had never seen this commanding and successful young man, who came boasting over her misfortunes and flaunting his own triumphs. She wished herself back in New York, plodding home through the snowy streets with mamma, and eating a late supper of cinnamon snakes and coffee over the gas stove in the microscopic kitchen.

"How about the eats?" suggested the gentleman presently, and Sarah consenting to be treated to a hot Frankfurter, a roll and a scalding cup of coffee, they consumed these edibles amicably, standing at a little booth at one side of the Zone. "When you know where you're going to be, and I'm back in town again," pursued Mr. Cunningham, "phone me, or I'll phone you, and we'll do the Fair, what?"

"Sure," said Sarah, hoping he would leave town that afternoon, and she would be back in New York long before he returned. She parted from him with secret relief, but Hugh Cunningham watched the little tan tailor-made and the artichoke hat until they disappeared behind the gigantic plaster figure that supported the overhanging roof of The Diving Girls.

Mr. Thalberg was there, and very gracious to Sarah. But he shrugged his shoulders and shook his head when she explained her errand.

"Now, I'll tell you," said Mr. Thalberg, with unmistakable honesty in his worried, perspiring young face. "You—nor anyone else—hasn't got a look-in, and I'll tell you why, see? We don't know how this thing is coming out, see? I don't know this minute whether the water's going to be ready to turn in here to-morrow morning or not, do you get me? Now, these girls of ours have come, some of 'em, from all over the country. We're guaranteeing their expenses back home if everything goes flooey, what? Do you get me? I couldn't take you on here now, not if you was Sarah Bernhardt. I've got all the girls I need, at forty a week, do you see?"

Sarah, not to be persuaded that this was not "regular manager patter," smiled and shook her head.

"I couldn't work for any such sum as that," she said, mildly regretful. "But if you were to say fifty—Mind, I never offered such terms before ——"

But Mr. Thalberg was not listening. His harassed eyes were upon a colored boy who was piling green submarine scenery carelessly together at one side of the stage upon which he and Sarah stood.

"Here, quit grating that!" shouted Mr. Thalberg. "Put some sort of a buffer in there! Darn that fool," he added, aside to Sarah. He spat upon the floor, stuck an immense cigar into his mouth and went on briskly: "If you feel that you'd like to come round in another week or two, when we see how things are running, why, that's up to you. Some of the girls may get sick—catch cold, you know. I might be wanting you in a fortnight. But I can't see that there's anything now, or likely to be, do you see?"

Sarah went out into the Zone again, and walked slowly down the wide roadway between a double line of festival entrances. It seemed to her that death would be a welcome relief from this life of disappointments and humiliations, and she felt that she would have liked Mr. Thalberg and Hugh Cunningham to see her dead, and to stand, stricken and sorrowful, beside the marble dignity of her quiet form. She had never, never, never been so lonely, and so discouraged, and so depressed in the entire course of her life. Of course things at home sometimes went wrong; but there was always mamma to make one a cheering cup of tea, and help one out of tight and hurtful shoes into old slippers and comfort.

However, with a bitter gulp Sarah decided that she mustn't think of mamma. She flung up her head, and blinked bravely at the pale, uncertain sky as she limped slowly along. Her feet hurt and she was hungry again, and the tightness of her coiled hair and the angle of her little hat made her head ache.

Down the Zone went Sarah, and past the great Machinery Building and Festival Hall, from whose open doors came the sounds of the pipes of the great organ being brought to their proper pitch. She trailed past the Tower of Jewels, where an immense grandstand had been improvised for the speeches to-morrow, and where workmen were even now shouting over the divisions marked "Press" and "Choir" and "Guests." She looked with a sick and unimpressed eye at the flying banners and the ropes of lights. She was tired and hungry, and her feet hurt.

As she sought the Fillmore Street exit some random impulse took her into the wide-open doors of the Inside Inn, when at last she reached that immense, low-lying structure.

(Continued on Page 45

Red and Blue Soldiers That Stood Sixty Feet High

Inside Was a Circular Theater

A Cake in the Fourteenth Round

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"Vere iss Dot Deegan Boy Now Already?"

THE houses of Dugan and Spiegel are united. The population of Ward A assisted at the ceremony as a unit. In strict justice, however, Mrs. Delancy Challonsworth must be given some credit for the match.

Mrs. Challonsworth is an uplifter. She uplifts, as her husband puts it, to beat the band. She has a great deal of money, a great deal of time, and very little well, at any rate, she is an uplifter. She is a member of committees. She discusses and moves and seconds. She is appointed and appoints. She investigates and reports. It is all very impressive.

Her gowns are cut to hang effectively during the reading of papers, or while introducing a long-haired young man with a black ribbon attached to his eyeglasses, who addresses the meeting.

Such a young man was addressing a meeting presided over by Mrs. Challonsworth one Thursday afternoon. The young man was proving that his own sex, allowed by some deplorable mischance one vital function, was otherwise of no moment in the general scheme of things.

Mrs. Challonsworth had heard all this before. It had been rather overdone of late. She felt that Mr. Duckworth had been a mistake. Perhaps that girl on alcohol would have been better. As the thought came to her she looked vaguely about the room and encountered the burning glance of the alcohol girl. Mrs. Challonsworth rose quietly and crossed the room, with the swaying step so well adapted to meetings.

"Will you be free next Friday, my dear?" she murmured.

"Oh, yes," breathed the alcohol girl.

"Then may we expect you here at four o'clock? It's fifty dollars and alcohol, isn't it?"

"It's influence on the mind of the child," corrected the alcohol girl. "Unwarned he toddles to a drunken father's knee to receive a caress reeking of the grogshop. As he trips with his little companions to and from school the Demon is at his elbow on every corner he passes. He grows innocently familiar with the interior of saloons and poolrooms. Unconsciously he assumes that rum is requisite to human happiness. He must be warned! He must be taught! He must be ——" The alcohol girl's voice was rising.

"Yes, yes; of course," interrupted Mrs. Challonsworth soothingly. "On Friday, then."

Friday and the alcohol girl arrived. As a result it was moved and seconded that something must be done. A committee was appointed; it investigated and reported. It found that if a modest sum—for necessary expenses—was delivered to Councilman Feeney the alcohol girl herself might stand in the eighth-grade schoolroom of Ward A and speak to the children for thirty minutes.

The modest sum was raised. The alcohol girl quelled a multitude of scufflings and squeakings with one burning glance. The eighth grade grew breathless at the dreadful figure of the Demon Rum. The alcohol girl closed with a withering blast at those who trafficked in the horror, and Lena Spiegel quivered to the roots of her two blond pigtails.

Lena had enjoyed a certain distinction in Ward A. It was known that at any hour of the day she could slip through the side entrance of Spiegel's Place and come forth bearing the wondrous fruits of the free-lunch counter. To be in her favor meant a blissful access to sliced dill pickles, sauerkraut, *blutwurst*, pretzels, headcheese, rye bread and, above all, the succulent pig's foot. Knowing this, the eighth grade had accorded her an unusual deference, an awed and hungry respect.

Public approval is a dangerous thing. It has broken many strong men. Lena had not been proof against it. She had become disdainful in her manner. She had grown contemptuous of others; and there smoldered a dull resentment against her.

Now, without warning, it flamed on every side. As the alcohol girl left the platform Lena was conscious of a ring of scornful eyes. She dropped her own to her desk as a terrible word came hissing through a strained quiet.

"Saloonair!" It was the suppressed voice of Aaron Goldblatt. Lena's ears became blush roses, nestling in a tangle of spun gold.

When forty pairs of stubby boots clumped from the schoolroom at three o'clock Lena's were not among them. She pretended to be straightening up her desk. She waited ten minutes longer, saw Tommy Dugan receive his daily whipping, and ventured forth.

Her heart leaped and stood still as the door swung to behind her. Young wolves hurled themselves on her, led by Aaron Goldblatt.

"Saloonair! Ya; saloonair!"

She attempted flight, was cut off, and backed against the high board fence.

"Oh, please! Please!" she begged.

Tommy Dugan kicked open the vestibule door.

"De big slob couldn't make me cry wid a bat!" he told himself proudly. Then he heard the yelping of the pack in the yard and halted on the top step.

Tommy's parent, on the male side, was a victim of the Demon. Each Saturday he spent the hours from eight to twelve P. M. at Spiegel's Place. Thence he covered a zigzag trail to his own stairway, where he would attempt the impossible.

"Divil and all take the cursed shteps!" he would mutter at last. "They're that threatcherous they'd lape on a man whin he's down. Maggie! Maggie! Have ye no ears? It's hilp I'm wantin'."

For a year now it was not Mrs. Dugan but Tommy who had descended at this bellow of distress. Tommy felt that his full manhood was established when his father had first accepted "the loan av his shoulder" for the perilous ascent. His father's heavy hand was an accolade. It conferred the order of comrade on him.

Now, as Tommy eyed the scene below him, he felt his gorge begin to rise. The cowering figure and convulsed face of Lena Spiegel did not move him; it was the word that was shrieked at her in twenty piercing keys:

"Saloonair! Saloonair!"

Tommy descended the steps, gathering momentum as he came. This must be stopped. If unchecked it might involve not only the traffickers in the Demon but the consumers as well.

When Tommy burst into the midst of things a Galahad was not more welcome to a maiden in distress. Lena's knight lacked comeliness, perhaps. His fairy godmother had sprinkled his head with a sort of brick dust. She had even splashed it in the form of freckles over his countenance; but his figure, though small, was as compact as a watch. He plowed through the followers of Aaron and faced the leader.

"I'm gonna knock yer block off!" he informed him, and followed words with deeds.

The action was short. Aaron went down with a streaming nose and one despairing "Oi, oi!"

Tommy turned to the balance of the pack.

"Any of yous guys wanna scrap?" he inquired, blowing on his knuckles.

It was apparent that no one did.

"All right," said Tommy, his case established. "Now cut dis out! You got me?"

They stood silent and uneasy before him for a moment, then drifted off in groups of twos and threes. Tommy spat disdainfully and swaggered out of the yard. At his heels went Lena Spiegel. At the end of the block he turned on her fiercely.

"What are ye snifflin' at?" he demanded.

"Nu-nu-nothing," said Lena.

"Well, dry up!" he ordered. "You gimme a pain."

They traveled another block in silence, Lena stifling her woe, a respectful two feet in the rear. As they passed Mulhauser's Bakery, Tommy came to an abrupt halt. So did Lena. She waited a moment, but Tommy did not stir. Something in the bakery window had his rapt attention. She took the liberty of peering round his shoulder.

"O-o-oh!" she said, her troubles for a moment forgotten.

It was a German wedding cake, huge beyond belief and wonderful to see. On its sides clung a vine of sugar roses, in which sugar birds teetered as though about to take wing. On its top a Maypole dance was in full swing. The sugar lads and lasses, with streamers in their hands, tripped it lightly on a glistening milk-white field. They gazed at the marvel in silence. At last he condescended to address her.

"What is ut, do ye think now?" he asked. His lapse into the language of his forbears proved him to be deeply moved.

"A cake," said Lena; "a wedding cake."

"A cake!" scoffed Tommy. "To eat? Gwan; you're nutty!"

"Sure!" said Lena, brightening at his ignorance. "At weddings they always have them. At my Aunt Katrina's I ate one like that."

Tommy studied the cake's dimensions carefully and estimated his own capacity.

"You're a liar!" he said finally. "I couldn't eat one like that myself."

Lena allowed a giggle to escape her.

"I don't mean all," she explained. "There was lots an' lots of people. I only ate a piece."

"Huh!" said Tommy. "Wha'd' it taste like?"

"Um-m-m!" said Lena with unction; and, seeing that he was impressed, she added: "I'll have one just like it when I get married."

Tommy regarded her with almost respect.

"Th' hell you will!" he said. "Who you gonna marry?"

"Oh—somebody," she evaded with a toss of her head.

Tommy's eyes traveled from the giant cake to Lena and back again to the cake. He made a swift decision.

"I'm gonna marry you myself," he stated.

"Are you?" said Lena joyfully, and slid her hand in his. "When?"

Tommy tore his hand away and rubbed his palm on his breeches.

"When I get ready," he told her with a withering look. "Come on; let's be on our way."

From then on Tommy lived in a land of plenty. Should internal pangs assail him he hied himself to his lady's bower for comfort and solace. This was secured with little effort, after one painful experience.

Mrs. Spiegel had journeyed several years before to the place where all good *Hausfrauen* go. Spiegel lived with his daughter, just above his place of business. A stairway led from the saloon's interior to their apartment.

It was Tommy's custom to yodel beneath the front window and, at a tapping on the glass, to await her at the entrance nearest the free-lunch counter.

One day there was no tapping on the window. Lena was at the grocery store. Tommy, grown confident from past successes, slipped through the side entrance and dipped a bold hand into the pretzel bowl. He was reaching with the other toward a platter of smoked herring when calamity overtook him.

Tommy left Spiegel's Place abruptly. His feet failed to touch the floor while so doing. He all but knocked over Lena, who, with her arms full of packages, had just arrived at the side entrance.

"Loafer!" shouted Spiegel.

Tommy thought of nothing to say in reply. Lena, however, came shrilly to his rescue with a stream of German. The red went slowly out of Spiegel's face.

"Excoos!" he said finally. "De blaymates of my Lena vass alvays velgome."

II

SO TOMMY was well received at Spiegel's Place for the three years that followed. Then there was a change. It dated from the day when Lena dropped her skirts to her ankles and piled the two pigtails, which by now had become one, on top of her head.

She had spent a throbbing hour before her mirror. At last, when the saloon was empty of customers, she came downstairs and stood in the middle of the room.

"Look, father!" she challenged.

Spiegel glanced up from a pink sporting extra.

"Vell?" he said. Then he stared. Lena's new dress was blue. It matched her eyes. The thrill of it had gone to her cheeks. "So!" said Spiegel at last.

Tommy Dugan stuck his head in the doorway.

"Where is Len——" he began, and stopped abruptly as his eyes marked his lady. They lit with approval. "Gee, kid!" he said. "You look like a circus horse. I got eight bits. Let's beat it to de ball game."

Spiegel followed to the doorway and watched them until they turned the corner. He returned to his stool behind the bar, shaking his head. That night he closed up early and climbed the stairs with a determined tread.

"Lena," he called, "I must shpeak mit you."

"I'm undressed already, father," he heard.

"Vell, dress again," he told her. "I'll vait in de barlor."

She found him bolt upright in a morris chair, each hand clutching a shiny arm.

"Dot Doogan poy bizness vill haf to shtop!" he began abruptly. Lena paled and faced him.

"Why?" she asked.

"Pecause he iss a no-goot," said Spiegel. "Pecause he hass nefer done a day's vork in his life. Alvays he vill be a leedle loafer. He iss de vorst poy in de vard alreaty. Alvays he iss sherapping mit somebody. Lasd veeg I hear he iss brize fighding. He vass ——"

"Who told you?" interrupted Lena.

"Vot diverence who told me—I know id. He brize fighded in Brooklyn. He god a tamn goot ligging. He iss no goot. He cannod even fighd—except mit bums."

"He can!" flamed Lena. "He's going to be a great fighter."

"So!" said Spiegel. "Vere did you find id owd? From him?" Lena remained silent. "I toughd so. Vell, here iss vot I do: To-morrow dell him he cannod gome here no more; but ven he iss dis gr-r-read fighder vot he shpeaks abowd—den he can gome."

Until late that night Spiegel lay and listened to a muffled sobbing. When he could stand it no longer he went to her door.

"Lena—*Liebe* ——"

"Gu-go awa-a-y! I hu-hu-hate you!"

"Vell," said Spiegel, "id vill pass." A huge tear dropped from his jowl to a curving expanse of nightgown. "Some day, *Mädchen*, you vill dank me."

He believed what he said at the time. He believed it for several months. Then doubts assailed him. They came first through Old Man Dugan.

Tommy's father attracted little attention from the citizens of Ward A. He secured a casual notice on the Saturdays when he overestimated the amount of whisky he could carry from Spiegel's Place to his own abode. At such times a policeman would call the attention of some passer-by to Old Man Dugan's predicament, and aid was seldom refused. No neighbor could in decency leave him to the inevitable though reluctant pinch and fine.

These occasions were rare, however. Old Man Dugan was an expert calculator. He knew to a nicety when he had absorbed the ultimate drop that left him "soused to the gyards" and still permitted a certain amount of faith in his legs.

He claimed the end of the bar for Saturday nights. Since the footrail was in front only, and did not extend to where he took his stand, no one disputed it with him. He got this favor and a friendly nod now and then, but little else.

Then a change could be noticed. One Saturday night Spiegel saw a gradual drifting of his patrons toward the end of the bar—and Old Man Dugan. The front, with its footrail, became less popular. Late comers were forced to use it, but a name was flying from end to end of the mahogany board. The name was Tommy. A day came

"Some Day, Mädchen, You Vill Dank Me"

when Spiegel received a shock. As he picked up his sporting extra, Cyclone Tommy Dugan leaped at him from a headline. From that moment he surrendered to dejection.

One evening Councilman Feeney dropped in. He held the ward in the hollow of his big red fist. He acknowledged those present with a gracious nod, and then:

"Good avenin', Misther Dugan."

"Good avenin', Councilman." It was evident that equals spoke.

"I see where th' lad give the Donovan boy a batin' lasht Choosday noight."

"I've heerd it called a dthraw," said Old Man Dugan modestly.

"Ye've heerd wrong thin," stated the councilman. "Our lad wint over him like a catimount. The Claveland papers called it a dthraw bekase Donovan is a local boy. He'd have been out in two more rounds, Councilman Carmichael was tellin' me. He was to Buffalo an' shlipped over to see ut."

"The lad was home to-day," offered Old Man Dugan. "He's afther tellin' me that Dumb Dan Allen will manage him from now on."

"Is ut so?" said the councilman, impressed.

He nodded down the bar. "Fill thim up!" he directed.

"Here's at ye, Councilman!" said Old Man Dugan courteously.

"Dthrink hearty," acknowledged Councilman Feeney. "Wait! Wait!" He raised his glass. "Boys, here's to Tommy Dugan—the pride av the war-rd. May he always bring home th' bacon!"

When he closed up that night Spiegel found Lena curled up in the morris chair. Her hair was tousled; her eyes were softly brilliant. She was staring at nothing, her chin cupped in her hand. He plodded about the room, humming ostentatiously; but she ignored his presence. He looked at her furtively from time to time. At last he stood uneasily before her.

"How vass your Aunt Katrina dis evenin'?" he began.

"Well," said Lena shortly.

"Und de baby?"

"Well," repeated Lena.

"Vell!" exclaimed Spiegel. "By de delephone she dells me he hass chicken box!"

"Oh, yes," corrected Lena hastily. "I mean I didn't get to see him."

A silence followed. Spiegel coughed several times.

"Lena?"

"Yes."

"Vere iss dot Doogan poy now alreaty?"

Lena started.

"How should I know?" she asked, dropping her eyes.

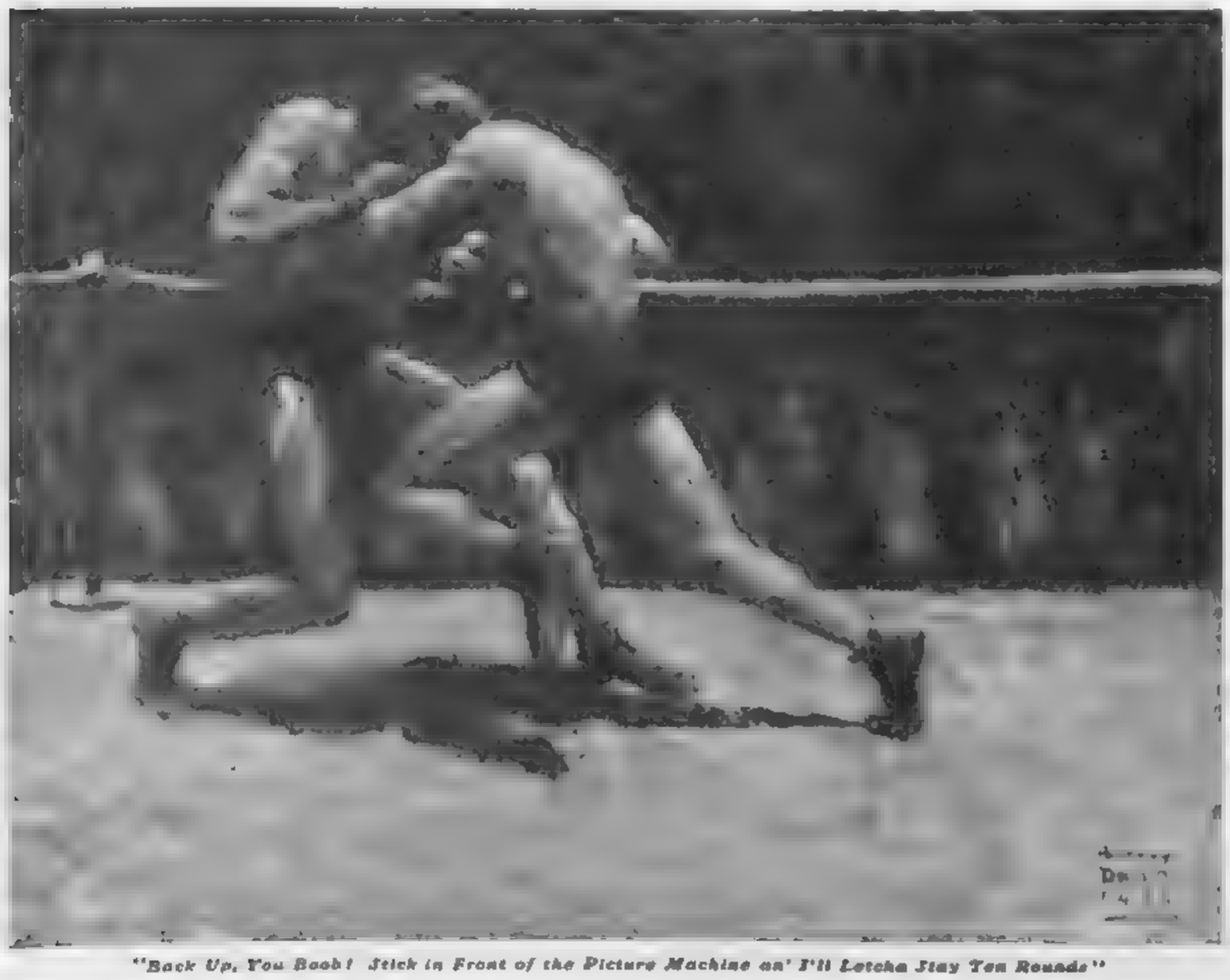
"You ain'd seen him zince—zince—dot time?" Spiegel's voice was almost wistful.

Lena failed to detect the wistful note. The question struck her as an accusation.

"You told me not to," she parried.

"Ya; dot iss so," admitted Spiegel with a sigh, and went heavily to bed.

(Continued on Page 49)



"Back Up, You Boob! Stick in Front of the Picture Machine an' I'll Letcha Stay Ten Rounds"

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

"'Twas a Famous Victory"—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Injured Belgian Boy, 1st Carabineers

Belgian Chasseurs a Pied

FROM MY JOURNAL:

LA PANNE, January 25th, 10 P.M.

I AM at the Belgian Red Cross hospital to-night. Have had supper and have been given a room on the top floor, facing out over the sea.

This is the base hospital for the Belgian lines. The men come here with the most frightful injuries. As I entered the building to-night the long tiled corridor was filled with the patient and quiet figures that are the first fruits of war. They lay on portable cots, waiting their turn in the operating rooms, the white coverings and bandages not whiter than their faces.

11 P.M. The Night Superintendent has just been in to see me. She says there is a baby here from Furnes with both legs off, and a nun who lost an arm as she was praying in the garden of her convent. The baby will live, but the nun is dying.

She brought me a hot-water bottle, for I am still chilled from my long ride, and sat down for a moment's talk. She is English, as are most of the nurses. She told me with tears in her eyes of a Dutch Red Cross nurse who was struck by a shell in Furnes, two days ago, as she crossed the street to her hospital, which was being evacuated. She was brought here.

"Her leg was shattered," she said. "So young and so pretty she was, too! One of the surgeons was in love with her. It seemed as if he could not let her die."

How terrible! For she died.

"But she had a casket," the Night Superintendent hastened to assure me. "The others, of course, do not. And two of the nurses were relieved to-day to go with her to the grave."

I wonder if the young surgeon went. I wonder ——

The baby is near me. I can hear it whimpering.

Midnight. A man in the next room has started to moan. Good God, what a place! He has shell in both lungs, and because of weakness had to be operated on without an anæsthetic

2 A.M. I cannot sleep. He is trying to sing "Tipperary."

English battleships are bombarding the German batteries at Nieuport from the sea. The windows rattle all the time.

6 A.M. A new day now. A gray and forbidding dawn. Sentries every hundred yards along the beach under my window. The gunboats are moving out to sea. A number of French aëroplanes are scouting overhead.

The man in the next room is quiet.

Imagine one of our great seaside hotels stripped of its bands, its gay crowds, its laughter. Paint its many windows white, with a red cross in the center of each one. Imagine its corridors filled with wounded men, its courtyard crowded with ambulances, its parlors occupied by convalescents who are blind or hopelessly maimed, its writing room a chapel trimmed with the panoply of death. For bath-chairs and bathers on the sands substitute long lines of weary soldiers drilling in the rain and cold. And over all imagine the unceasing roar of great guns. Then, but feebly, you will have visualized the Ambulance Ocean at La Panne.

The town is built on the sand dunes, and is not unlike Ostend in general situation; but it is hardly more than a village. Such trees as there are grow out of the sand, and are twisted by the winds from the sea. Their trunks are green with smooth moss. And over the dunes is long grass, now gray and dry with winter, grass that is beaten under the wind into waves that surge and hiss.

The beach is wide and level. There is no surf. The sea comes in in long, flat lines of white that wash unheralded about the feet of the cavalry horses drilling there. Here and there a fisherman's boat close to the line of villas marks the limit of high tide; marks more than that; marks the fisherman who has become a soldier; marks the end of the peaceful occupations of the little town; marks the change from a sea that was a livelihood to a sea that has become a menace and a hidden death.

The beach at La Panne has its story. There are guns there now, waiting. The men in charge of them wait, and, waiting, shiver in the cold. And just a few minutes away along the sands there was a house built by a German, a house whose foundation was a cemented site for a gun. The house is destroyed now. It had been carefully located, strategically, and built long before the war began. A gun on that foundation would have commanded Nieuport.

Here, in six villas facing the sea, live King Albert and Queen Elisabeth and their household, and here the Queen, grief-stricken at the tragedy that has overtaken her innocent and injured people, visits the hospital daily.

La Panne has not been bombarded. Hostile aëroplanes are always overhead. The Germans undoubtedly know all about the town; but it has not been touched. I do not believe that it will be. For one thing, it is not at present strategically valuable. Much more important, Queen Elisabeth is a Bavarian princess by birth. Quite aside from both reasons, the outcry from the civilized world which would result from injury to any member of the Belgian royal house, with the present world-wide sympathy for Belgium, would make such an attack inadvisable.

What to Send the Belgian Army

AND yet who knows? So much that was considered fundamental in the ethics of modern warfare has gone by the board; so certainly is this war becoming one of reprisals, of hate and venom, that before this is published La Panne may be destroyed, or its evacuation by the royal family have been decided.

The contrast between Brussels and La Panne is the contrast between Belgium as it was and as it is. The last time I was in Belgium, before this war, I was in Brussels. The great modern city of three-quarters of a million people had grown up round the ancient capital of Brabant. Its name, which means "the dwelling on the marsh," dates from the tenth century. The huge Palais de Justice is one of the most remarkable buildings in the world.

Now in front of that great building German guns are mounted, and the capital of Belgium is a fishing village on the sand dunes. The King of Belgium has exchanged the magnificent Palais du Roi for a small and cheaply built house—not that the democratic young King of Belgium cares for palaces. But the contrast of the two pictures was impressed on me that winter morning as I stood on the sands at La Panne and looked at the royal villa. All round were sentries. The wind from the sea was biting. It set the long gray grass to waving, and blew the fine sand in clouds about the feet of the cavalry horses filing along the beach.

I was quite unmolested as I took photographs of the stirring scenes about. It was the first daylight view I had had of the Belgian private soldier. These were men on their twenty-four hours' rest, with a part of the new army that is being drilled for the spring campaign. The Belgian system keeps a man twenty-four hours in the trenches, gives him twenty-four hours for rest well back from the firing line, and then, moving him up to picket or reserve duty, holds him another twenty-four hours just behind the trenches. The English system is different. Along the English front men are four days in the trenches and four days out. All movements, of course, are made at night.

The men I watched that morning were partly on rest, partly in reserve. They were shabby, cold and cheery. I created unlimited surprise and interest. They lined up eagerly to be photographed. One group I took was gathered round a sack of potatoes, paring raw potatoes with a knife and eating them. For the Belgian soldier is the least well fed of the three armies in the western field. When I left, a Good Samaritan had sent a case or two of canned things to some of the regiments, and a favored few were being initiated into the joys of American canned baked beans. They were a new sensation. To watch the soldiers eat them was a joy and a delight.

I wish some American gentleman, tiring of storing up his treasures only in heaven, would send a can or a case or a shipload of baked beans to the Belgians. This is alliterative, but earnest. They can heat them in the trenches in the cans; they can thrive on them and fight on them. And when the cans are empty they can build fires in them or hang them, filled with stones, on the barbed-wire entanglements in front of the trenches, so that they ring like bells on a herd of cows to warn them of an impending attack.

And while we are on this subject, I wish some of the women who are knitting scarfs would stop, now that winter is over, and make jelly and jam for the brave and cheerful little Belgian army. I am aware that it is less pleasant than knitting. It cannot be taken to lectures or musicales. One cannot make jam between the courses of a luncheon or a dinner party, or during the dummy hand at bridge. But the men have so little—unsweetened coffee and black bread for breakfast; a stew of meat and vegetables at midday, taken to them, when it can be taken, but carried miles from where it is cooked, and perfectly cold. They pour off the cold liquor and eat the unpalatable residue. Supper is like breakfast with the addition of a ration of minced meat and potatoes, also cold and not attractive at the best.

Sometimes they have bully beef. I have eaten bully beef, which is a cooked and tinned beef, semi-gelatinous. The Belgian bully beef is drier and tougher than the English. It is not bad; indeed, it is quite good. But the soldier needs variety. The English know this. Their soldiers have sugar, tea, jam and cheese.

If I were asked to-day what the Belgian army needs, now that winter is over and they need no longer shiver in

their thin clothing, I should say, in addition to the surgical supplies that are so terribly necessary, portable kitchens, to give them hot and palatable food. Such kitchens may be bought for two hundred and fifty dollars, with a horse to draw them. They are really sublimated steam cookers, with the hot water used to make coffee when they reach the trenches. I should say, then, surgical supplies and hospital equipment, field kitchens, jams of all sorts, canned beans, cigarettes and rubber boots! One or two field kitchens have already been sent over. A splendid Englishman attached to the Belgian Army has secured funds for a few more. But many are needed. I have seen a big and brawny Belgian officer, with a long record of military bravery behind him, almost shed tears over the prospect of one of these kitchens for his men.

I took many pictures that morning—of dogs, three abreast, hauling *mitrailleuses*, the small and deadly quick-firing guns, from the word *mitraille*, a hail of balls; of long lines of Belgian lancers on their unclipped and shaggy horses, each man carrying an eight-foot lance at rest; of men drilling in broken boots, in wooden shoes stuffed with straw, in carpet slippers. I was in furs from head to foot—the same fur coat that has been, in turn, lap robe, bed clothing and pillow—and I was cold. These men, smiling into my camera, were thinly dressed, with bare, ungloved hands. But they were smiling.

Afterward I learned that many of them had no underclothing, that the blue tunics and trousers was all they had. Always they shivered, but often also they smiled. Many of them had fought since Liège; most of them had no knowledge of their families on the other side of the line of death. When they return to their country, what will they go back to? Their homes are gone, their farm buildings destroyed, their horses and cattle killed.

Along the Paths of Glory

BUT they are a courageous people, a bravely cheery people. For every one of them that remained there, two had gone, either to death or to serious injury. They were glad to be alive that morning on the sands of La Panne, under the incessant roaring of the guns. The wind died down; the sun came out. It was January. In two months, or three, it would be spring and warm. In two months, or three, they confidently expected to be on the move toward their homes again.

What mattered broken boots and the mud and filth of their trenches? What mattered the German aëroplane overhead? Or cold and insufficient food? Or the wind? Nothing mattered but death, and they still lived. And perhaps, beyond the line —

That afternoon, from the Ambulance Ocean, a young Belgian officer was buried.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon, but bitterly cold. Troops were lined up before the hospital in the square; a band, too, holding its instruments with blue and ungloved fingers.

He had been a very brave officer, and very young. The story of what he had done had been told about. So, although military funerals are many, a handful of civilians had gathered to see him taken away to the crowded cemetery. The three English gunboats were patrolling the sea. Tall Belgian generals, in high blue-and-gold caps and great cape overcoats, met in the open space and conferred.

The dead young officer lay in state in the little chapel of the hospital. Ten tall black standards round him held burning candles, the lights of faith. His uniform, brushed of its mud and neatly folded, lay on top of the casket, with his pathetic cap and with the sword that would never lead another charge. He had fought very hard to live, they said at the hospital. But he had died.

The crowd opened, and the priest came through. He wore a purple velvet robe, and behind him came his deacons and four small acolytes in surplices. Up the steps went the little procession. And the doors of the hospital closed behind it.

The civilians turned and went away. The soldiers stood rigid in the cold sunshine, and waited. A little boy kicked a football over the sand. The guns at Nieuport crashed and hammered.

After a time the doors opened again. The boy picked up his football and came closer. The musicians blew on their fingers to warm them. The dead young officer was carried out. His sword gleamed in the sun. They carried the casket carefully, not to disorder the carefully folded tunic or the pathetic cap. The body was placed in an ambulance. At a signal the band commenced to play and the soldiers closed in round the ambulance.

The path of glory, indeed!

But it was not this boyish officer's hope of glory that had brought this scene to pass. He died fighting a defensive war, to save what was left to him of the country he loved. He had no dream of empire, no vision of commercial supremacy, no thrill of conquest as an invaded and destroyed country bent to the inevitable. For months since Liège he had fought a losing fight, a fight that Belgium knew from the beginning must be a losing fight, until such time as her allies could come to her aid. Like the others, he had nothing to gain by this war and everything to lose.

He had lost. The ambulance moved away.

I was frequently in La Panne after that day. I got to know well the road from Dunkirk, some eighteen miles long, with its bordering of mud and ditch, its heavy transports, its gray gunboats in the canals that followed it on one side, its long lines of overladen soldiers, its automobiles that traveled always at top speed. I saw pictures that no artist will ever paint—of horrors and beauties, of pathos and comedy; of soldiers washing away the filth of the trenches in the cold waters of canals and ditches; of refugees flying by day from the towns, and returning at night to their ruined houses to sleep in the cellars; of long processions of spahis, the Arabs from Algeria, silhouetted against the flat sky line against a setting sun, their tired horses moving slowly, with drooping heads, while their riders, in burnoose and turban, rode with loose reins; of hostile aëroplanes riding the afternoon breeze like lazy birds, while shells from the anti-aircraft guns burst harmlessly below them in small balloon-shaped clouds of smoke.

But never in all that time did I overcome the sense of unreality, and always I was obsessed by the injustice, the wanton waste and cost and injustice of it all. The baby at La Panne—why should it go through life on stumps instead of legs? The boyish officer—why should he have died? The little sixteen-year-old soldier who had been blinded and who sat all day by the phonograph, listening to Madame Butterfly, Tipperary, and Harry Lauder's A Wee Deoch-an'-Doris—why should he never see again what I could see from the window beside him, the winter sunset over the sea, the glistening white of the sands, the flat line of the surf as it crept in to the sentries' feet? Why? Why?

All these wrecks of boys and men, where are they to go? What are they to do? Blind and maimed, weak from long privation followed by great suffering, what is to become of them when the hospital has fulfilled its function and they are discharged "cured"? Their occupations, their homes, their usefulness are gone. They have not always even clothing in which to leave the hospital. If it was not destroyed by the shell or shrapnel that mutilated them it was worn beyond belief and redemption. Such ragged uniforms as I have seen! Such tragedies of trousers! Such absurd and heart-breaking tunics!

French Wounded on the Way to a Base Hospital—Cold but Smiling

For the time being they were well off. I do not believe that anywhere in the world is there a more modern hospital than that at La Panne. The Belgian Red Cross may well be proud of it. Within two weeks of the outbreak of the war it was receiving patients. It was not at the front then. But the German tide has forced itself along, until now it is almost on the line.

To those who know nothing of how things have been organized here, the hospitals at the front are shambles—dirty, bloody, full of evil odors. To a certain extent this was true during the early months of the war. It is not true now.

The Needs of the Hospitals

PITIFUL and sad they are, of course, at the best, but the early handicaps of unpreparedness and overwhelming numbers of patients have been overcome. Scientific management and modern efficiency have stepped in. They are not perfect. Gentleman ambulance drivers are not always to be depended on. Nurses are not all of the same standard of efficiency. Supplies of one sort exceed the demand, while other things are entirely lacking. Food of the sort that is needed by the very ill is scarce, expensive and difficult to secure at any price.

But the things that have been done are marvelous. Surgery has not failed. The stereoscopic X-ray and anti-tetanus serum are playing their active part. Once out of the trenches a soldier wounded at the front has as much chance now as a man injured in the pursuit of a peaceful occupation.

Once out of the trenches! For that is the question. The ambulances must wait for night. It is not in the hospitals but in the ghastly hours between injury and darkness that the case of life or death is decided. That is where surgical efficiency fails against the brutality of this war, where the Red Cross is no longer respected, where it is not possible to gather in the wounded under the hospital flag, where there is no armistice and no pity. This is war, glorious war, which those who stay at home say smugly is good for a nation.

But there are those who are hurt, not in the trenches but in front of them. In that narrow strip of No Man's Land between the confronting armies, and extending four hundred and fifty miles from the sea through Belgium and France, each day uncounted numbers of men fall, and, falling, must lie. The terrible thirst that follows loss of blood makes them faint; the cold winds and snows and rains of what has been a fearful winter beat on them; they cannot have water or shelter. The lucky ones die, but there are some that live, and live for days. This too is war, glorious war, which is good for a nation, which makes its boys into men, and its men into these writhing figures that die so slowly and so long.

I have seen many hospitals. Some of the makeshifts would be amusing were they not so pathetic. Old chapels with beds and supplies piled high before the altar; kindergarten rooms with childish mottoes on the walls, from which hang fever charts; nuns' cubicles thrown open to doctors and nurses as living quarters.

But at La Panne are no makeshifts. There are no wards, so called. But many of the large rooms hold three beds. All the rooms are airy and well lighted. True, there is no lift, and the men must be carried down the staircases to the operating rooms on the lower floor, and carried back again. But the carrying is gently done.

Fifth Belgian Line Regiment Having a Cold Snack

There are two operating rooms, each with two modern operating tables. The floors are tiled, the walls, ceiling and all furnishings white. Attached to the operating rooms is a fully equipped laboratory and an X-ray room. I was shown the stereoscopic X-ray apparatus by which the figure on the plate stands out in relief, like any stereoscopic picture. Every hospital I saw had this apparatus, which is invaluable in locating bullets and pieces of shell or shrapnel. Under the X-ray, too, extraction frequently takes place, the operators using long-handled instruments and gloves that are soaked in a solution of lead and thus become impervious to the rays so destructive to the tissues.

Later on I watched Doctor DePage operate at this hospital. I was put into a uniform, and watched a piece of shell taken from a man's brain and a great blood clot evacuated. Except for the red cross on each window and the rattle of the sash, under the guns, I might have been in one of the leading American hospitals and war a century away. There were the same white uniforms on the surgeons; the same white gauze covering their heads and swathing their faces to the eyes; the same silence, the same care as to sterilization; the same orderly rows of instruments on a glass stand; the same nurses, alert and quiet; the same clear white electric light overhead; the same rubber gloves, the same anæsthetists and assistants.

It was twelve minutes from the time the operating surgeon took the knife until the wound was closed. The head had been previously shaved by one of the assistants, and painted with iodine. In twelve minutes the piece of shell lay in my hand. The stertorous breathing was easier, bandages were being adjusted, the next case was being anæsthetized and prepared.

I wish I could go further. I wish I could follow that peasant-soldier to recovery and health. I wish I could follow him back to his wife and children, to his little farm in Belgium. I wish I could even say he recovered. But I cannot. I do not know. The war is a series of incidents with no beginning and no end. The veil lifts for a moment and drops again.

I saw other cases brought down for operation at the Ambulance Ocean. One I shall never forget. Here was a boy again, looking up with hopeful, fully conscious eyes at the surgeons. He had been shot through the spine. From his waist down he was inert, helpless. He smiled. He had come to be operated on. Now all would be well. The great surgeons would work over him, and he would walk again.

When after a long consultation they had to tell him they could not operate, I dared not look at his eyes.

Again, what is he to do? Where is he to go? He is helpless, in a strange land. He has no country, no people, no money. And he will live, think of it!

Are These the Fruits of a Holy War?

I WISH I could leaven all this with something cheerful. I wish I could smile over the phonograph playing again and again A Wee Deoch-an'-Doris in that room for convalescents that overlooks the sea. I wish I could think that the baby with both legs off will grow up without missing what it has never known. I wish I could be reconciled because the dead young officer had died the death of a patriot and a soldier, or that the boy I saw dying in an upper room, from shock and loss of blood following an amputation, is only a pawn in the great chess game of empires. I wish I could believe that the two women on the floor below, one with both arms gone, another with one arm off and her back ripped open by a shell, are the legitimate fruits of a holy war. I cannot. I can see only greed and lust of battle and ambition.

In a bright room I saw a German soldier. He had the room to himself. He was blue eyed and yellow haired, with a boyish and contagious smile. He knew no more about it all than I did. It must have bewildered him in the long hours that he lay there alone. He did not hate these people. He never had hated them. It was clear, too, that they did not hate him. For they had saved a gangrenous leg for him when all hope seemed ended. He lay there, with his white coverlet drawn to his chin, and smiled at the surgeon. They were evidently on the best of terms.

"How goes it?" asked the surgeon cheerfully in German.

"*Sehr gut*," he said, and eyed me curiously.

He was very proud of the leg, and asked that I see it. It was in a cast. He moved it about triumphantly. Probably all over Germany, as over France and this corner of Belgium, just such little scenes occur daily, hourly.

The German peasant, like the French and the Belgian, is a peaceable man. He is military but not militant. He is sentimental rather than impassioned. He loves Christmas and other feast days. He is not ambitious. He fights bravely but he would rather sing or make a garden.

It is over the bent shoulders of these peasants that the great Continental army machines must march. The German peasant is poor, because for forty years he has been paying the heavy tax of endless armament. The French peasant is poor, because for forty years he has been struggling to recover from the drain of the huge war indemnity demanded by Germany in 1871. The Russian peasant toils for a remote government, with which his sole tie is the tax-gatherer; toils with childish faith for The Little Father, at whose word he may be sent to battle for a cause of which he knows nothing.

Germany's militarism, then England's navalism, Russia's autocracy, France, graft-ridden in high places and struggling for rehabilitation after a century of war—and, underneath it all, bearing it on bent shoulders, men like this German prisoner, alone in his room and puzzling it out! It makes one wonder if the result of this war will not be a great and overwhelming individualism, a protest of the unit against the mass; if Socialism, which has apparently died of an ideal, will find this ideal but another name for tyranny, and rise from its grave a living force.

Now and then a justifiable war is fought, for liberty; perhaps, like our Civil War, for a great principle. There are wars that are inevitable. Such wars are frequently revolutions and have their origins in the disaffection of a people.

But here is a world war about which volumes are being written to discover the cause. Here were prosperous nations, building wealth and culture on a basis of peace. Europe was apparently more in danger of revolution than of international warfare. It is not only war without a cause, it is an unexpected war. Only one of the nations involved showed any evidence of preparation. England is not yet ready. Russia cannot possibly equip the men she has mobilized until late in the spring, nine months after the beginning of hostilities. France was in the same condition of unpreparedness.

Is this war, then, because the balance of power is so nicely adjusted that a touch turns the scale, whether that touch be a Kaiser's dream of empire or the eyes of a Czar turned covetously toward the South?

Look at this blue-eyed German in his bed or at these cheery and cold and badly fed French and Belgian soldiers drilling on the sands at La Panne. Did they want war?

There is no such thing in civilization as a warlike people. There are peaceful people, or aggressive people, or military people. But there are none that do not prefer peace to war, until, inflamed and roused by those above them who play this game of empires, they must don the panoply of battle and go forth.

The Type of Portable Kitchen Badly Needed in France

In its way that hospital at La Panne epitomized the whole tragedy of the great war. Here were women and children, innocent victims when the peaceful near-by market town of Furnes was being shelled; here was a telegraph operator who had stuck to his post under furious bombardment until both his legs were crushed. He had been decorated by the king for his bravery. Here were Belgian aristocrats without extra clothing or any money whatever, women whose whole lives had been shielded from pain or discomfort. One of them, a young woman whose father is among the largest landowners in Belgium, is in charge of the villa where the uniforms of wounded soldiers are cleaned and made fit for use again. Over her white uniform she wore, in the bitter wind, a thin tan raincoat. We walked together along the beach. I protested.

"You are so thinly clad," I said. "Surely you do not go about like that always!"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is all I have," she said philosophically. "And I have no money—none. None of us have."

A titled Belgian woman with her daughter had just escaped from Brussels. She was very sad, for she had lost her only boy. But she smiled a little as she told me of their having nothing but what they wore, and that the night before they had built a fire in their room, washed their linen, and gone to bed, leaving it until morning to dry.

Cheerful Boys With Empty Sleeves

ACROSS the full width of the hospital stretched the great drawing-room of the hotel, now a recreation place for convalescent soldiers. Here all day the phonograph played, the nurses off duty came in to write letters, the surgeons stopped on their busy rounds to speak to the men or to watch for a few minutes the ever-changing panorama of the beach, with its background of patrolling gunboats, its engineers on rest playing football, its occasional aëroplanes, carrying each two men—a pilot and an observer.

The men sat about. There were boys with the stringy beards of their twenty years. There were empty sleeves, many crutches, and some who must be led past the chairs and tables—who will always have to be led.

They were all cheerful. But now and then, when the bombardment became more insistent, some of them would raise their heads and listen, with the strained faces of those who see a hideous picture.

The young woman who could not buy a heavy coat showed me the villa adjoining the hospital, where the clothing of wounded soldiers is cared for. It is placed first in a fumigating plant in the basement and thoroughly sterilized. After that it is brushed of its encrusted mud and blood stains are taken out by soaking in cold water. It is then dried and thoroughly sunned. Then it is ready for the second floor.

Here tailors are constantly at work mending garments apparently unmendable, pressing, steaming, patching, sewing on buttons. The ragged uniforms come out of that big bare room clean and whole, ready to be tied up in new burlap bags, tagged, and placed in racks of fresh white cedar. There is no odor in this room, although innumerable old garments are stored in it.

In an adjoining room the rifles and swords of the injured men stand in racks, the old and unserviceable rifles with

(Continued on Page 65)

The Fight for the Sand Dunes in the North of France. Belgian Lancers on Their Way to the Front

DOUBLED STAKES

By William R. Lighton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XI

"Anybody Wants to Feel He's Got Somethin' He Can Tie To and Depend on It Not to Change"

THE stray dog came on until he was opposite the hotel; and there he paused, lifting his head to sniff from afar in mild inquiry at the two men on the porch. He appeared a very mild dog, indeed, a very inquiring sort of dog—altogether a very ridiculous dog. You could not have told the name of his breed, for he belonged to no breed that bears a name.

There was nothing whatever of the aristocrat about him; he was of the great democracy the beginnings of which are more remote than those of any aristocracy.

In the fullness of time, if he had good luck, he might become a big dog; now he was only a middle-sized dog on the rough ground halfway between puppyhood and maturity—lean, loutish, awkward, with enormous feet and huge, knobby hip bones and gaunt ribs, which gave him a sort of Pike's-Peak-or-Bust air.

From his ridiculous feet to the tip of his ridiculous long tail his color was a dirty white, with a wrinkled, twitching pink nose, and pink rims round his wistful brown eyes. He was not at all a bad dog or a mean one; he was merely a dog that had been forced to shuffle for himself and had not yet found his métier.

There he stood, head upraised, nose crinkling nervously, eyes moist with longing. He craved companionship; but he was utterly unskilled in the art of approach, a raw amateur in the knack of friendliness. Very cautiously he took a step or two toward the porch, then paused to bow and scrape—then another step or two, with a faint, beseeching whine. He wanted so much to come up and be a man among men, yet he seemed to be keenly conscious of a vast unworthiness. He would have given both of his flapping ears to "belong"; yet he feared.

Billy was watching him with keen appreciation, but giving no sign of encouragement. Any sort of sign—a whistle or a word or a snap of the finger—would have been more than enough; but the sign was withheld. Billy merely waited while the dog came nearer with hesitant, shaking steps, in profound trepidation. When at last he stood on the porch, all at once a hysterical sort of courage flared in him. Dan Higdon was the man nearest him. With a yelp and a ludicrous fling of his awkward legs he bounced bodily on Higdon—and one of his enormous feet came down full on Higdon's bunion.

Higdon swore in wrathful agony and kicked out viciously. Yipe! shrilled the dog, and leaped headlong for the street. There he stopped and turned to cringe and shiver and wonder. What had he done now? What was the matter with this world anyway? Was there no hope at all for a dog of all decent intentions?

Billy Fortune laughed outright; and then, in sheer perversity, because Higdon had kicked the cur, Billy whistled to him and held out his hand.

"Come here, Skip!" he coaxed. The name was born of a sudden fancy; somehow the dog made him think of Skip Liggett, of Skip's poor, clumsy advances toward life, and of life's unfeeling rebuffs. "Come here, Skip!" Billy called; and the dog came to him with one impetuous leap, in a very ecstasy of joy, jumping up on Billy's lap, thrusting his moist pink nose into Billy's face, contorting himself in irrepressible emotion. "Oh, quit it!" Billy objected. "Get down! Don't act the dunce like that. Behave yourself! Come here, now, and be quiet."

Little by little he stilled the wild throes of delight until at last he had the dog's head snuggled down between his knees, the wistful eyes upturned to his in dumb idolatry, while his hand ruffled and caressed the long flapping ears.

So he sat when the Foster man and his wife came out from the hotel to the porch. As always, they were utter aliens in their costly immaculateness and their air of strangeness. Meeting his glance the woman bent her head to Billy. It was not so intimate a salutation as a nod; it was merely a very formal, very remote acknowledgment of his presence, coming to him as though from a great social distance. She did not speak; her every feature was in undisturbed repose, a repose that appeared inviolable. She was not just disdainful or supercilious, or affectedly superior; her air was that of quite unconscious poise.

Her eyes were deep slate gray, full of living luster; but, for all their color and life, they expressed just nothing at all that Billy could discover. That was why in these rare glimpses he had found her interesting. Billy was not used to meeting women whom he could not make out in the least. Curiously he had watched for the first unmistakable human sign she would give, and shrewdly he had guessed that when it came it would come through her eyes.

There was no faint gleam of change in her eyes now as she looked briefly at him; but in the next moment she saw the dog, his head resting in Billy's lap. Then the sign came; and it came from her eyes—a swift, flashing gleam of light shining through the gray. Involuntarily, as though she took no least thought of what she was doing, she drew closer, stooped, and laid her hand gently on the ungainly head.

The dog turned and touched her wrist with his tongue. The hand was not withdrawn at once; it lay where it was for a moment longer—long enough to permit Billy's eyes to make a quick appraisal. He was well pleased by what he saw. The hand was beautifully small and firm, and fine of texture, beautifully modeled, beautifully kept; and what he liked best of all was that it bore no jewels—none. He had not noticed that before.

"You're fond of dogs, ain't you?" Billy asked quietly.

He heard the quick indrawing of her breath as she drew away. She did not reply. Foster interrupted. He had been engaged in preparing a rich, gold-banded cigar for his after-supper smoke, trimming its tip with a jeweled gold clipper, fitting it into a gold-mounted amber holder. Now that the careful preliminaries were over and the cigar alight, he spoke:

"Mr. Fortune, if to-morrow is a good day I think we may go down to the cañon to examine those properties. I fear you have found the waiting tedious; but I could not leave before receiving some important mail. The mail arrived this evening; so we may set out sometime in the morning if you will be good enough to make the preparations we talked of."

The speech was stiff and formal, yet it had a rather friendly sound. He was putting on no offensive superiority; his manner implied that his superiority was quite evident enough without affectation.

"Well, I'm sure glad," Billy said frankly. "I sure don't like waitin' round like this, with nothin' to do all day, and nothin' to do at night either—only draw."

"Draw?" Foster echoed. "Ah, you draw, then? I hadn't suspected it. And do you paint?" He seemed politely interested.

"Shucks!" Billy returned. "Draw poker!"

"Oh!" Foster said. "Oh, to be sure—draw poker! I might have known." He permitted himself to laugh mildly at his own expense. "Out here in the West you leave out all the useless words, don't you? Draw poker—to be sure! Well, that's not a bad game—not at all, between friends. I used to play quite a bit before other interests crowded it out of my mind; but it's five years since I've done any playing, and I dare say I have lost much of my skill."

"A person does," Billy said dryly.

It pained Billy to hear any man speak of draw poker as though it were one of the minor interests of life.

"Yes," Foster said. "Still, I dare say I should have welcomed a chance on any of these last few nights. They have been tedious for me too."

"All you needed to do was just to blow in next door. A man that's wishful for draw can mostly get a plumb plenty of satisfaction in there 'most any night." Billy grinned.

From his bench across the porch Dan Higdon spoke gruffly:

"Draw poker's a game that no simp has got any business monkeyin' with, unless he's got a lot more money than sense."

Foster gave no immediate sign of hearing. Slowly his fingers felt for a broad silk ribbon that lay across his breast, moving slowly down its length to a pocket of his waistcoat; and slowly they brought forth a monocle at the ribbon's end. He lifted the monocle to his eye, then turned with great deliberation to stare at Higdon coldly.

"Were you addressing me, sir?" he asked.

Higdon snorted, returning the icy stare with a hot glare, then snorted again, with an angry choke added.

"I was addressin' any boob that happened to be listenin'," he retorted. "Mebbe that might take you in."

Dan's wit was not the most delicate, but you could have got his meaning. Billy Fortune got it and indulged an inward chuckle as he waited for Foster's return. There was none. Deliberately Foster replaced his monocle in its pocket; deliberately he turned his back on Higdon to address his wife.

"Shall we go on?" he asked, and together they strolled up the street.

When they were gone Billy rose, stooping to give his dog a reassuring pat.

"Come on, Skip," he said; "let's take a little walk, too, so we'll be in shape for playin'."

They went to the edge of the town. That was not a long walk, no matter where you started or in which direction you traveled. Redstone had her virtues, but bigness was not one of them. From center to circumference she measured barely a quarter mile. Billy sauntered easily, taking deep drafts of the winy evening air blown fresh from the mountains; and the dog frisked and capered, cutting mad pinwheels and figures of eight in the supreme satisfaction of having found a friend.

Beyond the rim of the town, where the road became a sinuous trail across the sage-grown sand flats, the dog went wild with delight, making frantic charges into the brush and frantic returns, snuffing, yelping, teasing himself into frenzy, plunging his pink nose into prairie-dog holes, and acting the dunce to the very limit of his genius. At last, when he seemed wholly unable to think of anything else, he suddenly began digging furiously in the middle of a wide bare spot in the sand.

"Skip! Stop your foolishness!" Billy called; but the dog's flying feet were possessed. When he paused to sniff and snort and blow the choking sand from his mouth and nose his head was already half buried.

"You darned fool!" said Billy. "That's just the trouble with folks like you—wastin' all there is in you on a job like that, which don't ever amount to nothin' in the world; so, when you come —— For the love of country, Skip! What's that you've got?"

You would have asked that question yourself in all likelihood, for what the dog held in his ridiculous mouth, dragged from his ridiculous hole in the sand, was a thick packet, neatly folded in newspaper and neatly tied. The end of the paper had been torn away by the ridiculous paws, showing a roll of greenbacks as thick as a stick of stove wood.

Billy made a lunge for the packet, captured it, and stood holding it in his hand, turning it over and over, staring at it. For once he was dazed, shy of words, uncertain whether

this was reality or a taunting trick of some demon of the underground. He folded back a corner of the bundle to have a look at the figures on the bills. The figures appeared real enough; they were very substantial too—every bill in the lot seemed more than mere pocket money.

The total was $6770. Billy ran over it the second time to make sure. It was all in paper.

"That'll be Beck's money," was Billy's prompt conclusion. "But how the Sam Hill —— Who'd have been fool enough to put it there? Wait, now! Mebbe it wasn't so foolish—mebbe it was wise. He wasn't aimin' to leave it long, was he—wrapped up like that? He kept the gold money on him, didn't he? And he was figurin' on comin' back for this pretty soon. Yes, but —— Why, Billy, that means he's still in the country! Don't it? It pretty near does! He wouldn't be leavin' it here like this—not if he'd made his get-away. No, sir; he'd have packed it farther away than this if he was leavin' the country himself.

"Now what do you make out of that? And what are you goin' to do with the money? Turn it back to Beck? Oh, no! Not yet! And spoil all the fun? Not any! Findin's is keepin's till we get good and ready. But now let's think!"

XII

HE WAS still thinking, with a conclusion far off, when he made his way back to the hotel for his poker game. His thinking had been following no bent of melancholy; he was jubilant, in great fettle, feeling just right. His find had put him in a dare-devil humor which boded well for his play. Besides, he had a mascot. The stray dog came at his heels and lay on the floor by his chair.

The evening's play had not gone far. It was still early. There was Beckett K. McGillicuddy in his place; but the others at the table were only amateurs—men who would amuse themselves for a little time in a small way and then yield their seats without regret. Beckett was the only man of the lot whose presence made an appeal to Billy. Beckett was there to play poker.

You know how it is in Little Rock or Des Moines or Buffalo—when a banker plays poker he goes up a dark stairway to a back room, and has the curtains all pulled down close, and the transoms covered, and a coat is hung on the doorknob to blind the keyhole; and then he plays with soft rubber chips on a cloth-covered table, so there will be no telltale rattle.

It was not so at Redstone. The banker of Redstone played in the open and in the sight of all men; his play at the table was much more public than his conduct of his business in the bank, and he gave to it no less of his sagacity. That was as it should be, according to Redstone standards—it really helped to keep the bank in the confidence of the people; for, argued the men of Redstone, a man who could play poker like Beckett K. McGillicuddy must needs be a master hand at any game to which he turned his mind.

It tickled Billy Fortune to find room for crowding up to the table at Beckett's right hand. That was the place he always chose if the choice was left to him; and on this night he was uncommonly pleased. He felt exactly right for holding the immediate whip hand over his odd antagonist.

They were inveterate antagonists, those two, at every chance. That was inevitable. Expert opinion in Redstone would have been reluctant to commit itself offhand on the question of which of the two was the better player; most likely a vote would have been nip and tuck. At the very bottom their codes were one—the game for its own great sake. Winning and losing in themselves were but minor matters, to be reckoned up and settled when the play was done and then dismissed; but while the play was on, anxious thought of winnings or losses betrayed a profound unworthiness.

They were quite alike, too, in one other fundamental particular. Billy Fortune's phrase expressed it clearly enough: "Poker's a game you play with your face, with your hands just helpin'." But each man had his own variant of that rule.

When Billy Fortune played poker he turned his face loose; when Beckett played he locked his face up tight. When Billy played, his face became a theater for the swift, vivid, sweeping action of every emotion he could feel or counterfeit; he would run the whole gamut of emotion from supreme exaltation to utter desolation, his expression changeful and elusive as the flicker of heat lightning—and then he would leave it to the other man to guess which of those myriad expressions was begotten by the cards he held.

When Beckett played, his face became a lifeless mask. To call it inscrutable would not half say it. It would be as expressionless as the face of a mummy in an indifferent state of preservation.

Beckett had been winning from the triflers at the table when Billy came in. He had not won much, to be sure, for the game had run light; but he had most of the chips in sight. As plain as the fact of his winning was the fact that he had got mighty little real satisfaction out of it. For his own real satisfaction he might as well have been playing parchesi.

"He Wouldn't be Leavin' It Here Like This—Not if He'd Made His Get-Away"

Not until Billy's appearance was there any zest for him; and then, soon after Billy's entrance, Bud Kennedy came along—and that was when the poker began. Bud could play, too, in his own way. His was not a game of those sublimer flights of daring that his mates at the table might show; his way demanded regard for his cards. When he held a hand worth playing he played it with a sound judgment of its value; and, though he experienced no ecstasy, he managed to break just about even with the other two in the long run. Bud was not a man who lived on ecstasy anyway.

The game ebbed and flowed in its fortunes for half an hour. It was neither dull nor lively; there were no tidal waves. It was just good, plain poker playing, with Billy Fortune's style lending the high lights and Beckett's the suspense, and Bud's the needed third dimension of solidity. It was good enough for the onlookers; but, since the game had struck a little swifter pace, the table held only those three. The spectators hoped that a fourth player might be dropping in presently, to give the needed extra savor.

Billy Fortune, too, in his inner consciousness, looked for the fourth man. He was middling sure that Foster would appear before long. He wanted to see how Foster played. If he was to spend days in Foster's company in the cañon country he wanted to know what sort of man he should be consorting with. Foster's way of playing draw would tell him. So he waited and hoped.

Foster appeared at the end of half an hour and went quietly to the bar for a drink. As he drank he turned and surveyed the room; and then he came leisurely across the room and stood at Billy's back, greeting the company with an inclusive "Gentlemen!" The greeting might have been called friendly, but its tone involved no least fraction of descent from his own social altitude; his very calm told that this contact with a composite company in a barroom was for him a social experience.

"You are much more fortunate than myself," he said quietly over Billy's shoulder. "I was just on the point of retiring for want of something better to do."

"Sugar!" Billy returned readily. "Why don't you set in a while? You know this couple of folks that's playin'. We ain't flyin' a bit high; it's only a little dollar-limit game. Get in!"

Foster hesitated, glancing at the other players.

"Might I?" he said. "Really, I should be delighted if it's merely a friendly game—and if I shouldn't be intruding. Are you quite sure?"

"Sure!" said Billy; and Foster sat down.

He played well enough from the first to save himself from being a bore—played somewhat in Kennedy's methodical style, but more deliberately, taking his time for decision, with the manner of one renewing acquaintance with a game that had been neglected but not forgotten. He made no conspicuous blunders—lost a little, won a little, and frankly enjoyed himself. He got on tolerably well until Dan Higdon came to play the critic.

Dan, too, had come in quietly. Billy had not observed his entrance, but there he was, standing behind Foster, where he might overlook Foster's hands. He was making no bones about that; nor was he trying to conceal his hearty scorn of Foster's play. His comment for the most part was not in words but in inarticulate puffings and gruntings and snortings which carried his low opinion more clearly than speech. When he spoke, now and then at the end of a hand, he addressed himself to the bystanders and not to the players. What he said was always in disparagement. He was making a nuisance of himself.

Foster was giving no least sign of attention; he betrayed not a tremor of irritation but attended to his game in undisturbed good humor, utterly ignoring the man at the back of his chair. If Higdon had been in Chicago he could not apparently have been less in Foster's thoughts than where he stood. Watching, Billy was mightily amused.

It had to end sometime. Foster's losses had been greater than his winnings in the last few hands. He had taken them imperturbably, with a dignified jest or two on his failure to play his hands as a seasoned veteran might have played them; but after the last failure Higdon's disgust was outspoken.

"He sure ain't the man that put the poke in poker, is he?" Higdon growled at large.

Then suddenly the worm turned. Foster faced about, flashing into anger.

"My friend," he said, "your oversight is offensive. Will you be good enough to go away from my chair?"

Higdon was not a whit abashed; he rolled his cigar between his thick lips and laughed insolently.

"You played that last hand like a goat that's lost its nerve," he said. "Say, let me into this, will you?" He thrust his hat to the back of his head and dropped into a chair between Foster and Billy Fortune, spat noisily, and squared himself up to the table. "Anybody got any objection? If money's as easy to be got as that I want some of it. Only, for the love o' Mike, take that little limit off! A real sportin' proposition can't have a mean little limit on it. Let's make this sport. Make the blues a fivespot and play the roof for the top."

There was no demur, though Foster showed his haughty distaste plainly enough. Beckett, who was banking, cashed the old game and adjusted things for the new. The deal fell to Bud Kennedy. The bystanders grew silent, expectant. They had looked on at some swift games at these tables, but not often a tone that promised like this. Poker in Redstone was mostly merely give-and-take among home folks.

Billy Fortune won on Bud's deal. Higdon stayed out after the draw—again on Foster's deal, and again on his own. He spoke his impatience profanely. Obviously he wanted action. His chance was slow in coming. Only once in the next round did he play his hand, and then he lost to Beckett. With each mishap his speech coarsened. He was not a graceful loser.

The deal came to Higdon again. Billy Fortune, lolling back in his chair, stooped to pat his dog; but he was not forgetting another of his cardinal rules:

"When you play poker with a stranger keep remembering that you don't know a blessed thing about him except what you can see." So, apparently quite indifferent, he was watching; and he saw just what he had been expecting to see sooner or later.

Higdon's thick fingers seemed all thumbs in his clumsy manner of shuffling, but Billy caught a fleeting glimpse of a trick not in the regulations—a trick not at all clumsy; a trick whose deftness of execution was rather extraordinary. Higdon smacked the deck down on the table under Foster's nose with a ripping oath.

"Cut 'em!" he ordered.

Word and tone and manner might have given offense to a hardier man than Foster. Foster pushed back his chair, staring coldly.

"You are insufferable!" he said at his stiffest. "Are you so entirely unused to playing with gentlemen?"

"Oh, cut 'em!" Higdon growled. "This is poker. Play it. Cut 'em!"

Foster cut, with distasteful reluctance, and Higdon dealt. What Billy saw was that in the brief interval of diversion a little stranger had come into the game—another deck. Billy let his cards lie as they fell, lifting their corners gingerly one at a time, so that only he might see. He had been given aces and jacks. He did a swift bit of thinking.

"Oh, so that's it! I draw one card, do I? And I fill. And Beck, he'll fill, too, won't he? Bud's stack ain't so awful big; he won't hold nothin' this time. The sleuth'll be cleanin' him afterward. And Foster, too, mebbe. You can't tell about that. Well, Billy, do we draw? If you don't it'll ruin the deal for him, won't it? And he'll know you're wise to him besides—and that would ruin the rest of the evenin'. So let's draw." But aloud he dallied.

"I reckon I'll just play these," he said lazily. "No—wait a minute!" He grinned inquiringly at Beckett's impassive mask. "If I was only playin' against a real face! Beck, be human—just this once! I ain't feelin' lucky enough to try runnin' a whizzer on a wooden Indian. Give me one card."

He caught an ace. Beckett, too, drew one card; Bud Kennedy let his hand go into the discard; Foster drew two. Then for the first time Higdon looked at his own

hand—a brief glance; then, sulphurously sizzling, he chucked his cards to the middle of the table.

Billy Fortune's mind did an acrobatic turn:

"What's that? Didn't it come out right? Was he expectin' Bud to stay? Or was it Foster that made a fool draw? Mebbe that's it. Yes, but wait now!" His wits were leaping chasms. "That Foster man's a stranger, too, ain't he? Billy, you don't ever suppose —— Well, why not? They're a couple of strangers and this is poker. How are you goin' to find out? If Foster filled, with that two-card draw —— Oh, it can't be! But let's play 'em. Play 'em easy, till them two mebbe take to jumpin' each other. Then let 'em run it. Go on!"

Once round and those two took to "jumpin' each other." When Foster won, Beckett's stack was very lean. Billy Fortune was in great glee, his lips laughing, his eyes alight.

"You will, will you?" he challenged Beckett.

His glance roved over the ring of spectators and his laugh broadened as he swept the scattered cards loosely together for his deal.

"Boys, you've heard me tell Beck that a thousand times. He gets so terrible busy keepin' his own face fixed to suit him that he plumb forgets to watch the other man fixin' his. Ain't that right?" Loosely he bunched the cards on the edge of the table, letting half of the pack cataract to the floor. Pushing back his chair he stooped to gather the strays. "A suckin' baby could have told that little old Baltimore had 'em that time." Again the recovered pack broke, filling his lap. "And now Beck's got to buy again! Buy a-plenty, Beck! I'm goin' after you this time myself. I'm goin' to be luckier this time; my pup's been lickin' the cards for me."

One by one he made a feint of wiping the cards dry on the cloth-covered table. When it came to ways that are dark Chicago had nothing on Redstone. Only a dare-devil would have attempted such immediate reprisal while Higdon's guns were still smoking. Billy Fortune put it through—and Billy needed no cold deck; this one was quite enough. Over the heads of the players his tongue rattled on gayly at the bystanders until he seemed to lose count on the deal and had to be set right—once, twice. Yet it was a nice bit of dealing, though he gave himself nothing at all.

When the hand was played Beckett K. McGillicuddy permitted his dry, tight lips to relax ever so slightly. Pained distress sat on Foster's narrow visage, and on Dan Higdon's beefy chunks of features was dumb amazement. Nothing remained to him save amazement. He was cleaned; and so was Foster.

XIII

IN HIS room, by and by, Billy Fortune sat in the dark by his open window, smoking and letting his thoughts ramble.

"We've had a real pleasant day," he told himself. "It ain't every day that's so plumb interestin' as this one's been."

Lightly his mind ran back over the hodge-podge of events, seeking to bring some sort of order out of the chaos.

"Who put that money there?" So ran a persistent question, stubbornly evading every answer his reason could contrive. "Oh, well! That don't matter yet, so long as we've got it. And we've certainly got it!" Another vagrant query arose: "Wasn't that funny about Foster and Sleuth? What do you make out of that, Billy? That Higdon lad might've been aimin' to deal himself somethin' to skin Foster, too, mightn't he? Yes, but he didn't. Was that in the play, do you reckon? How could he have got it fixed up with Foster unless —— Shucks! That ain't reasonable. What would a man like Foster be playin' that kind of a game for? Well, now, why shouldn't he? All kinds of men play all kinds of games."

He had let his cigarette go out. He began fumbling for a match, but paused abruptly, his every sense suddenly alert. From a little way down the broad wooden balcony that ran beneath his window came stealthy sounds—a whisper, and light footfalls on the faintly creeking boards. The shadows there were pitch black. Billy's straining eyes could make out just nothing at all, but his straining ears caught an excited, rasping exclamation:

"It's gone, I tell you! It ain't there! Somebody's got it!"

There was a low-spoken "Sh-h-h!" of caution, and the whispers fell. Billy cupped his hands behind his ears, leaning far out, intent. For a little time he could hear nothing. Then a single sibilant syllable stood out in faintest relief against the background of silence—"Skip!" He could not be sure he had heard it; but it came again—"Skip!" He was not mistaken that time.

Softly, very softly, the whisperers moved away down the length of the balcony and round the corner of the house. Billy could see nothing of their forms—they were too well hidden in the darkness; but he heard something—heard that one of the prowlers moved with an uneven step, one foot moving as though it wore an old shoe, the other as though its shoe were new and stiff.

XIV

BILLY FORTUNE got to his breakfast early by the easy process of staying up all night. Staying up all night may be a hardship or it may be merely a happy diversion. Billy had been vastly diverted. That was written all over him. He appeared in the dining room fresh and jaunty, with maybe just a little extra spring in his step, a little extra lift in his shoulders, a little extra shine in his eyes. Plainly it agreed with him to keep unholy hours.

Even so, he had no advantage whatever over the girl Margaret. She hailed him blithely, with a laugh as clear and as rich in music as the call of a redwing. Then she came to his table at once for his order; but Billy let the order wait while he gave her his tribute of admiration.

"What I like most about you," he said, "is the way you just seem to fit right into a pretty mornin'. They don't make mornin's too bright for you. And then, when there comes a mornin' that's all gray and dull, you fool a man into forgettin' it. It ain't everybody can do that."

Margaret had learned to take his speeches as frankly as he made them. She was pleased; nor did she try to disguise her pleasure.

"Just for that," she laughed gayly, "I'll bring you the very best there is for breakfast; and I'll make your coffee myself. I was hoping that somebody would talk nice to me right at first, to start the day right. And you've had so much practice that you don't bungle a compliment as some of them do."

"Shucks!" Billy deprecated. "As though a man would need practice for appreciatin' you!"

He deferred the matter of breakfast, his eyes lingering on her, his hands idly toying with his knife and fork. He would have no better chance than this for what he wanted to say to her.

"Listen a minute, girl," he said quietly. "There's somethin' else I want to talk about before anybody else comes in to bother. I ain't talkin' foolishness now. It's somethin' you're wantin' to hear. And you've got to let me say it straight out. We're friends enough for that. Honest now, you do think I'm your friend, don't you? If it was to come to a show-down you'd kind of feel safe in thinkin' I'm your friend, wouldn't you? Ain't that right?"

She seemed to divine his meaning. All laughter passed from her lips and eyes; she regarded him very gravely, very straightforwardly.

"Yes, Billy," she said simply.

"I'm tellin' secrets," Billy said. "I don't often do that if they're real secrets; but I'm goin' to with you. I don't like to think that mebbe you'll be worryin'. There's nothin' to worry about. There's somebody you've been missin' from round the place since yesterday. Gee whiz! I don't have to talk riddles. It's Skip Liggett I'm mentionin'."

A wave of high color swept the girl's face, but she did not lower her eyes from his. Her small hand lay within easy reach on the cloth. Billy laid his own tanned, sinewy hand over her nervous fingers for a moment with a light, reassuring pressure.

"It's nothin' for you to worry about," he said. "Skip's all right. He had somethin' come up all of a sudden yesterday that he had to tend to—that took him out of town for a few days or so. He didn't have time to let you know about it. It was somethin' that oughtn't to be talked about anyway for a spell—not till it's over with. He wouldn't even want his name spoke—not even by his friends—while this is goin' on. He'd be wantin' us to keep still about him. And I reckon we'd better. But don't you worry. Skip's all right. He's got friends that's lookin' out for him."

Her regard was steadfast, searching; anxious, too, despite his reassurance. With all her heart she longed to question him, but could not.

"Thank you, Billy," she said with the same simplicity. She drew involuntarily a step nearer, agitated, striving for control. "You are a good friend, Billy," she whispered. "I do trust you; yes, I do! I'm trusting you enough to ask you something—something —— Billy dear, if you were just a little more than my friend—if you were my brother ——" She could not go on.

"If I was your brother," Billy said, "I'd be wantin' Skip Liggett to have just exactly what he's wantin' for himself right now—just a fair show; just a fightin' chance to show what's in him. That's all he wants. Any man ought to have that; but Skip needs it special. Mebbe you've guessed that much. He's been terrible down on his luck for a spell; but he's got friends, and his friends are goin' to try to sort of stand by him. That's all they can do.

"And another thing, girl—I might as well say this straight too. If you was my sister I'd be wantin' you to do pretty near the way you are doin'. I'd want you to keep sort of believin' in him, you know, without losin' a chance to give him a cheerful little lift. A nice girl can do that for a man the way nobody else can. That's what I'd be wantin' you to do if you was my sister. And then I'd be wantin' you to—to wait—to wait till you're able to know how things are comin' out." He flashed a smile into her eager eyes.

"If you was a bettin' man I'd bet you a few that it does come out all right—only mebbe you'd want to bet the same thing. If that's so you might say it out loud, so I can hear—because I'll likely be seein' Skip before this time tomorrow; and if I was to happen to mention that there was a real nice little friend of his who was bettin' on him —— Couldn't I do that, bein' as we're all friends?"

Tears were in her eyes and on her cheeks.

"Did You Ever Try Bein' Alone With Yourself in a Place Like This for a Whole Day and Night, With Nothin' to Do But Think and Your Mind All Torn Up?"

She was not trying to hide the tears from Billy. Lightly she laid her hand on his shoulder, without speaking. It was quite enough.

"What's for breakfast?" Billy asked in sudden diversion. "Never mind; just give me anything."

He had caught the sound of Dan Higdon's step coming down the hall. He let Margaret go then and lounged at ease in his corner, his face as bland as a boy's.

"Hello!" he hailed Higdon across the room.

Higdon's answer was a gruff grunt. The milk of human kindness was thick clabber in Higdon this morning. It had not agreed in the least with Higdon to be up all night. The flesh beneath his eyes hung in puffy bags; the lids were loose, drooping flaps; his heavy jowls were pendent, like a decrepit old dog's. The snap was all gone out of him; wherever there was a chance for any part of him to sag, there he sagged. Mortal weariness gripped body and mind; he was only half awake. When he had ordered his breakfast he dropped asleep in his chair as he waited. Billy Fortune grinned at the poor picture he made.

"He'll be takin' a nap when he's through eatin', won't he?" Billy questioned of that other self with whom he liked to argue things out. "And he won't be wakin' up this time till noon; then he'll be sore and mean. We've got a whole day for runnin' rings round that man while he's gettin' into shape again. Say, Billy, don't you wish Foster would put that trip off another day? You and me could sure use this day, couldn't we?"

XV

BILLY had the day free. It was nearing midmorning before he had word from his employer. Then Foster's wife came to seek him as he waited about in front of the hotel. If the night had held aught to disturb her there was no sign of it. She held a perfect poise as admirable as it seemed to be unstudied.

"Mr. Fortune," she said quietly, "Mr. Foster must put you to the trouble of canceling the arrangements for to-day. He is suffering a severe headache and must keep his bed for a time. He will be able to go on to-morrow, he thinks. Will you be good enough ——"

"Why, sure!" Billy returned. "A headache's a plumb bad thing to travel with. Sure I can! There ain't anything else a body could do for him—or for you—while he's sick?"

"No, thank you," she said impassively.

She was turning away, but hesitated. Billy's pup sat on its haunches at his feet, looking up into her face, pleading for a token, quivering with dumb expectance, but making no advance. Maybe he was just a little awed; anyway he seemed to feel that he was not to presume on what had passed between them the previous night. It must be her privilege to speak first; and so he waited, like a gentleman.

She saw the look he gave her and smiled, ever so faintly. That was all he wanted. Shrill-voiced, his delight flooding over all bounds, he leaped on her, clumsy but ecstatic, his ungainly head upthrust, his paws clutching. She stooped and fondled him gently, and his joy rose to a very delirium.

Billy cried out in genuine distress at the havoc the beast was working:

"He's mussin' your frock all up! Get down! Skip, come here!"

At the name she raised her eyes to his, and again he saw that something beyond her fine reserve was revealing itself. She was startled, for she stood suddenly erect, paling just a little, her lips parted.

"What do you call him?" she asked.

"Skip," Billy said. "I don't know what his name is. He just straggled along last night and took up with me. I named him that after a friend of mine. It ain't much of a name—but, then, he ain't much of a dog. You'll have to excuse the way he behaves, ma'am."

She was not heeding him.

"Very well," she said. "You will please make the arrangements Mr. Foster wishes." Then she was gone.

For a long minute Billy stood as she had left him, looking after her; and when she had passed from his sight he still stood, his mind's eye gazing at the presentment she had made. His usually ready wits were groping a bit, seeking to lay hold on—what? He could not be at all sure of that. It was as though in some deep, forgotten recess of his mind a memory had stirred faintly—an elusive thrill that was stilled as suddenly as it had wakened. What was it? Fancy? A mere phantasm? Or was it a reality somehow misted over and dimmed?

"Billy," he said by and by, "you and me have seen that woman somewhere before now. You know we have. Where was it? Can you tell me that? It don't seem reasonable—does it?—that we'd have been able to forget her when we're so fond of all the good-lookin' ones. But I can't remember; can you? Just the same, you know it's so You keep thinkin' about it."

XVI

BILLY'S puzzlement did not hold him idle. Long before noon he was climbing the steep, stony wall of Red Butte bound for Skip Liggett's hiding place, bearing odds and ends of gifts, but bent on something more than mere charity. The thoughts that really moved Billy to action were mostly in the back of his head, tucked away in crannies where the outsider could not easily find them.

Skip was very glad to see him, for the hours had been long and tormenting. He was a little inclined to complain, however.

"How long have I got to stand for this, Billy?" he demanded. "Did you ever try bein' alone with yourself in a place like this for a whole day and night, with nothin' to do but think and your mind all torn up? I didn't have a single thing for company last night but a little bit of fire, besides some sly, crawlin' things that would come sneakin' out of the bush and stay back there in the dark and make still little noises. I couldn't go to sleep. How could a man sleep that way? I couldn't do a thing but just sit here and think. And there wasn't such a lot to think about that a healthy man would choose. How long is it goin' to last?"

Billy stretched out on his back lazily on the thick mat of pine needles, blinking lazily up at the sapphire sky, lazily soaking in the mild delight of the golden sunshine filtering through the high tops of the pines, lazily listening to the soft murmur of the wind. For all Skip's discontent, this was a place of rare charm—a narrow basin hollowed somehow from the very summit of the butte, with red granite walls rising sheer all round, riven here and there in some ancient day of cataclasm and allowing now a tortuous passage through to the outer world. The world seemed vastly remote—no least hint of it came by any means to this tiny vale of seclusion; there was only a brooding sense of perfect peace.

"Shucks!" Billy made comment. "Skip, you're hard to suit if this don't suit you. I wish some friend of mine would run me up here and tell me to stay a while and let him pack my grub to me and look after me. You wouldn't hear me doin' any hollerin'. I'd be one busy person. I'd be takin' my soul out of me and pullin' it apart and findin' what's the matter with it. I've always wanted to have time and a good chance to do that; but I've always been so plumb balled up with other things I never got round to it."

Skip considered that moodily, picking up a dry pine cone and plucking it to pieces.

"That's just what I ain't anxious to be doin'," he said. "I know too well what's the matter with my soul. That's what's been botherin' me here—broodin' about things I'd a heap rather not. I've had all I want of chances for thinkin' about what's wrong with me. I had a whole year of it once, you know—hundreds of horrible nights when I didn't have a thing to do but lie there in the dark in my cell and brood. You talk about takin' your soul apart! In the name o' God, Billy, what do you know about it? I've had a-plenty of that. I want to be doin' somethin' else now besides that. What I want now is a steady job with a real man's work to do, and—and a chance! If I could have that, like the rest of you boys have got, you wouldn't hear me hollerin' either."

At another time Billy would very likely have moralized a little. He was quite good at that in his own way—a free-and-easy outdoor sort of way, with no hidebound conventions to hamper. He followed no worn trails in getting to his conclusions about the business of life; his was open-country thinking always, which took straight short cuts to the ends he sought. Moralizing was not in his mind now, however. He was after something concrete.

"Anyway," he said, "it's a great little old place for hidin'. The man don't live who could find a body in here if he was tryin' to keep out of the way." Then, very casually and very lazily: "That's what I like about a big country like this. You can hide yourself if you want to; or you can hide anything else you want to and nobody'll ever bother."

He paused, reaching for his "makin's" and waiting for what Skip might say. Skip said nothing; he was picking aimlessly at his cone, making a little pile of the fragments between his outspread legs, concerned with his own thoughts.

"If I had more money than I felt like packin' round with me," said Billy, "I wouldn't be stickin' it in a bank. Different things are liable to happen to banks. I'd just take my money out, some time when nobody was noticin', and hide it in a hole in the sand somewhere."

Billy's notion did not seem to interest Skip. He was not even attending closely.

"I guess so," he said dully. "I'd like to have enough once, so it would worry me to pack it round. I'd pack it, just the same."

Billy laughed outright. The laugh was not a tribute to Skip's humor. It spoke full and complete relief from all doubt that may have lingered in any dim corner of his mind. Nothing else could have satisfied him so entirely; but that was not all he had to discover. Suddenly he rose from his easy bed, turning to face Liggett squarely, speaking straight to the point.

"Skip, listen! I want to know somethin' I've got a right to know, pretty near, the way things are goin' in Redstone. It's about that Foster man. When was it you knew him before?"

He could not complain that the question had fallen on inattentive ears. A sharp cry escaped Skip's lips; in his wide eyes shone surprise, startled wonder, distress—then great pain.

"Foster!" he breathed. "Oh, Billy! Who told ——"

"Nobody's been tellin' me nothin'," said Billy; "but I know that much. You've been up against Foster before. I want to know when it was. You can tell me, Skip, because when you've told me it'll be just exactly the same as though you'd told it to that big red rock over yonder. I ain't tryin' to find out for fun. I've got to know and you can save a lot of trouble by tellin' me."

"Oh, Billy, don't! Don't! I can't! Why, Billy, he ——" Skip was abject. He stretched his shaking hands toward Billy, pleading. "Don't ask me that! How can I tell you? He's been good to me! And then he's not —— Things are all so different now; he's been tryin' —— Oh, I can't—I can't!"

It was very incoherent, but Billy was filling in most of the ragged gaps.

"If it's so particular as all that," he said, "it must be somethin' real special. I reckon I can guess part of it. It was somethin' about what happened to you that time in Kansas. I shouldn't wonder if mebbe he was mixed up in it, too, someway. If it was nothin' against him you could tell me. I can see that's the truth, Skip—just by your face. You don't have to tell me the rest, because that's sufficient. I ain't askin' you any more. And now I expect I'll be pullin' back for town." He rose, brushing the litter from his clothes. "There's nothin' more you want, Skip, that I can bring next time?" he asked lightly.

Skip shook his head. On a sudden impulse he, too, got to his feet.

"Billy," he said, "I've had enough of this. I'm going back with you. I can't stand this any longer—hiding when things are happening that I ought to be lookin' after myself, instead of lettin'

(Continued on Page 57)

"I Ain't Goin' to Ask You But Just This Once More. It Was You, Wasn't It?"

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XXII

MR. HEBBLETHWAITE was undoubtedly annoyed. He found himself regretting more than ever the good nature that had prompted him to give this visitor an audience at a most unusual hour. He had been forced into the uncomfortable position of listening to statements the knowledge of which was a serious embarrassment to him.

"Whatever made you come to me, Mr. Harrison?" he exclaimed, when at last his caller's disclosures had been made. "It isn't my department."

"I came to you, sir," the official replied, "because I have the privilege of knowing you personally, and because I was quite sure that in your hands the matter would be treated wisely."

"You are sure of your facts, I suppose?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"I do not know much about navy procedure," Mr. Hebblethwaite said thoughtfully, "but it seems to me scarcely possible for what you tell me to have been kept secret."

"It is not only possible, sir," the man assured him, "but it has been done before. You will find, if you make inquiries, that not only is the press excluded to-day from the shipbuilding yards in question, but the workpeople are living almost in barracks. There are double sentries at every gate, and no one is permitted under any circumstances to pass the outer line of offices."

Mr. Hebblethwaite sat for a few moments deep in thought.

"Well, Mr. Harrison," he said at last, "there is no doubt that you have done what you conceived to be your duty, but I must tell you frankly that I wish you had either kept what you know to yourself or else taken the information somewhere else. Since you have brought it to me, let me ask you this question: Are you taking any further steps in the matter at all?"

"Certainly not, sir," was the quiet reply. "I consider that I have done my duty and finished with it when I leave this room."

"You are content then," Mr. Hebblethwaite observed, "to leave this matter entirely in my hands?"

"Entirely, sir," the official assented. "I am perfectly content from this moment on to forget all that I know. Whatever your judgment prompts you to do will, I feel sure, be satisfactory."

Mr. Hebblethwaite rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"Well, Mr. Harrison," he concluded, "you have performed a disagreeable duty in a tactful manner. Personally I am not in the least grateful to you, for, as I dare say you know, Mr. Spencer Wyatt is a great friend of mine. As a member of the government, however, I think I can promise you that your services shall not be forgotten. Good evening!"

The official departed. Mr. Hebblethwaite thrust his hands into his pockets, glanced at the clock impatiently, and made use of an expression that seldom passed his lips. He was in evening dress and due to dine with his wife on the other side of the park. Furthermore, he was very hungry. The whole affair was most annoying. He rang the bell.

"Ask Mr. Bedells to come here at once," he told the servant, "and tell your mistress I am exceedingly sorry, but I shall be detained here for some time. She had better go on without me and send the car back. I will come as soon as I can. Explain that it is a matter of official business. When you have seen Mrs. Hebblethwaite you can bring me a glass of sherry and a biscuit."

The man withdrew and Mr. Hebblethwaite opened a telephone directory. In a few moments Mr. Bedells, who was his private secretary, appeared.

"Richard," his chief directed, "ring up Mr. Spencer Wyatt. Tell him that whatever his engagements may be I wish to see him here for five minutes. If he is out you must find out where he is. You can begin by ringing up his house."

Bedells devoted himself to the telephone. Mr. Hebblethwaite munched a biscuit and sipped his sherry. Presently the former laid down the telephone and reported success.

"Mr. Spencer Wyatt was on his way to a city dinner, sir," he announced. "They caught him in the hall and he will call here."

Mr. Hebblethwaite nodded.

"See that he is sent up directly he comes."

In less than five minutes Mr. Spencer Wyatt was ushered in. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, fair-complexioned and with the bearing of a sailor, and he wore the uniform of an admiral of the fleet.

That Future Into Which She Looked Seemed to Become More Than Ever a Tangled Web

"Hello, Hebblethwaite; what's wrong?" he asked. "Your message just caught me. I am dining with the Worshipful Tanners—turtle soup and all the rest of it. Don't let me miss more than I can help."

Mr. Hebblethwaite walked to the door to be sure that it was closed, and then came back to his visitor.

"Look here, Wyatt," he exclaimed, "what the devil have you been up to?"

Wyatt whistled softly. A light broke across his face.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"You know perfectly well what I mean," Hebblethwaite continued. "Five weeks ago we had it all out at a Cabinet meeting. You asked Parliament to lay down six battleships, four cruisers, thirty-five submarines and twelve torpedo boats. You remember what a row there was. Eventually we compromised for half the number of battleships and cruisers, and the full amount of small craft."

"Well?"

"I am given to understand," Hebblethwaite said slowly, "that you have absolutely disregarded the vote; that the six battleships, four cruisers, and rather more than the stipulated number of smaller craft are practically commenced."

Wyatt threw his cocked hat upon the table.

"Well, I am up against it a bit sooner than I expected," he remarked. "Who's been peaching?"

"Never mind," Hebblethwaite replied. "I am not telling you that. You've managed the whole thing very cleverly, and you know mighty well, Wyatt, that I am on your side. I was on your side in pressing the whole of your proposals upon the Cabinet, although honestly I think they were far larger than necessary. However, we took a fair vote and we compromised. You had no more right to do what you have done ——"

"I admit it, Hebblethwaite," Wyatt interrupted quickly. "Of course if this comes out my resignation's ready for you, but I tell you frankly, as man to man, I can't go on with my job, and I won't, unless I get the ships voted that I need. We are behind our standard now. I spent twenty-four hours making up my mind whether I should resign or take this risk, and I came to the conclusion that I should serve my country better by taking the risk. So there you are! What are you going to do about it?"

"What the mischief can I do about it?" Hebblethwaite demanded irritably. "You are putting me in an impossible position. Let me ask you this, Wyatt—is there anything at the back of your head that the man in the street doesn't know about?"

"Yes"

"What is it then?"

"I have reasons to believe," Wyatt announced deliberately—"reasons that are quite sufficient for me, although it was impossible for me to get up in Parliament and state them—that Germany is secretly making preparations for war either toward the end of this year or early next year."

Hebblethwaite threw himself into an easy-chair.

"Sit down, Wyatt," he said; "your dinner can wait for a few minutes. I have had another man—only a youngster who doesn't know anything—talking to me like that. We are fully acquainted with everything that is going on behind the scenes. All our negotiations with Germany are at this moment upon the most friendly footing. We haven't a single matter in dispute. Old Busby, as you know, has been over in Berlin himself and has come back a confirmed pacificist. If he had his way our army would practically cease to exist. He has been on the spot, so he ought to know."

"Busby," Wyatt declared, "is just the sort of man the Germans have been longing to get hold of and twist round their fingers. Peace is all very well—universal peace. The only way we can secure it is by being a good deal stronger than we are at present."

"That is your point of view," Hebblethwaite reminded him. "I tell you frankly that I incline toward Busby's."

"Then you'll eat your words," Wyatt asserted, "before many months are out. I, too, have been in Germany lately, although I was careful to go as a tourist, and I have picked up a little information. I tell you it isn't for nothing that Germany has a complete list of the whole of her rolling stock, the actual numbers in each compartment registered and reserved for the use of certain units of her troops. I tell you that from one end of the country to the other her state of military preparedness is amazing. She has but to press a button and a million men have their rifles in their hands, their knapsacks on their backs; and each regiment knows exactly at which station and by what train to embark. She is making Zeppelins night and day; training her men till they drop with exhaustion. Krupp's works are guarded by double lines of sentries. There are secrets there that no one can penetrate. And all the time she is building ships feverishly. Look here: you know my cousin, Lady Emily Fakenham?"

"Of course!"

"Only yesterday," Wyatt continued impressively, "she showed me a letter—I read it, mind—from a cousin of Prince Hohenlowe. She met him at Monte Carlo this year and they had a sort of flirtation. In the postscript he says: 'If you take my advice you won't go to Dinard this August. Don't be farther away from home than you can help at all this summer.' What do you think that meant?"

"It sounds queer," Hebblethwaite admitted.

"Germany is bound to have a knock at us," Spencer Wyatt went on. "We've talked of it so long that the words pass over our heads, as it were, but she means it. And I tell you another thing: she means to do it while there's a Radical government in power here, and before Russia finishes her army-reorganization scheme. I am not a soldier, Hebblethwaite, but the fellows we've got up at the top simply don't know what they're talking about. That's plain speaking, isn't it? But you and I are the two men concerned in the government of this country who do talk common sense to each other. We have fine soldiers and fine organizers, but they've been given the go-by simply because they know their jobs and would insist upon doing them thoroughly if at all.

"Russia will have another four million men ready to be called up by the end of 1915, and, what is more important, she'll have the arms and the uniforms for them. Germany isn't going to wait for that. I've thought it all out. We are going to get it in the neck before seven or eight months have passed; and if you want to know the truth, Hebblethwaite, that's why I have taken a risk and ordered these ships. The navy is my care, and it's my job to see that we keep it up to the proper standard. Whose votes robbed me

of my extra battleships? Why, the votes of a handful of men who haven't an Imperial idea in their brains, who think war belongs to the horrors of the past, and believe they are doing their duty by what they call 'keeping down expenses.' Hang it, Hebblethwaite, they're worse than a man who won't pay fire insurance for his house in a dangerous neighborhood, just to save a bit of money! What I've done I stick to. Split on me if you want to."

"I don't think I shall do that," Hebblethwaite said; "but honestly, Wyatt, I can't follow you in your war talk. We got over the Agadir trouble. We got over a much worse one—the Balkan crisis. There isn't a single contentious question before us just now. The sky is almost clear."

"Believe me," Wyatt insisted earnestly, "that's just the time to look for the thunderbolt. Can't you see that when Germany goes to war it will be a war of conquest, the war she has planned for all these years? She'll choose her own time, and she'll find a *casus belli* right enough when the time comes. Of course she'd have taken advantage of the position last year, but she simply wasn't ready. If you ask me, I believe she thinks herself now able to lick the whole of Europe. And I am not at all sure, thanks to our last fifteen years' military administration, that she wouldn't have a good chance of doing it. Anyway, I am not going to have my fleet cut down."

"The country is prosperous," Hebblethwaite acknowledged. "We can afford the ships."

"Then look here, old chap," Wyatt begged—"and I am not pleading for my own sake, but for the country's—keep your mouth shut! See what the next month or two brings. If there is trouble—well, I don't suppose I shall be jumped on then. If there isn't, and you want a victim, here I am. I disobeyed orders flagrantly. My resignation is in my desk, ready at any moment."

Hebblethwaite glanced at the clock.

"I am very hungry," he said, "and I have a long way to go for dinner. We'll let it go at that, Wyatt. I'll try to keep things quiet for you. If it comes out—well, you know the risk you run."

"I know the bigger risk we are all running," Wyatt declared as he took a cigarette from an open box on the table by his side and turned toward the door. "I'll get there for the turtle soup now with luck. You're a good fellow, Hebblethwaite. I know this thing goes against the grain with you. But, by Jove, you may be thankful for this sometime!"

The Right Honorable John William Hebblethwaite took the hat from his footman, stepped into his car and was driven rapidly away. He leaned back among the cushions, more thoughtful than usual. There was a yellow moon in the sky, pale as yet. The streets were a tangled vortex of motor cars and taxis, all filled with men and women in evening dress.

It was the height of a wonderful season. Everywhere was apparent the one dominant note of prosperity, gayety, even splendor. The houses in Park Lane, flower-decked, displayed through their wide-flung windows a constant panorama of brilliantly lighted rooms. Every one was entertaining. In the park on the other side was the usual crowd of earnest, hard-faced men and women gathered in little groups round the orator of the moment.

Hebblethwaite felt a queer premonition that evening. A man of sanguine temperament, thoroughly contented with himself and his position, he seemed, almost for the first time in his life, to have doubts, to look into the future, to feel the rumblings of an earthquake, the great dramatic cry of a nation in the throes of suffering. Had they been wise all these years to legislate as though the old dangers by land and sea had passed; to strive to make the people fat and prosperous; to turn a deaf ear to every note of warning? Supposing the other thing were true! Supposing Norgate and Spencer Wyatt had found the truth! What would history have to say then of this government of which he was so proud? Was it possible that they had brought the country to a great prosperity by destroying the very bulwarks of its security?

"We are Going to Get It in the Neck Before Seven or Eight Months; and That's Why I Have Taken a Risk and Ordered These Ships"

The car drew up with a jerk. Hebblethwaite came back to earth. Nevertheless, he promised himself, as he hastened across the pavement, that on the morrow he would pay a long-delayed visit to the War Office.

XXIII

ANNA was seated, a few days later, with her dearest friend, the Princess of Thurm, in a corner of the royal inclosure at Ascot. For the first time since their arrival they found themselves alone. From underneath her parasol the Princess looked at her friend curiously.

"Anna," she said, "something has happened to you."

"Perhaps! But explain yourself," Anna replied composedly.

"It is so simple. There you sit in a stunning gown, perfection as ever, from your hat to those delicately pointed shoes. You have been positively hunted by all the nicest men—once or twice, indeed, I felt myself neglected—and not a smile have I seen upon your lips. You go about looking just a little beyond everything. What did you see, child, over the tops of the trees in the paddock when Lord Wilton was trying so hard to entertain you?"

"An affair of moods, I imagine," Anna declared. "Somehow I don't feel quite in the humor for Ascot to-day. To be quite frank," she went on, turning her head slowly, "I rather wonder that you do, Mildred."

The Princess raised her eyebrows.

"Why not? Everything, so far as I am concerned, is *couleur de rose*. Madame Blanche declared yesterday that my complexion would last for twenty years. I found a dozen of the most adorable hats in Paris. The artist who designs my frocks was positively inspired the last time I sat to him. I am going to see Maurice in a few weeks, and meanwhile I have several new flirtations that interest me amazingly. As for you, my child, one would imagine that you had lost your taste for all frivolity; you are as cold as granite. Be careful, dear; the men of to-day, in this country at any rate, are spoiled. Sometimes they are even uncourtierlike enough to accept a woman's refusal."

Anna smiled faintly.

"Well," she observed, "even a lifetime at court has not taught me to dissimulate. I am heavy-hearted, Mildred. You wondered what I was looking at when I gazed over those green trees under which all those happy people were walking. I was looking out across the North Sea. I was looking through Belgium to Paris. I saw a vast curtain roll up, and everything beyond it was a blood-stained panorama."

A shade rested for a moment on her companion's fair face. She shrugged her shoulders.

"We've known for a long time, dear, that it must come."

"But all the same in these last moments it is terrible," Anna insisted. "Seriously, Mildred, I wonder that I should feel it more than you. You are absolutely English, your father is English, your mother is English. It is your husband alone that is Austrian. You have lived in Austria for only seven years. Has that been sufficient to destroy all your love for your own country?"

The Princess made a little grimace.

"My dear Anna," she said, "I am not so serious a person as you are. I am profoundly, incomprehensibly selfish. The only human being in the whole world for whom I have a spark of real affection is Maurice, and I adore him. What he has told me to do I have done. What makes him happy makes me happy. For his sake I have even forgotten and shall always forget that I was born an Englishwoman.

"Circumstances," she went on thoughtfully, "have made it so easy. England is a changed country. When I was a child I could read of the times when our kings really ruled, of our battles for dominion, of our fights for colonies, of our building up of a great empire, and I could feel just a little thrill. I can't now. We have gone ahead of Napoleon. From a nation of shopkeepers we have become a nation of general dealers—a fat, overconfident, bourgeois people. Socialism has its hand upon the throat of the classes. Our court set is dowdy, dull to a degree and common in a fashion. You are right; I have lost my love for England, partly because of my marriage, partly because of those things that have come to England herself."

For the first time there was a little flush of color in Anna's exquisitely pale cheeks. There was even animation in her tone as she turned toward her friend.

"Mildred," she exclaimed, "it is splendid to hear you say what is really in your mind! I am so glad you have spoken to me like this. I feel these things, too, and I am not nearly so English as you. My mother was English and my father Austrian; therefore, only half of me should be English. My marriage does not count because, as you know, it was one of the Emperor's mistakes. He meant well, but even he was on my side when I refused to live with Max. Yet although I am so much farther removed from England than you are I have suddenly felt a return of all my old affection for her."

"You are going to tell me why?" her companion begged.

"Of course! It is because I believe—it is too ridiculous, but I believe that I am in your position with the circumstances reversed. I am beginning to care in the most foolish way for an unmistakable Englishman."

"If we had missed this little chance of conversation," the Princess declared, "I should have been miserable for the rest of my life! There is the Duke hanging about behind. For heaven's sake don't turn! Thank goodness he has gone away! Now go on, dear; tell me about him at once; I can't imagine who he may be. I have watched you with so many men, and I know quite well, so long as that little curl is at the corner of your lips, that they none of them count. Do I know him?"

"I do not think so," Anna replied. "He is not a very important person."

"It isn't the man you were dining with in the Café de Berlin when the Prince came in?"

"Yes, it is he."

"But how unsuitable, my dear," the Princess exclaimed, "if you are really in earnest! What is the use of your thinking of an Englishman? He is quite *nice*, I know. His mother and my mother were friends, and he was very kind to me in Paris too. But for a serious affair——"

"Well, it may not come to that," Anna interrupted; "but there it is. I suppose that it is partly for his sake that I feel this depression."

"I should have thought that he himself would have been a little out of sympathy with his country just now," the Princess remarked. "They tell me that the Foreign Office ate humble pie with the Kaiser for that affair. They not only removed your friend from the Embassy, but they are not going to give him any new appointment in Europe. I heard for a fact that the Kaiser requested that he should not be attached to any court with which Germany had diplomatic relations."

Anna nodded.

"I believe that it is true," she admitted, "but I am not sure that he realizes it himself. Even if he does—— Well, you know the type—he is English to the backbone."

"But there are Englishmen," the Princess insisted earnestly, "who are amenable to common sense. There are

Englishmen who are sorrowing over the decline of their own country and who would not be so greatly distressed if she were punished a little."

"I am afraid Mr. Norgate is not like that," Anna observed dryly. "However, one cannot be sure. Bother! I thought people were very kind to leave us so long in peace! Dear Prince, how clever of you to find out our retreat!"

The Ambassador stood bareheaded before them.

"Dear ladies," he declared, "you are the loadstones that would draw one even through these gossamer walls of laces and chiffons, of draperies as light as the sunshine and perfumes as sweet as Heine's poetry."

"Very pretty," Anna laughed; "but what you really mean is that you were looking for two of your very useful slaves, and have found them."

The Ambassador glanced round. Their isolation was complete.

"Ah, well," he murmured, "it is a wonderful thing to be so charmingly aided toward such a wonderful end!"

"And to have such complete trust in one's friends," Anna remarked, looking him steadfastly in the face.

The Prince did not flinch. His smile was perfectly courteous and acknowledging.

"That is my happiness," he admitted. "I will tell you the reason that directed my footsteps this way," he added, drawing a small betting book from his pocket. "You must back Prince Charlie for the next race. I will, if you choose, take your commissions. I have a man waiting at the rails."

"Twenty pounds for me, please," the Princess declared. "I have the horse marked on my card, but I had forgotten for the moment."

"And the same for me," Anna begged. "But did you really come only to bring us this valuable tip, Prince?"

The Ambassador stooped down.

"There is a dispatch on its way to me," he said softly, "which I believe concerns you. It might be necessary for you to take a short journey within the next few days."

"Not back to Berlin?" Anna exclaimed.

Their solitude had been invaded now, and the Princess was talking to two or three men who were grouped about her chair. The Ambassador stooped a little lower.

"To Rome," he whispered.

XXIV

BACK from the dusty roads, the heat and noise of the long day, Anna was resting on the couch in her sitting room. A bowl of roses and a note that she had read three or four times stood on a little table by her side. One of the blossoms she had fastened into the bosom of her loose gown. The blinds were drawn, the sounds of the traffic outside were muffled and distant. Her bath had been just the right temperature, her maid's attention as skillful as ever. She was conscious of the drowsy sweet perfume of the flowers, the pleasant sense of powdered cleanliness. Everything should have conduced to rest, but she lay there with her eyes wide open. There was so much to think about, so much that was now finding its way into her stormy young life.

"Madame!"

Anna turned her head. Her maid had entered noiselessly from the inner room and was standing by her side.

"Madame does not sleep! There is a person outside who waits for an interview. I have denied him, as all others. He gave me this."

Anna almost snatched the piece of paper from her maid's fingers. She glanced at the name, and the disappointment that shone in her eyes was very apparent. It was succeeded by an impulse of surprise.

"You can show him in," she directed.

Selingman appeared a few moments later—Selingman, cool, rosy and confident, on the way to his beloved bridge club. He took the hand which Anna, without rising, held out to him and raised it gallantly to his lips.

"I thought it was understood, my crockery friend," she murmured, "that in London we did not interchange visits."

"Most true, gracious lady," he admitted; "but there are circumstances that can alter the most immovable decisions. At this moment we are confronted with one. I come to discuss with you the young Englishman, Francis Norgate."

She turned her head a little. Her eyes were full of inquiry.

"To discuss him with me?"

Selingman's eyes as though by accident fell upon the roses and the note.

"Ah, well," she murmured, "go on."

"It is wonderful," Selingman proceeded, "to be able to tell the truth. I speak to you as one comrade to another. This young man was your companion at the Café de Berlin. For the indiscretion of behaving like a bullheaded but courageous young Englishman he is practically dismissed from the Service. He comes back smarting with the injustice of it. Chance brings him in my way. I proceed to do my best to make use of this opportunity."

"So like you, dear Herr Selingman!" Anna murmured.

Selingman beamed.

"Ever gracious, dear lady! Well, to continue then: Here I find a young Englishman of exactly the order and position likely to be useful to us. I approach him frankly. He has been humiliated by the country he was willing to serve. I talk to him of that country. 'You are English, of course,' I remind him; 'but what manner of an England is it to-day that claims you?' It is a very telling argument, this. Upon the classes of this country democracy has laid a throttling hand. There is a spirit of discontent, they say, among the working classes, the discontent that breeds socialism. There is a worse spirit of discontent among the upper classes here, and it is the discontent that breeds so-called traitors."

"I can imagine all the rest," Anna interposed coolly. "How far have you succeeded?"

"The young man," Selingman told her, "has accepted my proposals. He has drawn three months' salary in advance. He has furnished me already with details of a private conversation with a well-known cabinet minister."

Anna turned her head.

"So soon!" she murmured.

"So soon," Selingman repeated. "And now, gracious lady, here comes my visit to you. We have a recruit, invaluable if he is indeed a recruit at heart, dangerous if he has the brains and wit to choose to make himself so. I, on my way through life, judge men and women, and I judge them—well, with few exceptions unerringly. But at the back of my brain there lingers something of mistrust of this young man. I have seen others in his position accept similar proposals. I have seen the struggles of shame, the doubts, the assertion of some part of a man's lower nature reconciling him in the end to accepting the pay of a foreign country. I have seen none of these things in this young man, simply a cold and deliberate acceptance of my proposals. He conforms to no type. He sets up before me a problem that I myself have failed wholly to solve. I come to you, dear lady, for your aid."

"I am to spy upon the spy," she remarked.

"It is an easy task," Selingman declared. "This young man is your slave. Whatever your daily business may be here, some part of your time, I imagine, will be spent in his company. Let me know what manner of man he is. Is it innate corruptness that brings him so easily to the bait, or is it the stinging smart of injustice? Or, failing these, has he dared to set his wits against mine to play the double traitor? If even a suspicion of this should come to you there must be an end of Mr. Francis Norgate."

Anna toyed for a moment with the rose at her bosom. Her eyes were looking out of the room. Once again she was conscious of a curious slackening of purpose, a confusion of issues that had once seemed to her so clear.

"Very well," she promised. "I will send you a report in the course of a few days."

"I should not," Selingman continued, rising, "venture to trouble you, Baroness, as I know the sphere of your activities is far removed from mine, but chance has put you in the position of being able definitely to ascertain the things that I desire to know. For our common sake you will, I am sure, seek to discover the truth."

"So far as I can, certainly," Anna replied; "but I must admit that I, like you, find Mr. Norgate a little incomprehensible."

"There are men," Selingman declared, "there have been many of the strongest men in history, impenetrable to the world, who have yielded their secrets readily to a woman's influence. The diplomatists in life who have failed have been those who have underrated the powers possessed by your wonderful sex."

"Among whom," Anna remarked, "no one will ever number Herr Selingman."

"Dear Baroness," Selingman concluded as the maid, whom Anna had summoned, stood ready to show him out, "it is because in my life I have been brought into contact with so many charming examples of your power."

Once more silence and solitude. Anna moved restlessly about on her couch. Her eyes were a little hot. That future into which she looked seemed to become more than ever a tangled web. At half past seven her maid reappeared.

"Madame will dress for dinner?"

Anna glanced at the clock.

"I suppose so," she assented.

"I have three gowns laid out," the maid continued respectfully. "Madame would look wonderful in the light green."

"Anything," Anna yawned.

The telephone bell tinkled. Anna took down the receiver herself.

"Yes?" she asked.

Her manner suddenly changed. It was a familiar voice speaking. Her maid, who stood in the background, watched and wondered.

"It is you, Baroness! I rang up to see whether there was any chance of your being able to dine with me. I have just got back to town."

"How dare you go away without telling me!" she exclaimed. "And how can I dine with you? Do you

(Continued on Page 40)

"I am Beginning to Care in the Most Foolish Way for an Unmistakable Englishman"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1.50) Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 24, 1915

A Paper Blockade

NAPOLEON'S decree that the Continent should not trade with England was merely an imperial bluff; but England's decree that neutrals shall not trade with Germany is, so far, proving effective—not because she has warships in position to stop every vessel, but because, in view of her threat to seize any ship bound for a German port, or any goods consigned to a neutral port but destined for German consumption, it is impossible to get insurance on cargoes falling under her ban; and, without insurance, cargoes cannot move except at a freight rate that would be virtually prohibitive in all cases. A vessel bound for a German port or containing goods destined for Germany is liable to seizure by a British warship, and indefinite detention, which would involve a heavy loss for the owner. The owner will not take the risk unless he is indemnified against the possible loss.

At this writing, in fact, ship owners are requiring shippers to make affidavit that goods consigned to any neutral European port are not intended for ultimate German consumption. Without such an affidavit they will not take the consignment. A seized vessel or cargo may be condemned by a British prize court, and marine underwriters will not issue insurance against that risk. Ship owners and shippers must take the risk themselves, and that they will not do unless they are paid enough for carrying the goods to reimburse themselves in case of loss—which would mean a prohibitive freight rate.

It appears, in short, that to establish an effective blockade under modern conditions it is only necessary to make shipping so hazardous that insurance cannot be procured on it. A sailing vessel costing only a few thousand dollars might, for a round premium, take the chance of slipping through a blockade of old-time men-of-war. Favoring winds might enable her to do it fairly under the noses of warships whose guns carried a couple of miles at most. So an effective blockade meant close patrol of the enemy's ports. Against steam, searchlights and twelve-mile guns a modern steamer, representing a heavy capital investment, can take no chances. A piece of paper, with some vigilant cruisers in the background, seems sufficient for an effectual blockade.

Railroad Economies

GROSS revenues of railroads fell off last year more than two hundred million dollars. Operating expenses decreased something over a hundred and thirty million dollars, and net earnings—being the sum from which taxes, interest and dividends are paid—declined seventy-five million dollars.

It is to the last item that people who are interested in railroad securities look. If gross revenues fall off a hundred million dollars and operating expenses in a like amount, security holders are well enough satisfied; for the roads are as able to pay interest and dividends as before. But the second item deserves attention.

The decrease in operating expenses resulted from rigid economy. Gross revenues fell off in the first half of the year almost as much as in the second half, but operating expenses in the former period decreased only thirty-odd million dollars, while in the latter period they decreased nearly a hundred millions. In the second half of the year, in short, the roads were economizing much more rigidly than in the first half.

This saved the situation for security holders; but when the roads reduced operating expenses by nearly a hundred million dollars in the second half of the year, they laid off as much labor as possible and cut purchases of supplies to the minimum. They bought a hundred million dollars less of labor and commodities. One effect is reflected in the poor showing that all railroad-equipment concerns made for the year, and economies thus forced on those concerns resulted in increased unemployment.

Maintaining a balance between gross and net earnings may be satisfactory to capital, but it is not satisfactory to labor. Those who opposed an advance in Eastern freight rates argued that the roads should be compelled to economize to the last degree. They might talk with an unemployed switchman or car-shop mechanic on that subject.

Senator Underwood recently said that government regulation of railroads was breaking down, because it was oppressing the roads to a point that imperiled their social usefulness. We think that view is too extreme; but we believe that mere railroad-baiting is breaking down.

The National Deficit

NO DOUBT Chairman Fitzgerald's statement that the condition of the Treasury is not chargeable to the Underwood Tariff is correct. It is really chargeable to appropriations. In October last Congress enacted an emergency revenue measure to meet the estimated falling off in Government receipts due to the war.

It is calculated that the emergency measure will yield something over fifty million dollars in the current fiscal year; and, in spite of it, there will be a deficit of a hundred millions. The real explanation is contained in the simple statement that the last Congress appropriated one billion, one hundred and fifteen million dollars.

The emergency revenue act expires with the current calendar year. Early in the new year sugar—theretofore a great revenue producer—was admitted free of duty. That, along with the large appropriations made by Congress, probably spells a doubling or trebling of the income tax. If exemption is put low enough to take in several million people, we may get an efficient public opinion on the subject of national economy.

The Real Pinch

IT IS of very little consequence that dividends on the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation were reduced in 1914. The really significant paragraph in the corporation's report for the year is that the average number of persons employed by it was one hundred and seventy-nine thousand, against two hundred and twenty-nine thousand in 1913.

If trade reaction and industrial depression meant nothing but figures in a bank book, they would be hardly worth talking about. If they meant nothing but a smaller return to capital they would still be quite negligible. But they mean human want. Fifty thousand people who gained a livelihood of some sort by working for the Steel Trust in 1913 gained nothing at all there in 1914. It is only the return to labor—from the chairman down to the man with a wheelbarrow—that is worth talking about.

In the present state of statistical science it is not possible to discuss business in human terms—to say, for example, that the condition of the steel industry was lower in 1914 than in 1913 by eight million nine hundred and thirty-seven thousand four hundred and twelve square meals. So we have to fall back on the unsatisfactory and misleading device of figures, with a dollar mark before them.

The Resources of a Nation

IT IS well known that the Civil War made but a slight impression on the material progress of the Northern States. They were richer and more populous in 1865 than in 1860. France also recovered from her crushing defeat and huge war mulct with surprising rapidity. It is probable that Europe will recover from this war more rapidly than many observers now suppose.

True, the Northern States continued to draw virile immigration from Europe during the war and had an immense resource of virgin land, the exploitation of which required little capital, while hardly any of the fighting was on their soil. If we include the whole war area—South as well as North—the toll was heavier; yet census estimates give a gain in total national wealth, from 1860 to 1870, of nearly ninety per cent.

Even in countries so economically well ordered as France and Germany there are normally large untouched possibilities of further economy. The war, no doubt, has called out a reserve of labor supply that would be unused in ordinary circumstances. Women, old and young, have taken up work dropped by fitter hands. And what any modern society could do in the way of saving—or skimping—if really driven to it, may be imagined.

Put what such a society normally consumes against what is absolutely necessary to maintain its life, and you get a big difference. Several million men are living on army rations, which contain no superfluities. No doubt Europe, as a whole, is now feeding and clothing itself more economically than for many years. The United States could save the national debt every other month if forced to it.

Size Not a Crime

THE decisions of the United States District Court in the shoe-machinery case and of the United States Court of Appeals in the cash-register case go some distance toward settling the point that size is not a crime; and that, after all, comes pretty close to the crux of the trust question. Both defendants are very large concerns. In both cases the courts held that, at least within the time reviewable in an antitrust prosecution, no scheme to oppress or destroy competitors by illegal methods was proved.

Both companies own the basic patents in their fields; both have been ably managed. In the case of the register decision the court points out that those two conditions would be sufficient to account for the company's success; and if the company, in making its first fight for trade, was wicked toward competitors, the evidence at hand raises a presumption that competitors were employing the same or worse tactics against it. Probably this is not sound antitrust doctrine, according to which conspicuous success implies crime; but we hope it is the law.

The antitrust doctrine enjoins everybody to compete, but it would not have one competitor outstrip the others. It wants to develop innumerable competitors, but no conspicuously efficient competitor.

A Fine Show at San Diego

SPEAKING of expositions, we hope none of those who are attracted to the Coast by the fair at San Francisco will miss the one at San Diego. The buildings there are beautiful, the setting is lovely, and it is all drawn to a scale with life. You can not only imagine yourself living in it, but the idea is enticing. You can fall in love with it, whereas the notion of bestowing your personal affections on any such colossal affair as the exposition at Chicago or St. Louis would have been an impertinence as unthinkable as trying to start a flirtation with Michelangelo's Moses.

We are not among those who regret that the vast structures at the big fairs are temporary and soon disappear. They are too huge for any everyday human use. They strike one with awe and amazement. The note of San Diego's fair is simply charm. It is a pleasure to know that a large part of the fair will remain indefinitely. We hope to see it many times.

Law and Coöperation

OKLAHOMA has become the second state in petroleum production, its output having risen from about fifty million barrels in 1912 to near a hundred millions last year. This huge increase in supply, along with other causes, resulted in demoralization of prices and loss to producers. The legislature has now passed and the governor signed a bill putting oil production pretty completely in the hands of the State Corporation Commission.

It directs the commission to find the actual value of petroleum by taking the market price of all its products and allowing for cost of refining, transporting and marketing, plus a reasonable profit to refining, transporting and marketing agencies; and it forbids the taking of oil from a well unless it will fetch at the well the actual value as thus determined by the commission. It empowers the commission to limit all producers proportionately until the well price rises to the actual value; also, to prevent one producer from taking at any time more than his fair share of the oil in his region.

Oklahoma oil men should not produce at a loss or at less than a fair profit. If an oversupply reduces prices below the point that yields a fair profit, they should get together and cut down production until the balance is dressed. As their oil is in competition with that from other fields and they have no monopoly, there is no reasonable objection to their fixing a price below which they will not produce. They ought to see that one producer does not take an unfair advantage of his neighbors.

If they did all these things by a coöperative association no reasonable business man would question their moral and economic right to do them; but as theirs would be neither an agricultural nor a labor association they would probably be immediately indicted under state or Federal antitrust laws. Those laws condemn coöperation in every field except agriculture and labor, though unlimited competition may be as ruinous to other people as it admittedly is to fruit growers and wage-earners.

With the law's ban on coöperation, harassed Oklahoma oil producers get another law, which hands them over to the guardianship of a political board.

Our Little Sister—Miss Panama

President Porras Gives Us Some Good Advice

By ROGER W. BABSON

IT IS not you Americans we do not like," said the President of the Republic of Panama to me, "but rather your ways of doing things. There is a feeling that Americans come down here for what they can get instead of for what they can do. Too frequently your countrymen want concessions to sell rather than to work. You Yankees are naturally traders and not producers. The people of South America want Americans to come here to raise crops and not to raise prices."

This was the answer President Porras gave me a short time ago, at his palace in the city of Panama, to my question: "Why is it that the people of Central and South America do not like Americans?" I explained to him that many of my countrymen, returning from Latin America, seem very much disappointed, asserting that citizens of the United States are not well treated there and that the different governments are rotten with graft; that justice must be purchased and that the police system in every country is a farce.

I had already learned why Americans are less popular than Germans. The Germans send young men over to South America before their habits are formed. These young men not only learn the language but adopt the customs of the Latin Americans. They grow up with the youth of South America and become their friends. Manufacturers in the United States, however, do the opposite thing. The habits of their men are already formed when they get to South America, and many of them attempt to do business without even knowing the language—let alone conforming to the customs of the people. Concerning this question of friendship, President Porras said to me:

"The nature of Latin Americans is entirely different from that of your people. We think a great deal of friendship. Perhaps we expect too much from you. We know you are great and powerful; but you are not willing to give us the treatment a man will give his sister. A man will not compete with his sister. You would not think of treating your sister or your daughter as you treat us. A good brother loves his sister and we want you to love us. We admire you, and it is only a step from admiration to love. We are now prepared to take this next step; but are you?"

Panama's Grievances Against Us

"EVERY small nation pines for friendship as does an individual. Owing to our language and history it would seem natural that we should look to Spain; but Spain is now but a memory. For business reasons it might seem wise for us to appeal to England, France or Germany; but at present this is impossible. Therefore we turn to you. Remember, however, that it is not so much your money and trade that we want as it is your love and confidence. This may be incomprehensible to your hard-headed commercial men, but it is absolutely true.

"Moreover, it is a truth your people must comprehend before we shall ever really like you—I mean, before we shall like your ways."

Thereupon President Porras stood up and put his arms affectionately round our able minister, Honorable William J. Price. Mr. Price, a fine-looking Kentucky bachelor, was embarrassed for a moment; but, like the true diplomat he is, he made no resistance. Indeed, I think he rose to the occasion and gave the President a little hug in return.

Referring to this incident, a prominent New York lawyer, who accompanied me that day, told me, after we left the palace, of an experience he had in the same line. A few years ago he won a case for Venezuela; and the first time after the verdict the minister from that country met my New York friend happened to be about one o'clock on Wall Street, just as thousands of people were going to their luncheon. However, the number of spectators made no difference to the distinguished Venezuelan. He threw his arms about the lawyer and covered his face with kisses.

Of course this custom seems absurd to a practical, cold-blooded citizen of North America; but I am not giving these instances to amuse anyone. I mention them to help readers of this weekly to grasp a fundamental characteristic of the Latin Americans. Furthermore, let me add that until we reach a point where such signs of affection rouse within us admiration instead of amusement we shall not have much influence south of Central America.

Ancon, From the Heights

When one considers our investment of four hundred million dollars, which has caused both the birth and the boom of the Republic of Panama, it is, at first, inconceivable that the people there are not more grateful. In 1904, when we went there, the Isthmus was one of the most unhealthy spots on the globe, and both Panama, on the Pacific, and Colon, on the Atlantic, were miserable little towns. To-day the death rate of Panama is said to be less than that of Pennsylvania; and the two cities named have doubled in size, usefulness and attractiveness.

Moreover, not only did the Republic of Panama receive from us ten million dollars in gold—over half of which is still invested in New York real estate—but we give them an annuity of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. I asked President Porras just what things now stand between the two nations, and he cited four. Said he:

"FIRST. Some of you Americans have been very sharp with us. I often wonder whether we see the best of your business people down here. We see your great military men; but do we meet your great financial men? We want to love and trust you. We do not want to feel that we must watch you at every turn.

"SECOND. We feel that your Commission Department is unjustly competing with us. If our merchants ask extraordinary prices, or do not sell reliable goods, your Government may be justified in competing with us; but not otherwise. Every man doing business is entitled to a fair profit. What chance have our merchants, or even our entire little republic, in competition with a great nation like yours?

"THIRD. We feel that the Panama Railroad—which is owned and run by your Government—is being operated extravagantly, and that our people are being forced to pay the bills. The fare is five cents a mile. The freight charges are high. The methods are sometimes very arbitrary. You seem to show us Panamanians very little consideration. Again I ask you to remind your readers that we are a little nation and that you are great and strong. Should not you, therefore, be all the more careful to be just and fair?

"FOURTH. We ask you to keep your towns of Balboa and Cristobal for the exclusive use of the Canal employees. Of course, when we made our treaty with you we never dreamed that you would start these two American cities. We supposed the Panama Republic would have the benefit of all the growth coming from the Canal. Here is where you fooled us. Very well, this is done; but do not carry it too far. Do not rob us of taxes by permitting companies to locate their offices in the Canal Zone. Keep this strip of territory exclusively for active employees of your Government.

"These are four specific grievances, Mr. Babson, which are sure to cause trouble if not remedied. But, most of all, such things cause us to fear you and your Government. We wonder whether every year you will do something still more arbitrary. We are worried, perhaps, even more by the fear of what you may do than by what you have done."

Some reader may wonder why I select the youngest and smallest of the South American republics for this story, as Panama was not born until 1903 and is not so large as Indiana. There are two reasons for studying conditions in Panama, namely:

FIRST. Panama is the one nation on the American continent with which the United States has direct influence, backed by an ironclad treaty that was prepared by the best corporation lawyer in New York—Honorable Elihu Root. In this treaty we not only secure absolute control of the Canal Zone, a strip forty miles long and ten miles wide, but we also guarantee the sovereignty of the Republic of Panama.

SECOND. Panama has the best strategic position of all the Central and South American republics, and yet is the least developed. Though it has only about the area of Indiana, it has an average length of four hundred and thirty miles—about equal to the distance between Boston and Baltimore—a coast line of more than a thousand miles, or about one-third of the total Atlantic and Pacific seaboard of the United States.

Affection and Capital the Only Things Lacking

CONCERNING these two features, President Porras said: "The Republic of Panama offers to the citizens of your country the greatest opportunity imaginable. Not only are your relations with our government such as should insure protection to your investments, and even prevent revolutions, but the opportunities here are marvelous. Here we are, located at the meeting of the world's two greatest oceans and two great continents. Here Nature designed should be located the world's greatest city. Here should be the market place for the peoples of the East and the West, the North and the South.

"Nature has been bountiful to us, giving us a wonderful climate, an abundant rainfall, and everything that goes to make an industrial nation. We have coal, iron and other minerals, great timber forests, and immense undeveloped water power.

"All we now need is affection and capital to make the rose blossom where now the cactus flourishes.

"But what do you do?" continued the President. "Do you grasp this great opportunity? No. Instead of sending to us farmers, you send only soldiers; instead of shipping seeds for our fields, you forward only shells for your guns. Your country is not in any degree developing the immense industrial and commercial possibilities of our republic. Apparently you are interested in developing here only a strong naval and military station, such as England has at Gibraltar. You seem to look at everything from a military point of view. Whether our Congress considers railroads or other development plans, your only question is: How will it affect the defenses of the Canal?

"And yet, what do these defenses amount to? Nothing—absolutely nothing! Your fortifications may be of use in preventing the entrances to the Canal from being the first places captured. Even this, however, is debatable. To-day your ships have guns that will fire farther than the guns in these fortifications. Is there any reason why Japan or any other nation should not have just as powerful guns in its navy as have you? Is there any reason why a hostile force could not silence the guns you are placing at the entrances to the Canal? With your extensive coast line and numerous

FORD OWNERS

Do you know that—

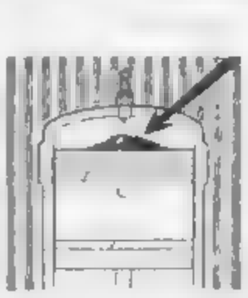
sooty spark plugs at frequent intervals warn you to investigate your lubricating oil?

If your oil is either too heavy or too light in *body* it will accumulate in the combustion chambers. In burning-up it usually fouls the spark plugs with carbon.

Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" make the best provision against this common cause of faulty ignition. The correct *body* of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" prevents its working by the piston rings into the combustion chambers.

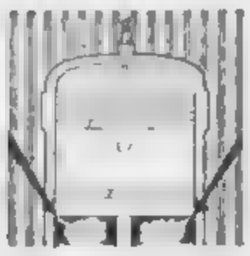
Do you know that—

incorrect *body* in your oil also leads to excessive carbon deposit on the piston heads and valve seats?



It is, of course, impossible to produce a petroleum-oil which will leave *no* carbon in burning. But the slight carbon of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" rarely accumulates. It is of a light, non-adhesive character and expels naturally through the exhaust.

Do you know that—



oil of incorrect *body* fails to maintain a proper oil seal between the piston rings and cylinder walls? Part of the explosion and compression then escapes down past the piston rings. Weakened power results. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," having the correct *body* for Ford motors, maintains the proper oil seal around the piston rings.

Do you know that—

while "light" oils are recommended by your Instruction Book, there is a great difference between oils classed as "light" both in *body* and *quality?*

Many "light-bodied" oils have no real place in *any* automobile motor. They vaporize rapidly in use. The oil then consumes far too quickly for proper protection to the metal surfaces. Maintenance cost mounts up. The noises of loose, worn parts follow.

In widespread daily use, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has shown remarkable ability to readily reach and protect all moving parts of the Ford motor and to maintain *a proper oil cushion under the heat of service.*

Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are providing the best of insurance against costly maintenance and motor repair bills.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES: Detroit, Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh

seaports to protect, your navy could not afford to maintain down here a sufficient force to guard these entrances.

"But, assuming that an enemy could not take these fortifications, what would prevent him from landing troops on the shore and marching inland? Moreover, your task is not simply to prevent the Canal from being captured, but rather from being put out of commission. To think that you could keep an enemy from sending two or three shells into these locks is utterly foolish. I repeat that your defenses are as nothing—absolutely nothing."

And then the President turned to me and said earnestly:

"How much better for your country if you should spend on industrial development in Panama at least a part of those millions you are spending on military work. Here we have great resources. If you would help us develop our soil, harness our water power, open our mines and market our lumber, great profit would accrue to you—and to us also. Here is your great opportunity; and I ask you to repeat this message of mine to your friends in the United States. Tell them that, though the millions they are spending on fortifications must be as nothing, either in case of war or of peace, every penny invested in the development of the country will return to them manifold."

Chances for Manufacturers

"For a concrete example, you should have a good exhibit at our International Exposition, which is to open in July. Here, for a hundred thousand dollars, you could build a permanent structure for the exhibition of American goods. Your President and Secretary of State have recommended to your Congress that they make such an appropriation. The plan has the hearty support both of your very able minister to Panama, Mr. William J. Price, and of Colonel Goethals. But no; your Congress seems willing to send down here only guns. You will spend millions for the erection of forts to exhibit your military, but nothing for buildings to exhibit your manufactures."

Panama was known to Europeans long before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock; and even in those early days the importance of a direct westward route across or through the Isthmus was foreseen. It is only eleven years, however, since the Panama people formed a nation by themselves. The main reason that enabled Panama to break the bonds which united her to Colombia was the latter's attitude regarding the completion of an interoceanic canal. The failure of the French company to finish this work was due to an unreasonable greed for profit on the part of certain men. The transaction of business was much retarded and the revolutions kept the Isthmus in a state of effervescence.

It became clear that the French company, in spite of constant extensions of time, would never complete the work; and in 1903, at a huge mass meeting of the people of Panama in the Central Plaza—where I am now writing this article—the City Council declared the independence of the Isthmus, amid wild enthusiasm of the masses, but without any bloodshed. The United States was the first country to recognize this independence; for, about two weeks after the secession from Colombia, a treaty was signed between our own nation and this tiny republic.

Since her separation from Colombia, Panama has improved rapidly. Her government offices are now filled largely by her own citizens; schools have been opened and are constantly becoming better; roads, with bridges over the many streams, have been built; and it is expected that railroads will soon replace the old method of delivering goods on horseback. The building of railroads will naturally, as everywhere, be a most important factor in the development of Panama's resources.

Unquestionably Panama is a land of the future if she will adopt a free-trade policy. She has the best location in the world for developing a great free market. Her opportunity is commercial rather than industrial. To develop such a market, however, England's policy must be followed. Panama is the key to the Pacific and, therefore, a most cosmopolitan country, as all the races of the world may be found within her territory.

Though to the European it may still be, for many reasons, more advantageous to travel by the Strait of Magellan, yet to American trade the Canal is of the greatest importance. We can compete with Europe, bringing her Eastern products more quickly to Guayaquil, Callao and Valparaiso, since New York is 7500, 4400 and 3800 miles nearer to those ports, respectively, than is Liverpool.

Against such advantages there are, however, other important factors, namely: First—The exports from those countries to Europe, the value of which has been five times as much as to the United States, give the steamers enough for a return cruise to Europe; second—European capital, which has a strong footing in South America, as evidenced by many foreign banks, provides the necessary credit; and third—The United States exacts a tariff from steamers passing through the Canal.

The future is still reserving great changes in the world's commerce. The United States has solved a most important problem by digging the Canal. Commerce will expand to the remotest regions, time and freight charges being greatly reduced. Cargoes from Europe will reach our Pacific Coast much more quickly, and shipments to Asia can go by a direct westward way, as Columbus thought more than four centuries ago.

Meeting a friend of mine on the Isthmus, I asked him why it was I saw so few Germans in Panama. This reply came at once:

"The land laws are so bad, and the police and judiciary so rotten, that Germans will not come here. Take it from me, Mr. Babson, where you find the most Germans in South America, there you will find the most opportunities; where there are no Germans there are no opportunities.

"Justice must be bought in Panama, and in every other Latin American country, for that matter. The police are unreliable. The courts favor their own people and are universally against foreigners. Bribery exists everywhere and every man's hand is open. The people who are friendly with the government officials do well. Those who do not stand in with the government have big taxes."

Modern Improvements in Panama

Against the word of this man I simply repeat what the President of the Republic said to me as I was leaving the palace:

"Tell the people of North America that such stories regarding South America are false. We are, of course, young, and our people have not the education your people have. Hence we make many more mistakes. But our hearts are in the right place. We want to do right. Just treat us as you would your sister, and cease exploiting us, and everything will go on well.

"We have millions of acres of the finest sugar-cane land in the world, and yet we are now importing sugar. Therefore, there are great opportunities in this line. Our land is unexcelled for tobacco. Land selling for from two hundred to three hundred dollars an acre in Cuba can be duplicated here for a few dollars.

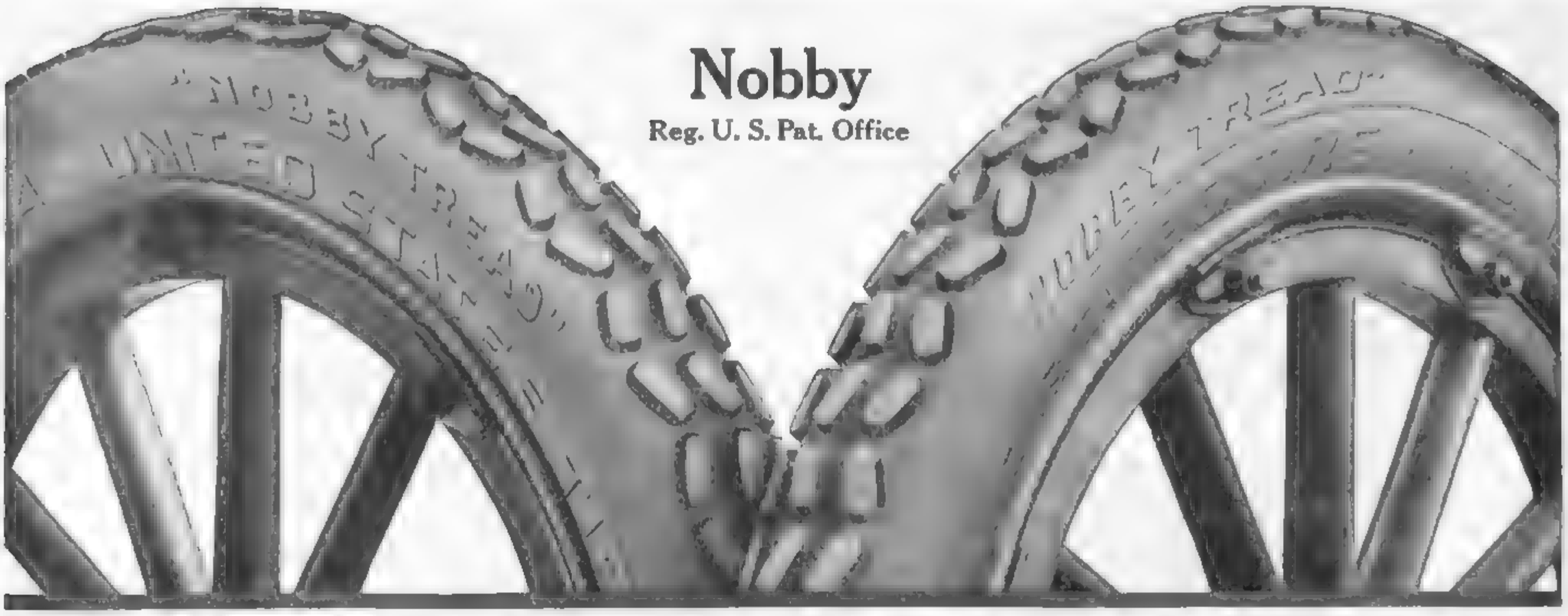
"A great opportunity awaits those who will import good breeding stock and raise cattle, hogs and other livestock. We have fine grazing lands, suitable for raising millions of cattle, and yet we import our butter and cheese. Our people have the erroneous idea that cows cannot bear both calves and milk for the market. Your people know better. A great opportunity exists in the erection of dairies and the like.

"The National City Bank of New York has just agreed to loan the Republic of Panama three million dollars to build a railroad, carriage roads and a fine hospital. This railroad is to open up the Chiriqui district, where some of your countrymen are doing so finely to-day.

"Finally, let me say that we have now a fine district in which your citizens may live when they come here. A beautiful suburb is being developed here at Panama City, across the bay. To-morrow I wish you to ride out in my automobile and see it. It will be as healthy there as in a suburb of Philadelphia; and in summer it will be much cooler."

In closing, let me say that the next day I accepted the President's invitation and motored to the Exhibition Grounds and the new suburb of Panama to which he referred. I found both fully up to his description.

However, whether you are considering Panama or Pennsylvania, do not throw up your job and move there, or invest your good money, until you have visited the place and investigated for yourself. Do not depend on the eyes and ears of others when seeking opportunities for investment.



Nobby

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Watch the "Nobby Treads"

On Fifth Avenue, New York
On Commonwealth Avenue, Boston
On Broad Street, Philadelphia
On Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington
On Euclid Avenue, Cleveland
On Michigan Avenue, Chicago
On Woodward Avenue, Detroit
On Broadway, Denver
On Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco
On leading streets of cities and towns everywhere

On Every Thoroughfare

see the tremendous number of "Nobby Tread" Tires on cars everywhere—you will find that men who have owned two, or three, or four cars—men who have experimented—use "Nobby Tread" Tires.

If you are buying your first car this Spring, have it equipped with "Nobby Tread" Tires.

Start right—take the advice of these veteran motorists—and save expensive, useless experimenting.

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles

Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they are such phenomenal mileage tires and real anti-skid tires.

United States Tire Company

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

Hupmobile

This Car—This Company—This Price Command Your Consideration

This month—today perhaps—you are going to make your choice of a motor car. We hope your choice will be a Hupmobile. We feel sure you will buy a Hupmobile when you know its great value—realize what wonderful satisfaction Hupmobile ownership will give you.

The Hupmobile prestige—its enviable reputation as the leader among $1200 cars—forces its consideration upon you. In six years we have built just three chassis models.

The Hupmobile "20" was the first, and remains today without a superior in its class.

The Hupmobile "32" added immeasurably to our reputation as quality car builders. Its owners say it is the best car of its type.

Now we want you to know the 1915 Hupmobile—the best car, we believe, of *its* class. Certainly the best car we ever built. Judge it by Hupmobile standards of the past.

Prove to yourself—as over 48,000 others have proved—that here is a moderately priced car with every essential of motor satisfaction. Let us go over the big value of the Hupmobile together.

Big in Roominess

The Hupmobile's wheelbase is 119 inches—longer than the average five-passenger car.

So much room is afforded that seven passengers can be seated in comfort.

Yet the Hupmobile turns a complete circle in a 40 foot street.

No car at the price has a longer wheelbase, or more room, front and back.

Big in Comfort

Cushions are deep and soft; seat backs high and restful; upholstery shaped to fit the body; seats pitched at precisely the right angle.

Long, flexible, semi-elliptic springs smooth a rough road and take the shock of the bumps. Also, they are self-lubricating; they never squeak.

Its low-hung design is an advantage because it makes the car steadier and easier-riding.

The driver easily reaches the pedals, levers and switches.

Gear-shifting is reduced to the minimum by the engine's great flexibility. The long stroke does that.

Big in Quality

Hupmobile quality is assured by two agencies.

First, the engineering department, through its material specifications.

Second, the inspections and re-inspections which materials and parts must pass.

Our engineers specify, for instance, that the Hupmobile crankshaft be forged from the same high quality steel that goes into the crankshaft of the most expensive cars.

Nothing short of bronze bearings, lined with babbitt and fitted by the costly hand process, satisfies them for the crankshaft.

They distinguish the Hupmobile from other cars around its price by putting spiral-bevel gears in the rear axle.

Material is inspected when it is received.

The rough product is inspected before machining.

The machine product is inspected.

Assembled units must pass another inspection.

The finished car, after road testing, is inspected before shipment.

Five inspections in all—each accurate to the thousandth part of an inch—are made to safeguard Hupmobile quality.

Big in Economy

Hupmobile economy is a big factor—this car *does* cost less to run.

The average cost of all the Hupmobile repair parts sold, on the basis of 8000 miles per car per year, is less than ¼ cent per mile.

Owners are reporting an average of over 18 miles to the gallon of gasoline, and 800 miles on a gallon of oil for the 1915 model.

Tires are 10 per cent larger in proportion to weight than on other cars using the same size—34 x 4 inches.

It is this in-built quality that makes the Hupmobile the fastest selling $1200 car. We tell you honestly that we shall not be able to fill all orders for 1915 Hupmobiles. Surely you know that the 1915 Hupmobile has attained this position only through fulfillment of our every claim; through delivering fullest satisfaction; through living up to the Hupmobile reputation for quality.

You owe it to your own good judgment, and to us because of our reputation, to accept our offer to prove the Hupmobile to you. See the 1915 models at the nearest dealer's. Ride in them—drive them. Put the Hupmobile to a real merit test. Then order your car now so you can get the greatest enjoyment out of this best of motoring

Five-passenger Touring Car and Roadster	$1200
Seven-passenger Touring Car	1225
Five-passenger Sedan	1365
Coupé	1325

Hupp Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

Write for the 1915 Year Book

THE WORLD IN DEBT

(Continued from Page 9)

coinciding as they did with the tremendous era of prosperity which followed the Napoleonic Wars, brought England's borrowing rate down to 3¼ per cent, where it remained almost stationary for the next forty years.

As befits her past exploits and her present riches, Britain has floated during the present war a single bond issue of $1,750,000,000, at only 4 per cent, the largest single emission of securities in the history of the world up to a few weeks ago. More than 100,000 individuals applied for small amounts, and immense sums were taken by bill brokers, banks, members of the royal family and insurance companies. The bonds may be paid off in 1928, and no doubt the ministers hope that another era of prosperity will enable them to float a new loan at lower rates when the time comes. In other belligerent countries as well loans are being placed for short periods, and everyone is gambling on the hope that when these loans come due it will be possible to convert them into lower-interest-bearing bonds. If that proves impossible—well, I am not a prophet and cannot predict what miracle will save Europe's back from breaking under the dead weight of interest.

"England has doubled her income tax," says the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in a recent bulletin. "Germany has increased her capital tax. France is raising taxes generally. But the general policy is evident on the part of the warring nations to secure the necessary funds, not from immediate taxation, but from loans. Which means that the effects of the war are not to be taken up immediately, but are to be distributed over the next fifty or a hundred years. For example, it is estimated that the cost of the war to England for the first eight months only will be about $1,700,000,000. Of this amount only $91,000,000 will be raised by immediate taxation. . . . The people and industries of England will be taxed for years to make up the remainder. The mere statement that England in one year of this war will increase her public debt to more than she had increased it in the last hundred years, indicates the vastness of the financial operations."

In ancient times wars were paid for by hoards or treasures gathered for the purpose in times of peace. These treasures could not have been very big, if a recent compilation of a Paris newspaper is correct that in the 3357 years prior to 1861 there were only 227 years of peace. But war did not cost so much three thousand years ago, and records tell of the war chests of the Ptolemies and the people of Athens. Plato tells of them and so does the Bible. Hezekiah, Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Severus and other ancient kings and emperors each had his war treasure. But this custom has survived in modern times only in Germany, whose war chest of Spandau has been so often described.

"A Prince that will not oppress his people," wrote Thomas Mun in 1641, "and yet be able to maintain his Estate and his Right, that will not run himself into Poverty, Contempt, Hate and Danger, must lay up treasure and be thrifty."

Running Posterity Into Debt

Modern warfare could not be carried on or prepared for without vast bond issues. In ancient times there was no such thing as credit, and the government bond was not created until the idea of credit began to evolve from the commercial operations of the early Italian and Dutch cities. It would have been strange indeed if the state, the greatest of all coöperative enterprises, had not availed itself of credit, which arises only from coöperation.

Alexander Hamilton, the first American Secretary of the Treasury, and Jay Cooke, financier of the Civil War, regarded government bonds as a "national blessing." Plainly they were prejudiced by their own occupation. But they did not go so far as old Bishop Berkeley, who said that an issue of government bonds was like finding "a mine of gold," and the trader Pinto, who called them "realized alchemy."

The simple truth is that, once admitting the necessity of war, government bonds are inevitable. No great war can be paid for by taxation, because the burden would drive people into revolt.

Government bonds may represent a nation's integrity, security and independence, but the trouble is that no one can be sure what future generations, which have to foot the bill, will think of it. Instead of regarding themselves as successors to a splendid heritage they may say it was nothing but a gambling debt. Posterity may say that we—by "we" I mean our European friends—should no more have made the future pay for the past, than the builders of Europe's cathedrals of a thousand years ago should have made the present pay for those old churches.

The organization and use of credit have become so highly developed that it is probably as easy for the nations of Europe to raise a billion dollars a month on loans now as it would have been to raise a hundred million, or perhaps even ten million, in 1815. If citizens of England, France and Germany had to use their current income or sell their property to buy government bonds, they simply would not do it. What is actually being done in these countries is to buy the bonds on credit. That is, the purchaser is permitted to borrow so immediately and easily on the bonds, either from the regular government banks or from special government loan banks created since the war for that express purpose, that he really doesn't have to spend anything. Then the interest on his bonds pays for or carries the interest on his loan. In other words, the governments are converting into bonds their own credit backed by the private credit of all their citizens.

Europe's Chronic Borrower

The one great exception is Russia. That country has been for years and is now being financed by other countries—mainly by France and Holland, in the past, and now by England and France. Russia kept all its financial affairs an absolute secret even from its own subjects until 1862, although other countries had published financial figures for many hundreds of years. As the result of complete secrecy Russia had been accumulating a deficit, probably for centuries, which together with its Crimean War and the costly war with Japan has resulted in a fine young debt of nine billion rubles—$4,635,000,000—when the present war began.

"Funds for Russia, for Russia, always for Russia," declared an indignant Frenchman shortly after the Czar had been so badly beaten by the Mikado. "There is a war of madness—France furnishes the money. Russia loses her fleet, and then is defeated in a number of great battles; the stupidity of her generals and the shameful corruption of her administration are known to the whole world—France furnishes the money. An internal revolution breaks out; the Russian government is at war with its own laboring classes, with its intellectuals, with its noblesse; political assassinations portend the overturn of the empire—the triumph of revolution; bombs bursting on all sides make known in dark, sinister tones the break-up of the Russian Empire—and France still furnishes the money."

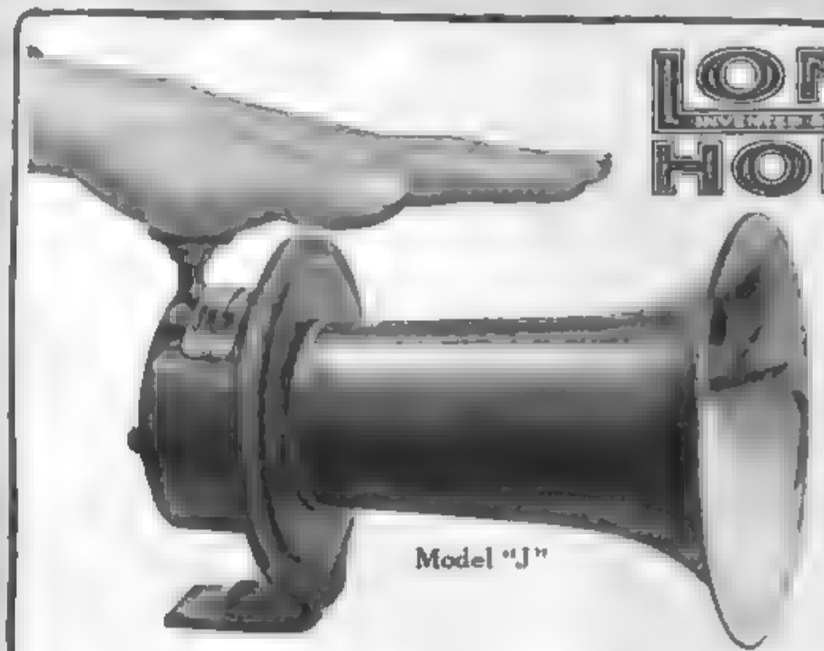
Of nine billion rubles of Russian bonds outstanding at the beginning of the present war, eight billions were obtained abroad, mostly in France. With practically no capital of its own, Russia has convinced France and Holland, and now England, that it has unexploited and inexhaustible wealth, a sleeping reserve. And the fact that Russia has paid interest promptly on the minute for more than a hundred years, even through its wars with Turkey and Japan and despite endless internal dissensions, has convinced the French investor of the soundness of these bonds, despite frequent insinuations from Germany that France was like the maiden who allows her fiancé to carry away the dowry before they are married.

Russia's old enemy, Japan, was obliged to float most of its loans abroad when it fought the Muscovites in 1905. In two or three years Japan's debt actually trebled. Though investors have received somewhat more than five per cent on their money, and have never doubted its safety, it should be noted that Japan has not paid off a cent of the hundreds of millions of debt incurred in its victorious war.

But the most gigantic experiment which the history of the world records along the line of issuing national securities is that which Germany is now making. For the

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

One Firm
One Service
One Guarantee
back of every J-M
Automobile Accessory



Model "J"

$5.

Is the Voice of your Horn Insured?

When a horn loses its voice it loses its power to warn. It becomes useless.

The voice of the Long Horn is perpetually strong, full-toned and far-carrying. It is insured for all time because Long Horn construction is *guaranteed*.

Here is the guarantee—"Should any part of the Long Horn illustrated (Model J) ever prove defective, we will do more than repair it—we will give the purchaser a new horn."

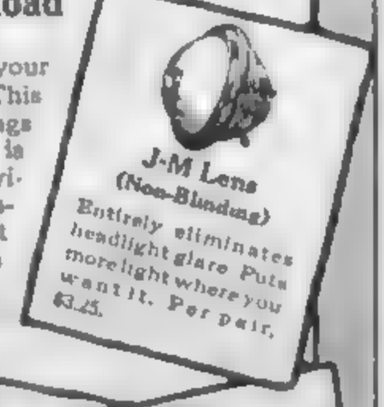
No such guarantee covers any other make of mechanical, hand-operated horn in existence. It means that $5 is the *first cost and only cost*. See the Long Horn dealer today. *Booklet on request.*

JOHNS-MANVILLE
SHOCK ABSORBER

Smooths Out the Ruts and Bumps of Every Road

Jars and vibrations not only lessen your comfort but damage your car. This shock absorber supplies the springs with the extra flexibility that is needed to cushion or absorb these vibrations and to prevent their transmission to the body of the car. It saves the engine, springs and tires and materially increases your comfort. The Johns-Manville Shock Absorber fits springs up to 2¼ inches wide. Supplied with Spring Perch for attachment to Ford Cars. See your dealer. Write for booklet.

PER PAIR
$15.


J-M Lens
(Non-Blinding)
Entirely eliminates headlight glare Puts more light where you want it. Per pair, $3.25.
J-M (Mezger) Soot-Proof Spark Plug
Soot-proof, heat-proof, leak-proof Has held the preference of the hard-to-suit car owner 14 years Price 75 cents
J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining
Comes cut to size. Saves measuring, cutting and fitting Absolutely dependable and proved more economical.
J-M Auto Clock
A guaranteed 8-day timepiece for $5.00 Choice of flush or dash mounting Finished to match fit tinge of car

OTHER J-M ACCESSORIES

Jones Speedometer	J-M Narco Tire and Top Repair Materials	J-M Packings and S. A. E. Gaskets
Carter Carburetor	J-M Dry Batteries	"Noark" Enclosed Fuses
J-M Tire Pump	J-M Fire Extinguisher	G-P Muffler Cut-Out
J-M Automobile Tape	*Write for booklets*	

H.W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
294 Madison Avenue, New York
47 Branches Service Stations in All Large Cities

Next!

The next shave will be just like the last with Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick. The same clean, perfectly kept stick; the same convenient, firm grip when applying the soap; the same abundant, creamy lather, quickly worked up.

From shave to shave the user enjoys the comfort, convenience and economy of

Williams'
PATENTED
Holder Top
Shaving
Stick

Three forms of the same good quality:

Stick, Powder, Cream

Send 4 cents in stamps for a miniature trial package of any of the above, or 10 cents for Assortment No. 1, containing all three articles.

Address: The J. B. Williams Company
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

first German war loan, the largest up to that time which any nation had ever attempted, almost five hundred thousand persons subscribed for less than $125 each. More than a million persons put in subscriptions. Germany is bent on paying for the war by loans and note issues rather than by adding to its already crushing burden of taxation.

In one respect Germany is in a splendid position to sell bonds, in another respect in a very poor one. When the war opened, the Kaiser's country had a small debt—only $18 per inhabitant as compared with $72 for Great Britain and $166 for France. But on the other hand France and England, say what the pro-Germans will, had far more liquid capital than the Kaiser's subjects. Germany has created vast resources in the last half century, but these resources consist of fixed forms of wealth factories, ships and railroads, not cash or securities.

Making the People Pay

"But," said the Germans, "what is the need of having money if we have the things which money represents?" Whereupon no less than two hundred loan banks were created, and persons who wanted to subscribe to the government loans could take almost any form of property, ranging from jewelry to potash, to the loan banks and raise the necessary funds. Probably there has never been such an outburst of financial patriotism, except perhaps in France after the Franco-Prussian War, as the floating of the several German war loans has aroused. But patriotism has been coupled with a marvelous and unparalleled use of coöperative credit. Associations of foremen in factories, associations of savings-bank depositors, labor unions, pension funds, charity relief associations, cities and towns—every form of organization has used the credit due to coöperation and organization to keep the empire in funds. Quite properly the Krupps, who perhaps have most to gain from a war, subscribed no less than 30,000,000 marks for a single loan, but the largest subscriptions of all have come from the savings banks and insurance companies, which in modern times in all civilized countries are the greatest reservoirs of capital. For these reasons Germany's second loan reached the staggering total of $2,225,000,000, the absolute world's record.

But patriotism, and even the almost miraculous degree of organization and efficiency attained in Germany, will go only a little way. The chief motive of those who possess capital is to secure an income. No amount of patriotism or ingenuity could have accomplished as much as the attractive rate of interest. The first loan was sold at 97.50 per cent of its face value, bearing 5 per cent; and the second loan has been put out at 98.50, also paying 5 per cent. But subscribers in this country in many cases really secured their bonds at 84 or 83, because German money has depreciated so much in relation to American dollars that it took far less American money to pay a bill in Germany than in normal times.

If Germany is able to recover industrially and financially from the present war without repudiating any of its national debt, the recent buyers of these bonds will of course reap great fortunes. This is especially true of those who have been able to purchase German bonds at the prices prevailing in London, where German 3's have fallen from 74 to 54 since the war began, Prussian 3½'s from 83 to 59, and Austrian 4½'s from 91 to 61.

France has not been obliged like Germany to resort to almost unheard-of methods of turning fixed property into money. Probably also the private stores of cash of the French peasant, small tradesman and workingman have not yet been more than touched for government needs. After the war of 1870, when France had nothing like its present wealth, nearly a million different persons subscribed for a single bond issue.

But France, like Germany, is paying high rates of interest on the money it is borrowing. Unlike Germany, most of the borrowing is being done for very short periods—one month to a year. There has been a large issue of bonds running for not less than five years, but the bulk of the financing to date has consisted of mere treasury notes, short temporary borrowing, known officially as National Defense Obligations.

Every nation in modern times has resorted to treasury notes to carry it over until taxes came in or a permanent bond issue could be placed. But for the first time France has popularized this form of financing. Ordinarily treasury notes have been sold only to large investors and mostly to banks. France had never issued them for less than 50,000 francs. But M. Ribot, the finance minister, reduced the amount to 100 francs, or $20, and put them on sale at every post office, tax office, savings bank and tobacco shop. The longer-term bonds are also put out at 96.50 francs, or about $19.

"French financial policy," declared Doctor Heffelrich, secretary of the German Imperial Treasury, "consists of turning paper into paper with a great display of art."

"German finance is an exchange of paper for paper," said M. Ribot, in a successful attempt to go Herr Heffelrich one better, for he added: "a process encouraged by recourse to the penal code."

But German criticism of French finance or French criticism of German finance, no matter how expert, is not to be trusted at this time. Thus far France has been able to prevent any great increase in its permanent funded debt. How much longer it can refrain I would not like to predict. The problem is complicated by the already huge debt of France.

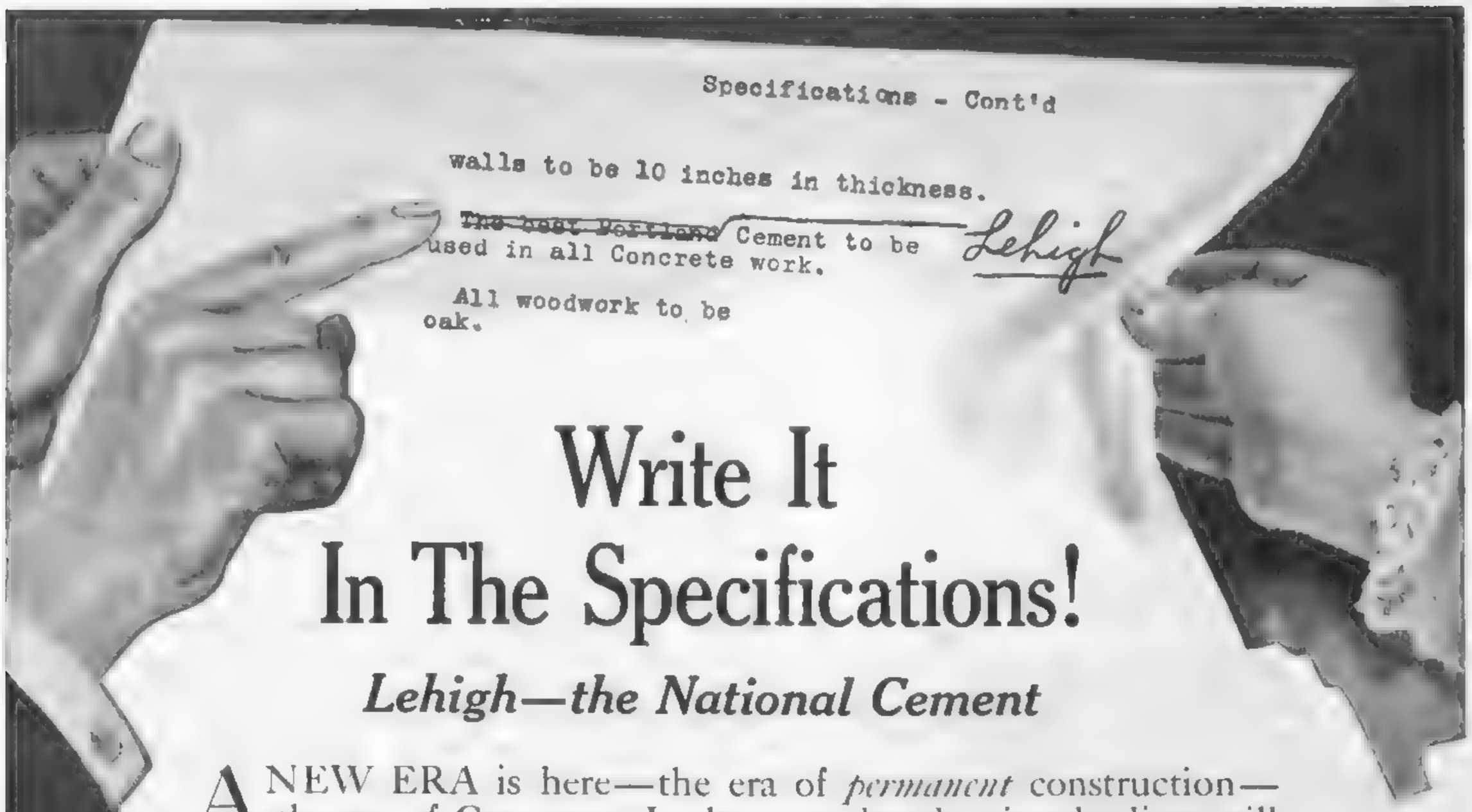
As far back as 1287, French kings were in difficulties with money lenders. For centuries French finance was in a mess, and was indeed the immediate cause of the French Revolution. But the enormous debt of $166 per inhabitant, which it had when the present war broke out, was chiefly due to the weak, incompetent governments that followed Napoleon for so many years, to the war of 1870, and to the preparations for the present war with Germany.

The Plight of the Neutrals

But the financial hardships that must carry the most appeal to this country are those of the European neutrals, who through no fault of their own have been compelled to mortgage their futures. In such countries as Holland and Switzerland the mere mobilization of troops has cost so much that immediate loans at unprecedentedly high interest rates became imperative. Holland paid 5 per cent on a $110,000,000 loan, although the highest previous rate in recent times for that thrifty little country was 3½ per cent. Moreover, the size of the loan was six times any previous one, and the government threatened to force all owners of $38,000 or more to subscribe if they did not do so voluntarily. But such a step was not necessary.

Switzerland, which in normal times has sold its bonds at 3½ per cent to 4¼ per cent, had to pay 6 per cent for those recently sold in this country. In Spain the war has literally paralyzed business, and that country, debt-ridden since the sixteenth century, has been obliged once more to turn to the money lenders to meet the ordinary expenses of the state. In 1596 Philip II nearly ruined the rich city of Genoa, whose merchants had discounted his paper, by refusing to pay. Spanish credit has never recovered.

There is not a single neutral country in Europe—unless possibly Portugal or Denmark, regarding which I have no information—that has not issued bonds for mobilization purposes or to meet a deficit due to the war. If Italy, Greece, Rumania and Bulgaria enter the fight there will be still another encumbrance hung about the neck of the future.


Specifications - Cont'd
walls to be 10 inches in thickness.
~~The best Portland~~ Cement to be used in all Concrete work.
Lehigh
All woodwork to be oak.

Write It In The Specifications!

Lehigh—the National Cement

A NEW ERA is here—the era of *permanent* construction—the era of Concrete. In the next decade, city sky-lines will show fewer changes. Factories will show *additions* rather than *replacements*. Buildings will *stand* and *serve*.

Concrete demonstrated absolutely its wonderful *fire*-resistance in these recent conflagrations: the Edison factory, at West Orange, N. J.; the Dayton Motor Car Works, at Dayton, Ohio; the Pacific Coast Borax Company's plant, at Bayonne, N. J.; the great Salem (Mass.) fire; and in scores of other instances.

The time to protect *your* structure against future re-building—against fire—against the ravages of weather—against depreciation—is *before you build*.

Choose Concrete and *specify Lehigh*—the dependable cement. The word Portland—a general trade name—guarantees nothing. There are over a hundred different brands of cement—all Portland. Yet more than 10% of all the cement used in the United States is *Lehigh*.

The name Lehigh is your protection.

Lehigh Cement has uniform color and fineness and "the strength that increases with age." *Men who know* specify Lehigh in building factories, warehouses, sky-scrapers, homes, garages, roads, bridges, silos, barns, public edifices, etc.

You should investigate the merits of Lehigh Cement Concrete for *all* construction purposes. Learn about Lehigh Service, with 12 mills located throughout the United States for quick distribution to our customers.

Write **Lehigh** in the specifications.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
Chicago, Ill. Allentown, Pa. Spokane, Wn.
12 Mills—Annual Capacity 12,000,000 Barrels
CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

LEHIGH CEMENT

Camels prove their quality!

Choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos, *blended*, make Camel Cigarettes a delight to smokers, who find in this brand more cigarette happiness than in either kind of tobacco smoked straight.

Camels are *new to the taste.* Because the *blend* mellows both the Turkish and Domestic tobaccos and *creates* a taste as delightful as it is refreshing.

Appreciation of Camel quality is best realized by comparison. Our faith in Camel Cigarettes is so strong that we ask you to submit them to the severest test. Put them side by side with *any* cigarette at *any* price. *Compare* flavor, *compare* smoothness, *compare* any feature that stirs your fancy! Camels will meet the issue, *because they are right!*

Cigarette smokers not only enjoy the mild, mellow taste of Camel Cigarettes, but quickly note the *absence* of tongue-bite and throat-parch. Camels may be smoked liberally without a suggestion of either; nor do they leave any unpleasant cigaretty after-taste!

Camels are sold throughout the nation, 20 for 10c. You should *make your comparison* today so that real cigarette enjoyment may start *immediately!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

If your dealer can't supply you with Camel Cigarettes, send 10c for one package or $1.00 for a carton of ten packages (200 cigarettes), sent postage prepaid. If after smoking one package you are not delighted with Camels, return the other nine packages and we will refund your dollar and postage.

Camel
CIGARETTES

THE GODS ARRIVE

(Continued from Page 7)

instrument, and trust—with the wistful eyes of a hungry dog—to the young man's dropping a skin or a bone of news from the scant feast we were enjoying.

A line from Washington meant so much to the Judge that he had to share it with the youth at the desk. And when the Judge expanded the inner meaning of the line, it was the habit of the youth to write out what the Judge had said and share the wider knowledge with the readers of the paper. So it happened that the Judge became an office institution.

One afternoon the story came across the young man's desk of the overthrow of the regulars in the National House of Representatives. They were the cohorts of the Judge's own Roman legion, and the Speaker was their proconsul. It was a meager story as it came, rather undramatic and colorless; but when the Judge visualized it, and the pale youth had written it, he pictured the determined, white-visaged regulars huddled in a corner of the House like fighting rats, with the cowardly majority hectoring the intrepid minority, and with the blood of the martyrs pumping in their hearts.

The Judge saw, and he made the youth at the desk see in spite of himself, the fine fettle and gorgeous pluck of the little band that rallied about the great proconsul, who was beaten down and overwhelmed.

When the youth had finished writing the story, however, he looked up and saw the Judge still holding the original yellow sheet from the telegraph instrument in his trembling hands. Tear stains smudged the mottled, unshaved old face; and as the Judge met the young eyes the husky old voice spoke:

"Oh, my Leonidas—my fallen Leonidas! How long shall we wait for some Thermopylæ to make thy death immortal?"

Whereupon he rose, snapped his spectacles into their case, and toddled out of the office. He came back the next morning bright and early to get a look at the morning papers; but his heart was never the same after the overthrow of the Speaker. He never smiled again on politics. He looked out on the world round him as one from a fortified citadel looks into a captive plain filled with the dead, the mad and the invaders.

Little by little, as this creed or that theory had been enacted into law, or had been made a part of the common life of the people about him, his cronies in Washington had accepted the new order established and had taken to worshiping it as a part of the fixed destiny of the race. But the Judge never surrendered. At evening he saw the sun setting in his country's blood, and at dawn he watched for the invasion of the Parthians and Vandals of a heathen democracy.

The time came when he could no longer pretend to have a law office. The insurance man, who had borne with him for years without rent, finally moved to a smaller office to get rid of the Judge; so he took to spending more and more time in the newspaper office. We gave him a chair at a desk where the exchanges were tumbled; and, because he liked to have the papers as quickly as the mails brought them, we gave him a leather pouch and made it a part of his duty to go for the mails. He used to shuffle moodily along the streets in his frayed coat, shiny trousers and dirty white vest, head down, brooding over the wrongs of the republic. Coming back to his chair, he would sit for hours browsing through the newspapers, taking a kind of fiendish pleasure in torturing himself with the radical papers, gloating terribly as he read the socialist press, and mortifying his flesh with an occasional anarchist weekly.

Patriotism with the Judge was a primal emotion. And to him patriotism meant the order that was—the good old times; the Constitution of the Fathers; the divine right of capital to rule. As he hated kings, so he hated democracy; and the rising intelligence of the middle classes, which demanded recognition in the government, seemed to the Judge the return of the jungle into a well-ordered garden of life.

So, when his state gave the ballot to women, Cæsar's great heart broke. The Judge had tried to make some speeches against it, but the rabble hooted him, and the fund to pay his expenses was meager; so, early in the campaign he came home to view with what equanimity he could muster the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. For a week after the election he kept off the streets. Then one day he toddled to the newspaper office and picked up—not the goading journals that had excited his wrath before the fall of man, but, instead, he reached for an old, reliable, safe and sane organ of the Bourbons, which had been his strength in ages past.

The Judge felt that there was a firm rock to which he could cling; but he forgot—if he ever knew—that newspapers find their way into homes largely on the woman's dictum, and that editors—even Bourbon editors—are quick to observe on which side their bread is buttered. So, in running down the editorial column of the paper he had come to regard as the last palladium of his liberties, the Judge's eye found this:

"And what steam, electricity and capital did for the material development of the nineteenth century, we may expect the conscience of an enlightened womanhood to do for the spiritual advancement that is before us as our problem in the establishment of justice in the twentieth century."

Slowly he put the poison from his quivering lips. He folded the sheet carefully and sat looking dazed and helpless as he struggled impotently with the shame and rage that crackled within him. The busy young men in the room clicked away at their typewriters; and the telegraph instrument chirped its song—a cricket on the hearth of the planet. Only the society editor in the next room, holding her hands in puzzled anxiety, trying to recall whether Mrs. Gregory-Nixon had worn her black velvet or her orange satin at her dinner the night before—only Elsie Barnes could see the emotional tumult that was shattering the old man's heart. And even she did not appreciate how deeply he was stirred. Suddenly he rose, as though addressing some specter chairman, and cried:

"Conscience, gentlemen! Justice, gentlemen! Spiritual advancement, gentlemen! My God! Oh, my God! Are these things to be dragged in the mire of politics? Lord! Lord! Has reason fled to brutish beasts?"

The young men looked up, startled, from their machines. But the old man, like Pontius Pilate after asking his fatal question, did not wait for the answer, but shuffled out of the room.

At the general election following the victory of the women, Pleasant Ridge was stirred to its depths; matters of vast moment were involved in the election of a county commissioner, and incidentally a President, a congressman and a state ticket. So lines in the town were taut.

A week before the registration books closed it was found that the Judge had not registered. Somebody spoke to Hiram Larson about the Judge's oversight and Hiram passed the word on to the Judge, who nodded and said nothing. Four days passed and still the Judge had not enrolled as a voter. The women had enrolled Mrs. Ladgett early in the campaign. Hiram again reminded the Judge that his name was not on the books, and again the Judge nodded.

On the seventh day Hiram and Tony Delaney and Colonel Longford, as a board of strategy, took charge of the Judge. It was late in the afternoon when the Colonel had laboriously and rather deviously herded and maneuvered the Judge to a point where the two stood in front of the city hall and the Colonel remarked casually:

"Better step in and register, Judge!" And he offered Judge Ladgett a cigar.

The backs of many women who were registering at the last hour were seen through the open window and the shrill rasp of female voices tore the Judge's nerves.

"Look in there—just look in there, Jack Longford! A pink tea party—a bridge-whist joint—a damn millinery opening! No, Jack—no! You may do it; you may sully your manhood by voting with that she-bedlam—that—that ——"

He could not finish the sentence, but choked in emotion, and took the Colonel's arm and tried to move away. But the Colonel was obdurate. He held the Judge and cried:

"But Joel—Joel, my boy—your vote? Your vote?"

The two old men stood looking vainly into each other's eyes—the Colonel pleading; the Judge in wrath and shame that shook his head as in a palsy. It was the

Things Kept New Last Their Full Life

When you put the new screens into your house; when you bought the new swing; when the grape trellis and lawn mower and the front fence were *new*—you felt a pride in them. If you do not feel the same pride now, isn't it because they have grown a bit dilapidated from neglect?

Most of the accessories around a house go to pieces before you get their full value in service unless they are kept in condition.

ACME QUALITY Paints and Finishes

are just the kind of paints, enamels, stains or varnishes you will find most useful for just such articles.

A can of Acme Quality Household Paint will do numberless odd jobs. Acme Quality Screen Enamel will make new screens out of the weather-worn ones.

Write us a postal to-day and we will send you our books, "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide." These will tell you just the Acme Quality Finish you want for any surface. They are easy to use and give lasting, beautiful results. With them we will send the name of the nearest Acme dealer.

Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

Keep always on hand at least a can each of **Acme Quality Varnotile**, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; **Acme Quality White Enamel** for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; **Acme Black Iron Enamel** for ranges, stovepipes and other metal or wood surface. These will cover many of the "touching up" jobs. Put up in containers of ½ pint and up with friction tops, reclosable covers which are easy to open and close and keep the contents in usable condition.

Acme White Lead & Color Works
Dept. Q
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Toledo, Nashville, Birmingham, Fort Worth, Dallas, Topeka, Lincoln, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego

These two labels are like two signatures on a check

THEY are your double assurance of superiority. They represent our word plus the local merchant's word that Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes are made not only to satisfy your ideals of clothes, but to satisfy the clothes ideals of every person who will see the clothes on you.

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

Your local merchant's label on Stein-Bloch Clothes is put there at his request. The Stein-Bloch label is out of sight, under a strip of lining material, just below the hanger. You must turn up the strip to see this label—the label that represents the highest standards of present-day tailoring resulting from "Sixty Years of Knowing How."

THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors REGISTERED 1858

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors
New York 1 E 16 Avenue Building Rochester, N.Y. Chicago: Republic Building

Judge who found voice; but his voice was cracked with rage as he shook his old head in defiance.

"Vote! Vote!" he repeated. "What's one honest vote more or less in a madhouse? Jack, I've cast my last vote!"

He turned sharply, broke away from the Colonel and stalked down the street alone, with what dignity his years would grant him on his unsure feet. A moment later Hiram and Tony Delaney appeared from round a corner, where they had been in waiting; and the Colonel, pointing to the wrathy, shuffling little figure trudging down the street, turned a sad face skyward and bellowed his emotions in his fine old voice:

"For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

Tony Delaney did not laugh—for once in his life; but Hiram, nodding his head like a mechanical toy, and then shaking it, scowled and admitted, as one keeping back the meat of the truth and casting out a bone:

"Colonel"—Hiram paused—"Colonel, the Situation is certainly grave!"

The passing years were taking the Judge into his early seventies, trimming the sagging paunch that held his little round stomach, cutting away the fat from his jowls, deepening the wrinkles in his forehead. He came to have a lean, frowsy look, more or less unshaved; waxy as to skin and red as to eyelids.

The year that saw a tide of reaction registered in the elections found the Judge scarcely able to muster a decent-looking suit of clothes for the banquet that the Old Guard held in the grandest hotel in Pleasant Ridge. Not that there was much to celebrate in the way of results achieved in his state; for there popular clamor still held the man who had the loaves and fishes to distribute, and there was no hope for the Judge from those who lent an ear to popular clamor. But in other states the outlook was better. Some of his old congressional colleagues were slipping back into governorships; and one who had served with the Judge on The Committee was the orator of the day at the Old Guard's celebration.

So the Judge, in his frayed garments, from which the nap had long since been brushed; in his freshly washed white vest, all tucked in at the back to fit his shrinking paunch; with his hair cut—a new hair-cut of great price, namely, a quarter—showing the two lean arteries at the back of his neck, the Judge came home from the banquet a giant refreshed.

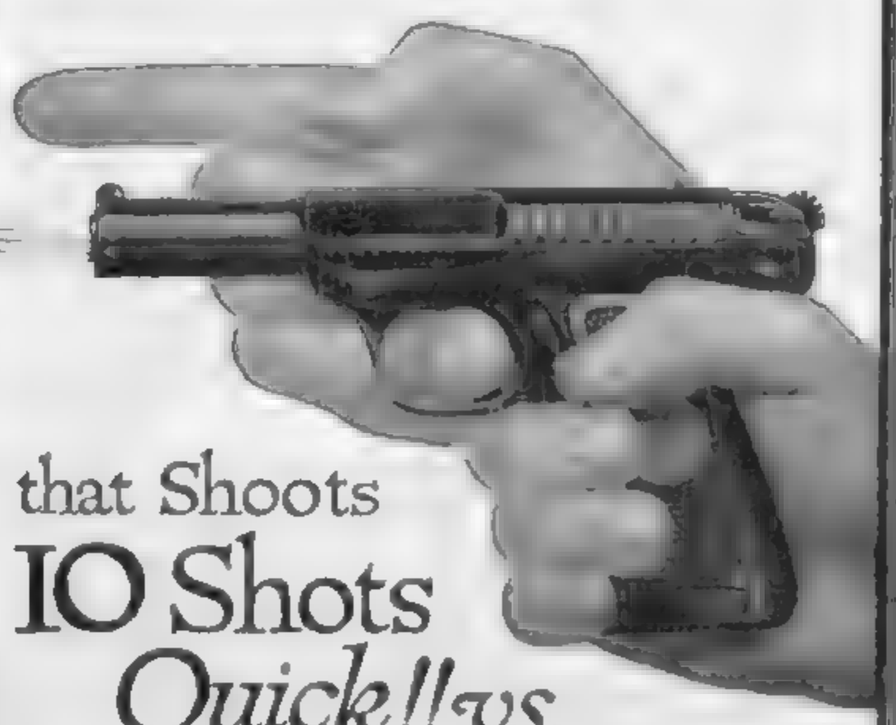
The plan to name and elect one of the Judge's old cronies as President, and restore forever the order that was, put iron into the old soul of the broken demigod; for a President could scatter the powers of darkness and bring back the days of duties, specific and ad valorem—wherein congressmen and tinmakers walked together in majesty on the heights. It was a beautiful vision, and it warmed the Judge's old heart to a recrudescence of youth. He had agreed to raise his county's share of the campaign fund that was to be used as a sinew of war in the state to fight against the hated Parthians of popular clamor.

For a day or two after the Feast of Belshazzar he sat pondering at his desk in the exchange room of the newspaper office, writing down names, assessing tentative sums after the names, and building vain castles of power and glory on the hopes he had of making his assessments reality. Then for a day or two the place that knew the Judge knew him only intermittently. The reporters brought in the news that he was out collecting; they also declared that he was not collecting much. And even Boyce Kilworth seemed to be turning an ear to popular clamor and gave the Judge a dollar where he had expected to get a hundred.

A week passed; we heard the Judge rattling two dollars against a third as he sat at his desk in the office, and one morning he toddled in unsteadily, a trifle late. It was the morning when the state convention of the Woman's Federation was gathering in the town. He seemed feeble and preoccupied. He went over and over his assessment list and was forever looking up to see who entered the office.

An hour before the noon mails were due he walked cautiously to the business office, put down three silver dollars and a ten-dollar bill, and asked the man at the counter to get him a draft for thirteen dollars, payable to the treasurer of the Constitutional Club, at the Capital. In due course he wrote his letter, inclosed his

SAVAGE
The ONLY Automatic



that Shoots
10 Shots
Quick!!vs.
6 or 8 in all other makes
and Aims easy as pointing your finger.

Send for booklet
SAVAGE ARMS CO., 74 SAVAGE AVE., UTICA, N. Y.

?

WHAT *is* the "acid-mouth test" for teeth? you ask. And *what* is "acid-mouth"?

"Acid-mouth" means a (quite usual) acid formation in the mouth. It eats the enamel away from your teeth and lets germs of decay destroy their soft interior.

The cause of 95% of tooth-decay lies at the door of the teeth's worst enemy, "acid-mouth."

For the "acid-mouth *test*" we have, for you, some little strips of blue test paper. You place one of these papers on your tongue. If it turns pink *you have* "acid-mouth."

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

is the dentifrice that counteracts "acid-mouth." It is a scientific dentifrice. It was originated for the distinct purpose of SAVING teeth *as well* as cleaning them.

Pebeco does save teeth. Let it save yours.

Let Pebeco help you keep your teeth for life.

Added Features

To top its tooth-preserving qualities, you will find that Pebeco has these added features:

It polishes the teeth beautifully. It is first aid to whiteness. It removes unpleasant odors and tastes. It purifies the mouth. It leaves an after-feeling of freshness and keenness. It is not unhappily sweet-scented.

Send for FREE Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

The Test Papers will show you whether you, too, have "acid-mouth" and how Pebeco counteracts it. The trial tube will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts.

Pebeco is sold everywhere in *extra-large sized tubes*. As only one-third of a brushful is used at a time, Pebeco saves money as well as teeth.

Manufactured by

Lehn & Fink

Manufacturing Chemists
122 William St. New York
Canadian Office: 1 and 3 St. Helen St., Montreal

Onyx Enamel Ware

"The World's Best Enamel Ware"

Look For This Label

Onyx Enamel Ware, long a favorite with American Housewives, is

Now Made In Three Finishes

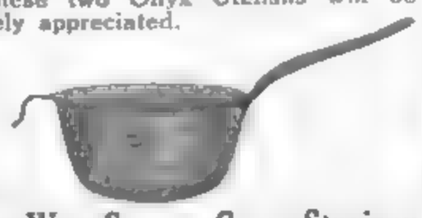
Onyx Regular—Brown and White Mottled finish.

Onyx Queen—A delicate shading of Green on White—pure white inside

Onyx White—A glistening finish of Pure White inside and out

Onyx Enamel Wares include utensils for every kitchen requirement, and many especially designed that are not found in any other line. The new finishes fully satisfy all tastes and Onyx Ware has no superior for strength, durability, efficiency and economy.

These two Onyx Utensils will be widely appreciated.



Onyx Ware Soup or Gravy Strainer

A very handy, serviceable kitchen utensil. Has long handle and convenient supporting hook. Price 35 cts. at your dealer's. Dealer will order these utensils for you if not in stock. Insist that he do it.

Onyx Ware Casserole

One of the most useful, convenient and satisfactory utensils for the home. It permits the preparation of delicious appetizing dishes at small expense. Convenient, hygienic and a saver of time and money.

The Onyx Casserole best suits modern kitchen conditions; the old time earthen dishes do not.

Casseroles priced at your dealer's store 65 cents to 75 cents, according to size.

Onyx White Enamel Ware

The ideal utensils for the Housewife who likes her kitchen all in white

We are the only Enamel Ware manufacturers in the world permitted to use this distinguishing Rice Leaders of the World Association Emblem. This mark is bestowed only upon the recognized leaders in their respective lines.

Be sure you get the genuine with the Onyx label. Ask your dealer.

Write for FREE Book First Aid to the Cook. Contains many new choice recipes.

Columbian Enameling & Stamping Co.

184 Beach St. Terre Haute, Ind.

"Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Enamel Ware in the World."

draft and went to the post office to wait for the mail.

While he was gone Hiram Larson came into the office looking for the Judge. Hiram explained rather foolishly that a ten-dollar bill had dropped out of his counter drawer on the floor of the office that morning and he was wondering whether the Judge had seen it. Hiram wrote out a "lost" advertisement and left it, saying:

"Tell the Judge, if he hasn't seen it, to have this put in the paper. You know there's a chance that the bill may have been swept out under some of the petticoats onto the sidewalk, and somebody might have picked it up; for I know it was there at half past nine—I counted the cash myself then. And, of course, the Judge may have picked it up and put it somewhere—there's that."

After Hiram had gone, the Judge came sifting in. His leather pouch was stuffed with papers and in his fingers he held a letter. Before he could open the letter, the editor handed the old man the advertisement. He flushed when he read it and shook his head, and the advertisement took its course. Then he opened his letter. It was from his friend and former colleague on The Committee, who, as orator of the day, had met the Judge at the rally of the Old Guards.

The letter was written on the embossed stationery of the state—a rich state, lying to the eastward. It began affectionately: "Dear old Joe!" and indicated between the lines that the heart of the man who had spoken at the Old Guards' rally had been touched by the faded, broken figure who had edged about the crowd at the banquet. The letter closed with these words:

"And now, my dear Joe, here is something I can do for you: I have a contingent fund voted by the legislature to defend the various measures of popular government recently passed by our people at the polls from certain attacks in the courts. I find I can appropriate five hundred dollars of this sum to you for associating with the attorneys of this state. See inclosed sheet for specific suits. I realize that you don't altogether agree with the spirit of these new measures; but a lawyer must take whatever business comes to his office." And then, after a few personal words, the letter closed.

Judge Joel Ladgett sat before the unopened exchanges for a long time. His hands were clasped and his thin little body swayed as in a breeze. He rose and looked out of the window, and read and reread the letter. Then he moved unsteadily over to the desk of the editor and put the letter before him without a word. When he had read the letter the editor reached out and grasped the Judge's hand, crying:

"Fine, Judge! Fine!"

But when the editor looked up into the waxy old face he found it cast into a determined mold, which was half stare and half a self-deprecatory smile. The Judge stood in silent embarrassment a moment, then spoke in a cracked, overstrained voice:

"No—no—no! I tell you, Archimedes—don't you see I can't do it?"

The inner storm in his heart was playing in heat lightning twitches across the wrinkled face; but the high, overstrained voice answered its own question, while the self-deprecatory smile held its place through the storm:

"Why, man, can't you see? I can't surrender—not now—not now, Archimedes." He was weaving slightly; and he grasped the desk with his bony, veinous hands as he went on in the same tense, unnatural voice: "I'll not pull down my flag now, after—after ——"

He gathered strength from outside himself and found his natural voice, to say very slowly and cautiously, as one picking his way through flashes of light:

"I have begged for this cause, man! I have had to lie for this cause. I may yet—I may—I—well, I could steal for it if I had to; but, with the help of all the high gods, I'll not sell it out—I'll not sell it out for money!"

His voice broke in a little senile scream. The heat lightning on his face was a sheet of emotion and his trembling hands shook the desk. In a moment the storm subsided, for age does not long sustain its passions. An instant later he cried in triumph, as though to some invisible gallery:

"No—no! 'My head is bloody, but unbowed!'"

(Concluded on Page 38)

Gas Range Week is here

Your Gas Company has joined the great national celebration in honor of the Gas Range—the greatest household help of modern times.

Your Gas Company knows the vital importance of the Gas Range to every woman in its community.

Therefore, it has set aside the week from April 26th to May 1st to the glory of the Gas Range and the special service of the householder.

—Go to the show room of your Gas Company;

—See the latest money, time and labor saving devices;

—Learn the newest methods of producing perfect results.

The spirit of the week is co-operation—mutual helpfulness between you and your Gas Company.

Watch your local papers for announcements; or better still, call at the Gas Office or send for a representative of your Gas Company for such information as you desire.

But, above all, don't fail to take full advantage of

GAS RANGE WEEK

This advertisement is not for women exclusively.

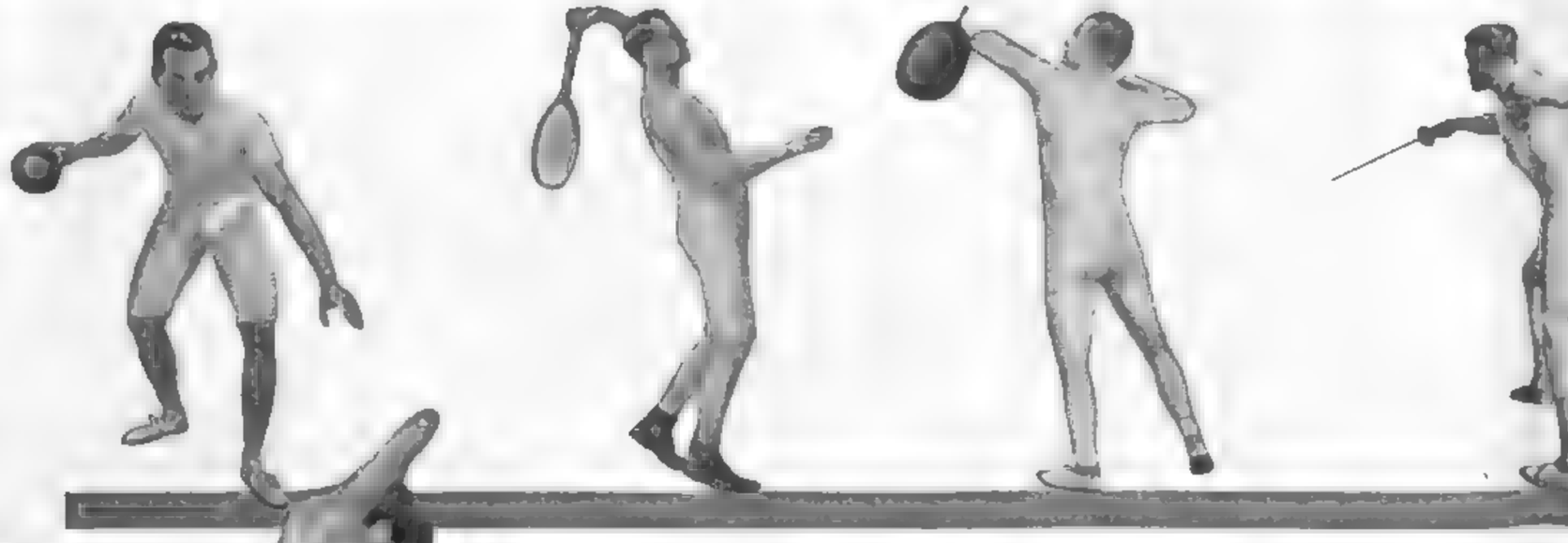
The man who loves his home and his family can learn much to his advantage at the Gas Office next week.

For your home's sake, Go!

National
Commercial Gas Association

61 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

"CHALMERS Lets t



BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

NEW YORK U.S.A.

This Label on Every Garm

FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905.

CHALMER TRADE MARK

"Porosknit"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GUARANTE

UNDERWEAR

Buy Some Union Suits for C

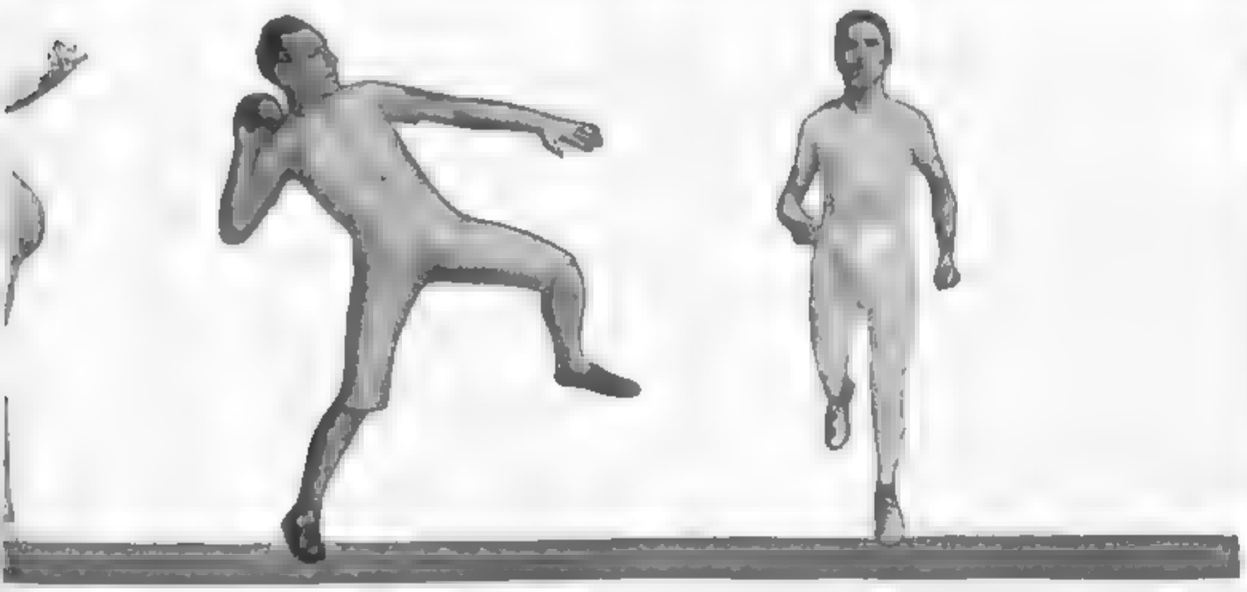
The "stretch" in knit goods runs one way. Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits the tria the back is so placed that its "stretch" runs rest. This means full elasticity in every dire ment *gives* freely and easily with every turn means comfort. There can be no "short-w no cutting in the crotch.

Ask Your Dealer

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 1

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Uni

he Body Breathe"



nent

omfort

only. But—in
ngular piece in
opposite to the
ction. The gar-
or bend. This
vaisted" feeling,

Examine any genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suit. Turn it inside out. Notice how strongly the seams are reinforced—double-seamed by cover seaming.

No cumbersome flaps gape open. Stretch the fabric. See the *extra* stitches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unraveling.

The Closed Crotch is comfortable and fits. It stays put.

"Porosknit" is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy.

Underwear may be made to *look* something like Chalmers "Porosknit." But none can match the genuine "Porosknit" comfort, durability, quality of yarn, elasticity, lightness, *coolness*. None, now or ever.

Protect yourself. Buy right. Look for the label.

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

FOR MEN	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	FOR BOYS
50c		25c
FOR MEN		FOR BOYS
$1.00	Union Suits Any Style	50c

Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

n Suits, Fall and Winter Weights

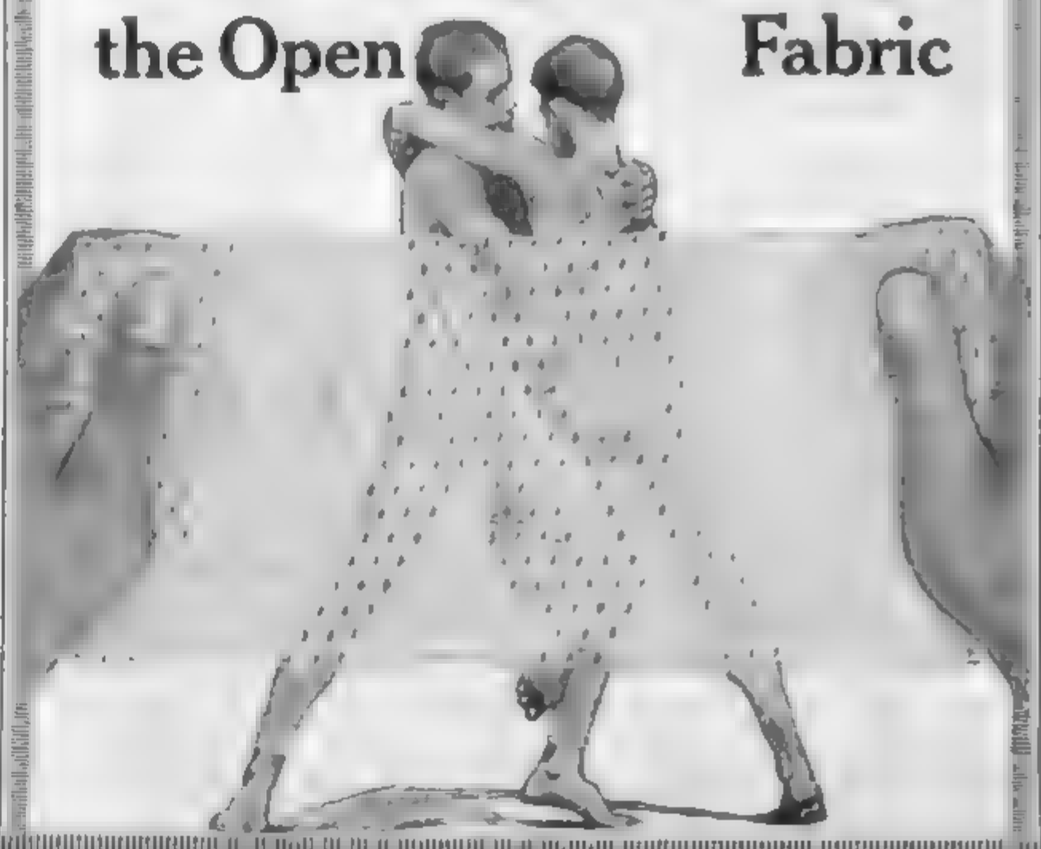
Light, Open, Durable and—It *Must* Be Cool

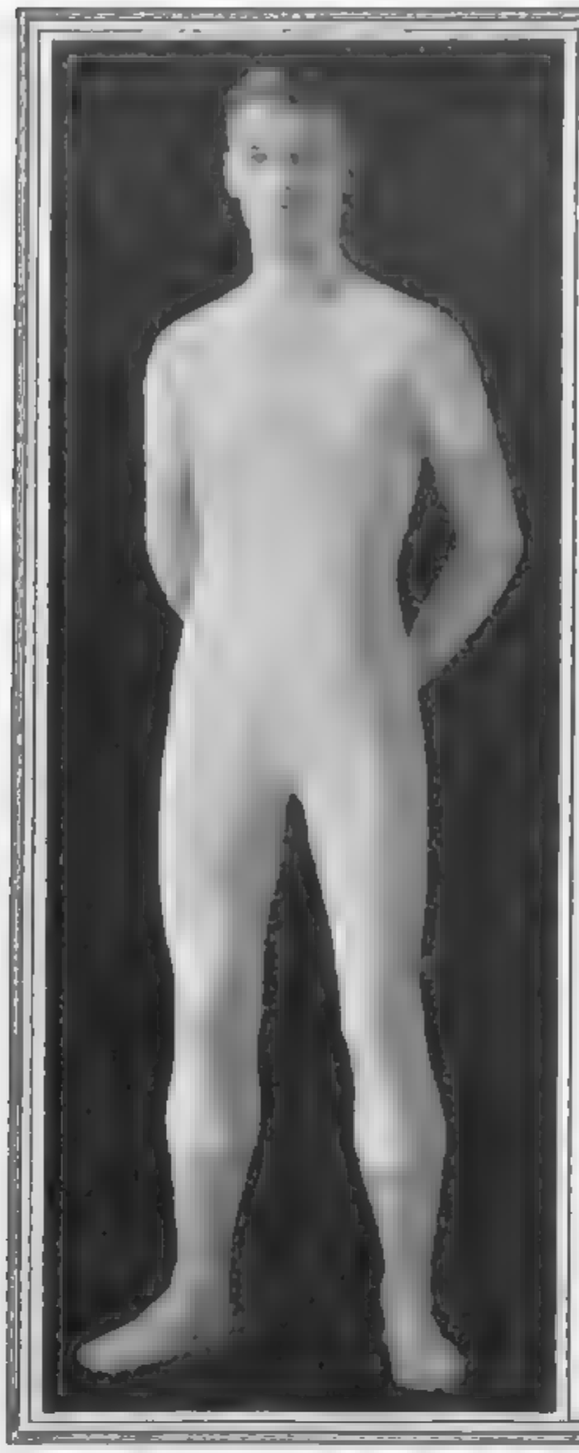
The mesh of Chalmers "Porosknit" is so open you can see through it. Note the picture below. Think how cool and comfortable *this* underwear must be.

The yarn is fine and soft; gentle and soothing to the skin. It *absorbs* perspiration. Meanwhile the open mesh lets air in and moisture out. Chalmers "Porosknit" cannot cling (sweaty, disagreeable, dank and irksome) to the body. Instead, it keeps your body dry and gives you summer comfort in the highest degree—in the *natural*, hygienic way.

This is our Guarantee: "If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

You See Right Through the Open Fabric





The one button on the

Hatch ONE-Button UNION SUIT

is only half an inch in diameter, but it is the biggest thing in the underwear industry today

IT is just an ordinary button, but it does more than nine, ten or a dozen buttons have ever done before. It removes the binding and drawing over the shoulders, usually felt in union suits, by smoothing out every wrinkle and crease and holding the garment so gently in place that there isn't the slightest hint of a strain anywhere.

Your favorite haberdasher or department store has it now or can get it easily and quickly. If you have the slightest difficulty in obtaining this garment from your dealer, send us remittance and we will supply you, [illegible] Made with our special [illegible] fabric [illegible] in the famous Keep-Kool mesh. Sells at 50c for boys, and 50c, $1 and $2 for men. Here is the label ➔ to guide you.

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT

PATENTED JUNE 16, 1914

Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co.
Albany, N. Y.

Now It Won't Squeak!

Now I won't wear myself out every time I take baby for a ride
Just a little 3-in-One forms a film around the moving parts in the axle bearing. Friction is practically eliminated. All squeaking stops. And just the slightest pressure forward keeps the carriage moving silently and smoothly on its way.

If you haven't any 3-in-One in your home now, buy some the very next time you are near a store. 3-in-One not only makes baby carriages run easier and last longer, but it is a household necessity. Oils sewing machines, clocks, locks, bolts, hinges, etc. Makes them all work right. 3-in-One also cleans and polishes; prevents rust.

Get a "Dictionary of 3-in-One Uses." It will save you time, labor and money. There's a copy enclosed with each bottle of 3-in-One; but if you wish to try 3-in-One before you buy, send to us for

FREE SAMPLE and This "Dictionary of Uses"

3-in-One is sold in hardware, drug, grocery, housefurnishing and general stores; 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz. (½ pt.), 50c. Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer does not carry these cans, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One, for 30c

Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 EUS. Broadway, New York

3-IN-ONE OIL

(Concluded from Page 35)

He was proud of his quotation, and his pride held back for a moment the reaction of grief in his soul. He may have felt it coming, for he turned quickly, sighed a spent sigh that was half a sob, and fumbled his way out of the room, along the hall and into the street.

There, through a window, the man at the desk saw the Judge rubbing, with his bony fingers, the moisture from his burned-out eyes; but he was marching proudly through some exalted heaven to recite the story of his great refusal to the griffin, in her chains, and to the adoring mortal who watered his shrine.

"And I have seen," mused Archimedes, as he drummed on the desk with the little pine lever that moved his world, "the half gods go and the gods arrive!"

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Anxious to Please

THE colored population in a little Alabama town was having a race meet at the local fairgrounds. An aged negro, whose shoes were slashed to give his gnarly toe-joints air, sat in a seat on the grand stand. Immediately in front of him stood a large, excited damsel, who had a whole dollar wagered on the favorite in the free-for-all trot.

As the horses turned into the home stretch the woman jumped up in the air, coming down squarely with all her weight on the infirm extremities of the old man. A groan escaped him, and she turned and begged his pardon.

"Uncle Zach, Ise awfully sorry!" she said.

"Dat's all right, honey," answered the old man gallantly. "I only hopes mah feet ain't too corrugated fo' yoah pleasure."

Golf at Home

AN INGENIOUS little device has been perfected that will permit the practice at home of long drives of a golf ball, without smashing any windows or heads, show the golfer how far his drive would go, and whether it went high or low.

The golf ball is attached to a short cord, which, in turn, is attached to a heavy meter. When the ball is driven it operates two gauges on the meter, one showing whether the shot was high or low, and the other indicating how far a ball would travel ordinarily on the force of that drive.

Bulk With Beauty

IN A CERTAIN office the manager was about to be married. The staff raised a fund to buy a wedding present. The total amounted to something like fifty dollars.

"What we want to do," said the collector of the sum, "is to get the chief a present that will make the most show for the money—something that will spread out and show up strong. Anybody got any suggestions?"

"Buy him fifty dollars' worth of rice," said the vice-president, "and boil it!"

No Scandalmonger

A PARTY of young ladies from a certain Southern town were touring Europe last summer, under the guidance of a superannuated clergyman, when hostilities broke out and left them, for the time being, marooned in Northern Italy.

One of the party, who is locally famous in her own community for her aversion to circulating anything in the nature of idle gossip, wrote a letter back home to a friend. After describing some of the sights she had seen and mentioning the prevalent weather at some length, she added this sentence:

"It is rumored in Milan that war has been declared; but don't say I told you!"

An Ear Witness

THEY brought a wounded British soldier back from the front, and somebody asked him to describe the battle in which he was hurt.

"Well," said the Tommy, "it's like this: First you 'ears a 'ell of a noise and then the nurse says: 'Try and drink a little of this 'ere.'"

WHEN you realize the large number of Golf Clubs, Parks and Cemeteries in all parts of the world using

"PENNSYLVANIA"

Quality

Lawn Mowers

(HAND, HORSE OR POWER)

you know there *must* be reasons. There are! *All* of the blades are of the highest-grade crucible tool steel, oil-hardened and water-tempered. They are positively self-sharpening and don't require re-grinding.

"PENNSYLVANIA" Mowers are easy running—saving time and effort. If you want Lawn Mower efficiency and economy look for the "PENNSYLVANIA" trade mark at your hardware dealer's or seedsman's.

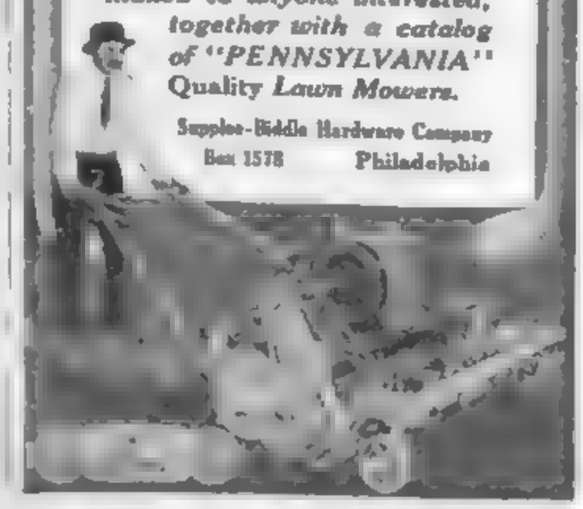
The following brands are all "PENNSYLVANIA" *Quality:*

"PENNSYLVANIA"
"GREAT AMERICAN"
"CONTINENTAL"
"KEYSTONE"
"NEW DEPARTURE"
"GOLF"
HORSE AND POWER AND OTHERS

MAILED FREE

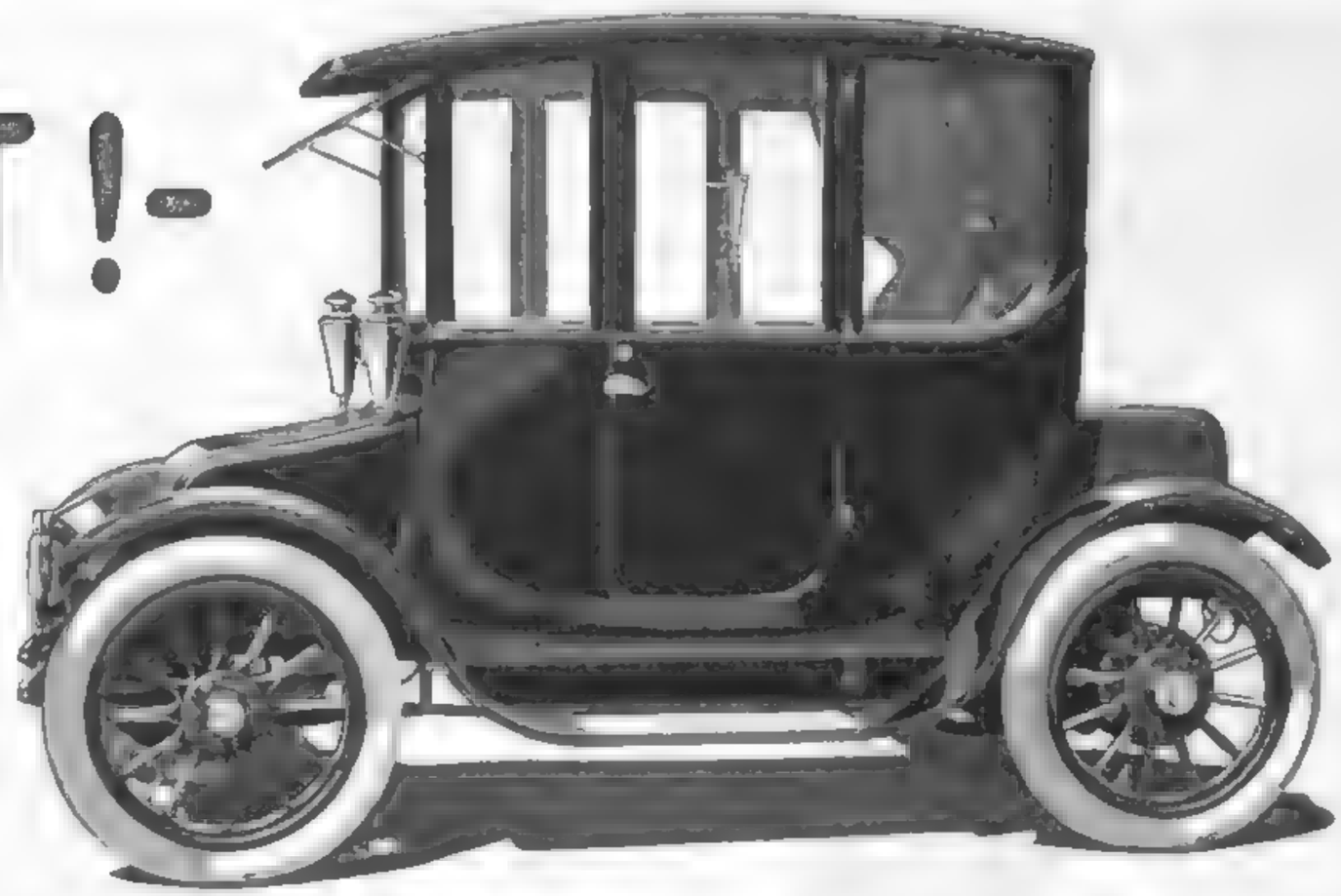
***"Scientific Lawn Making,"** an instructive book written by a prominent authority, gladly mailed to anyone interested, together with a catalog of "PENNSYLVANIA" Quality Lawn Mowers.*

Supplee-Biddle Hardware Company
Box 1578 Philadelphia



AT LAST!-

A FULL SIZED HIGH GRADE WELL KNOWN ELECTRIC COUPE UNDER $2500.



The new Baker Electric prices here announced are based upon a greatly enlarged scale of production of the Light Baker Coupe. In concentrating upon this model and producing it in larger quantities than ever before undertaken, we have so reduced manufacturing expense per car that an unusual price revision has been made possible for all Baker models.

THE LIGHT BAKER ELECTRIC COUPE

$2475

Identically the same beautifully designed, expensively equipped Coupe, which until now has sold for $2800.

Weighs a half-ton less than the big, heavy electrics.

Unusual speed (23 miles per hour).

Long mileage (50 to 85 miles per battery charge).

Climbs any hill at good speed.

Steers without any effort.

Handles with absolute safety in congested traffic.

Rides with luxurious ease (Cantilever springs; long wheel base).

Carries four passengers in greatest comfort.

Costs very little for upkeep (weighing less than 3000 lbs. it costs proportionately less for upkeep than electrics that weigh 4000 lbs. and over).

A strikingly beautiful car with its low-hung, graceful body and most exquisite interior.

Right up to the minute in its luxurious equipment features.

Combines all the advantages of light weight with the **highest attainable motor car quality.**

Think of the convenience and enjoyment it would afford **your** family. And consider this—$2475 invested in a Baker Coupe gives you a car that will be serving you daily years after less simple types of cars have been worn out or discarded.

THE BAKER DOUBLE DRIVE BROUGHAM closely resembles the Light Baker Electric Coupe in general design, the principal difference being in its larger proportions to accommodate five people instead of four, and its double drive feature which enables operating from either front or rear seat. **PRICE $3000.**

THE BAKER ELECTRIC ROADSTER is a smart, open two-passenger car with exceptional speed and long mileage radius. **PRICE $2000.**

Baker Electrics

QUALITY SERVICE

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY

CLEVELAND

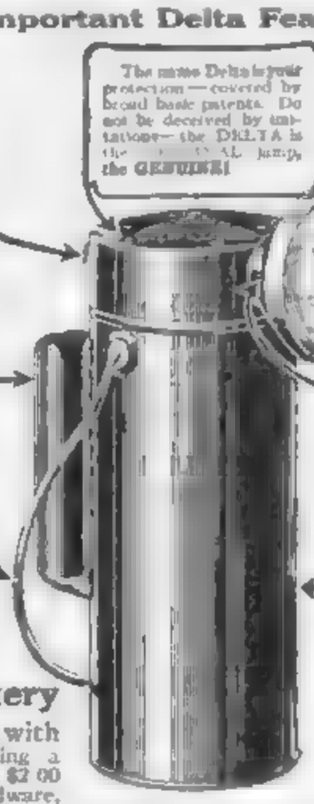
Complete line of Commercial Trucks ranging from 1 to 5 Tons

The World's Oldest Manufacturers of Electric Cars

It Isn't the Real Electric Lamp Unless It's the DELTA!

Uses one ordinary No. 6 dry battery which can be secured from any garage, hardware or electrical store. Cost of burning less than any portable lamp of any kind.

Important Delta Features



Switch which is absolutely positive and will withstand millions of operations—stays without holding.

The name Delta is your protection—covered by broad basic patents. Do not be deceived by imitations—the DELTA is the GENUINE!

Triple Silver-plated reflector throws strong beam 250 to 300 feet—projected light.

Comfortable and convenient, easy-to-grip handle.

Hand made Tungsten wire bulb—thoroughly tested.

Convenient, detachable flash for use in carrying around.

Bulb reflector and lens protected by drawn steel hood. Will withstand any knocks and jolts.

Very attractive and beautifully finished in baked enamel.

Price $1.50
(In Canada $2.00)

Complete with Battery

Full nickel-plated finish with ground and polished lens, giving a broad steady light. Price $2.00 (in Canada $2.50). At all Hardware, Electric Sporting Goods dealers or Automobile Supply Houses. If your dealer doesn't carry Delta send $1.50 and we'll ship lamp Parcel Post prepaid. **Do Not Permit Substitution.**

Just the Thing For

Autoists	Physicians	Railroad Men	Firemen
Sportsmen	Army Men	Garage Owners	Deliverymen
Farmers	Housekeepers	Inspectors	Plumbers
Bank Employes	Watchmen	Storekeepers	Electricians, etc.

Write for illustration on Electric Run-Ins, Auto Buggy, Tail Lamp, Photographers, Boy Lights, all operating on same principle as embodied in FAMOUS DELTA ELECTRIC HAND LAMP

Delta Electric Company, Dept. A, Marion, Indiana

Western Office: Delta Electric Company, San Francisco, Cal. Agents for Western Canada: Delta Electric Company, Winnipeg

A Boy's Savings Account

CLAIR YOUNG, ten years old, of South Dakota, knows the value of thrift.

HE has sold *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* for two years; out of his profits he has saved over $100.00.

Last year he earned over $95.00 and in addition obtained a suit of clothes and several other prizes for good work. All this represents

the accumulations of effort on Thursday and Friday afternoons after school hours

Any alert boy can do what Clair Young is doing. If *you* wish, you can earn all the money you need, establish a bank account and equip yourself for a business career. You can earn fifty cents the first week. Upon request we will furnish everything with which to start. Address your letter to

SALES DIVISION, BOX 834

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

(Continued from Page 23)

not realize that it is Ascot Thursday and I have had many invitations to dine to-night? I am going to a very big dinner party at Thurm House."

"Bad luck!" Norgate replied disconsolately. "And to-morrow?"

"I have not finished about to-night yet," Anna continued. "I suppose you do not by any chance want me to dine with you very much?"

"Of course I do," was the prompt answer. "You see plenty of the Princess of Thurm and nothing of me, and there is always the chance that you may have to go abroad. I think that it is your duty ——"

"As a matter of duty," Anna interrupted, "I ought to dine at Thurm House. As a matter of pleasure I shall dine with you. You will very likely not enjoy yourself. I am going to be very cross indeed, for you have neglected me shamefully. It is only these wonderful roses that have saved you."

"So long as I am saved," he murmured, "tell me, please, where you would like to dine?"

"Any place on earth," she replied. "You may call for me here at half past eight. I shall wear a hat and I should like to go somewhere where our people do not go."

Anna set down the telephone. The listlessness had gone from her manner. She glanced at the clock and ran lightly into the other room.

"Put all that splendor away," she ordered her maid cheerfully. "To-night we shall dazzle no one. Something perfectly quiet, and a hat, please. I dine in a restaurant. And ring the bell, Marie, for two *apertifs* not that I need one. I am hungry, Marie; and I am looking forward to my dinner already. You may bring me something dead black. I am looking well to-night, so I can afford to wear it."

Marie beamed.

"Madame has recovered her spirits," she remarked demurely.

Anna was suddenly silent. Her lightheartedness was a revelation. She turned to her maid.

"Marie," she directed, "you will telephone to Thurm House. You will ask for Lucille, the Princess' maid. You will give my love to the Princess. You will say that a sudden headache has prostrated me. It will be enough. You need say no more. To-morrow I lunch with the Princess and she will understand."

XXV

"CONFESS," Anna exclaimed, as she leaned back in her chair, "that my idea was excellent! Your little restaurant was in its way perfection, but the heat—does one feel it anywhere, I wonder, as one does in London?"

"Here, at any rate, we have air," Norgate remarked appreciatively.

"We are far removed," she went on, "from the clamor of diners, the babel of voices, the smell of cooking, the meretricious music. We look over the housetops. Soon, just behind that tall building there, you will see the yellow moon."

They were taking their coffee in Anna's sitting room, seated in easy-chairs drawn up to the wide-flung windows. The topmost boughs of a tall elm tree rustled almost in their faces. Away before them spread the phantasmagoria of a wilderness of London roofs, softened and melting into the dim blue obscurity of the falling twilight. Lights were flashing out everywhere and above them were the stars. Norgate drew a long breath of content.

"It is wonderful, this," he murmured.

"We are at least alone," Anna said, "and I can talk to you. Would you be very much flattered, I wonder, if I were to say that I have been thinking of little else for the last three or four days but how to approach you, how to say something to you without any fear of being misunderstood, how to convince you of my own sincerity?"

"If I am not flattered," he answered, looking at her keenly, "I am at least content. Please go on."

"You are one of those, I believe," she continued earnestly, "who realize that somewhere not far removed from the splendor of these summer days a storm is gathering. I am one of those who know. England has but a few more weeks of this self-confident, self-esteeming security. Very soon the shock will come. Oh, you at

Shoes for Shop Windows vs Shoes for *Feet*

WHICH is *your* choice—narrow, unnatural, pointed, "shop window" shoes, which bend and cripple the foot bones, and in so doing create corns, bunions, calluses, ingrowing nails, falling arches, etc.—

Or—good looking, roomy Educator Shoes—which are made for *real* feet—which do *not* bend the bones—cannot permit corns, ingrowing nails, etc.?

Built scientifically to give plenty of room for all five toes without extra looseness, they "let the feet grow as they should." Hence they are always comfortable and satisfaction-giving.

Made for Men, Women, Children. Prices $1.35 to $5.50. But look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole. Without this it's not a genuine, *orthopaedically correct* Educator. There's only one Educator—the one made by Rice & Hutchins.

If your dealer doesn't keep them, write us. We'll mail you a good book:

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

and tell you where to find Educators quickly.

The *very next time* you buy shoes, try on Educators. Find out today if your dealer has them.

Rice & Hutchins

EDUCATOR SHOE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Don't miss seeing the Educator Exhibit at the San Francisco Fair
"Comfortable as an Old Shoe—Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"
Educator for Men. A popular style for boys and children.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family

14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS

Makers also of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Maylair Shoes for Women

Even Uncle Sam Was Interested

Uncle Sam's investigators were much interested in the way Clothcraft Clothes are made.

Especially when they found so few of the workers in those shops were changed from year to year.

Careful training, good surroundings, the most advanced machines, testing, inspection, and sanitary provisions—all these have helped to put more real value into Clothcraft All-Wool Clothes for men and young men.

Come in and see what solid profit you gain by buying Clothcraft at $10 to $20. No. 5130 Blue Serge Special at $15 is one of the best values ever offered the clothes buyer.

CLOTHCRAFT
All Wool Clothes
$10 to $20 Ready to Wear

The Clothcraft Store
(IN YOUR TOWN)

Write to The Joseph & Feiss Co., 620 St. Clair Ave. Cleveland, Ohio, for the Clothcraft Style Book showing the all-wool serge used in Clothcraft "5130," and a postpaid note of introduction to the nearest Clothcraft Store.

there, my friend, and you are very monosyllabic, but that is because you do not wholly trust me."

He swung suddenly round upon her and there was an unaccustomed fire in his eyes.

"May it not be for some other reason?" he asked quickly.

There was a moment's silence. Her own face seemed paler than ever in the strange half light, but her eyes were wonderful. He told himself with passionate insistence that they were the eyes of a truthful woman.

"Tell me," she begged, "what reason?"

He leaned toward her.

"It is so hopeless," he said. "I am just a broken diplomat whose career is ended almost before it is begun, and you—well, you have everything at your feet. It is foolish of me, isn't it, but I love you."

He took her hand. She did not withdraw it.

"If it is foolish," she murmured, "then I am foolish too. Perhaps you can guess now why I came to London."

He drew her into his arms. She made no resistance. Her lips were even seeking his. It seemed to him in those breathless moments that a greater thing even than the destiny of nations was born into the world. There was a new vigor in his pulse as she gently pushed him back, a new splendor in life.

"Dear," she exclaimed, "of course we are both very foolish, and yet I do not know. I have been wondering why this has not come to me long ago, and now that it has come I am happy."

"You care—you really care?" he insisted passionately.

"Of course I do," she told him quietly enough and yet very convincingly. "If I did not care I should not be here. If I did not care I should not be about to say the things to you that I am going to say now. Sit back in your chair, please, hold my hand still, smoke if you will, but listen."

He obeyed. A deeper seriousness crept into her tone, but her face was still soft and wonderful. The new things lingered there.

"I want to tell you first," she said, "what I think you already know. The moment for which Germany has toiled so long, from which she has never faltered, is very close at hand. With all her marvelous resources and that amazing war equipment of which you in this country know little, she will soon throw down the gage to England. You are an Englishman, Francis. You are not going to forget it, are you?"

"Forget it?" he repeated.

"I know," she continued slowly, "that Selingman has made advances to you. I know that he has a devilish gift for enrolling on his list men of honor and conscience. He has the knack of subtle argument, of twisting facts and of preying upon human weaknesses. You have been shockingly treated by your Foreign Office. You yourself are entirely out of sympathy with your government. You know very well that England, as she is, is a country which has lost her ideals, a country in which many of her sons might indeed without much reproach lose their pride. Selingman knows this. He knows how to work upon these facts. He might very easily convince you that the truest service you could render your country would be to assist her in passing through a temporary tribulation."

He looked at her almost in surprise.

"You seem to know the man's methods," he observed.

"I do," she answered, "and I detest them. Now, Francis, please tell me the truth: Is your name, too, upon that wonderful roll of those who are pledged to assist his country?"

"It is," he admitted.

She drew a little away.

"You admit it? You have already consented?"

"I have drawn a quarter's salary," Norgate confessed. "I have entered Selingman's corps of the German Secret Service."

"You mean that you are a traitor?" she exclaimed.

"A traitor to the false England of today," Norgate replied; "a friend, I hope, of the real England."

She sat quite still for some moments.

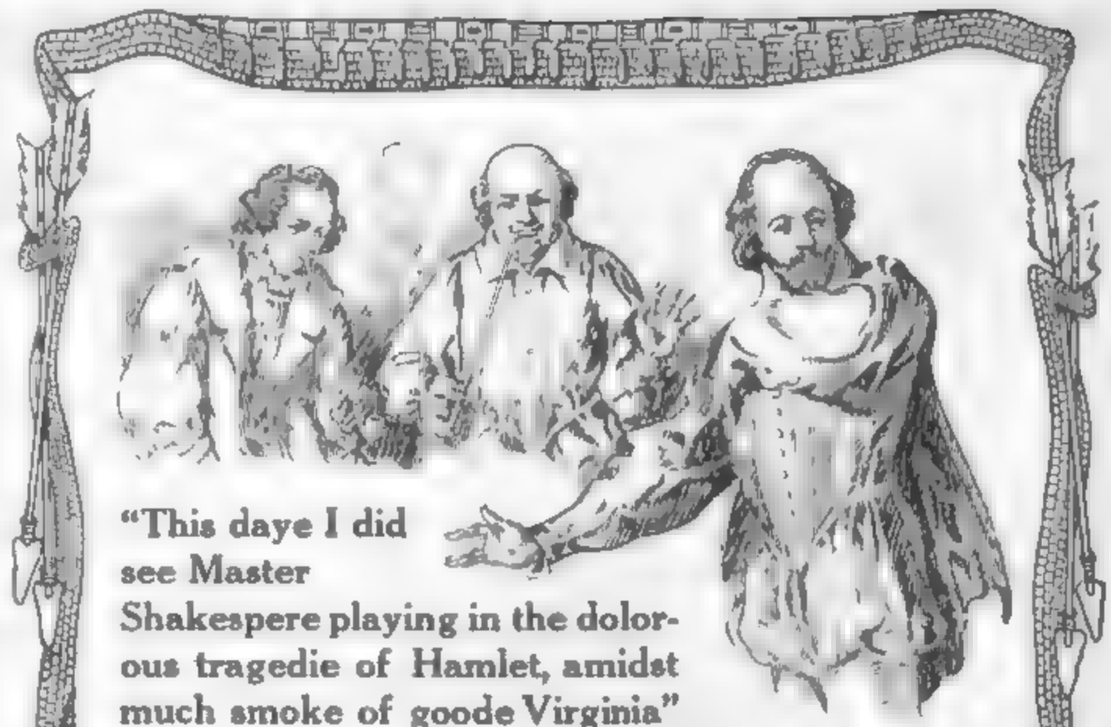
"Somehow or other," she said, "I scarcely fancied that you would give in so easily."

"You seem disappointed," he remarked. "Yet after all am I not on your side?"

"I suppose so," she answered without enthusiasm.

There was another and a more prolonged silence. Norgate rose at last to his feet.

(Continued on Page 44)



"This daye I did see Master Shakespere playing in the dolorous tragedie of Hamlet, amidst much smoke of goode Virginia"
(From a 17th Century Diary)

TODAY, 300 years later, we can't enjoy the theatre and a good smoke of Old Virginia at the same time, but so much the worse for the box office.

Every man who loads his pipe with DUKE'S Mixture, or rolls himself one of the forty, fresh, generous cigarettefuls from a five-cent sack, tastes the same "goode Virginia" of Shakespere's day, continuously improved for 300 years, until today it is unsurpassed.

The ideal smoke for the man who experiences the creative joy of the artist, even in the little things of life, is the cigarette he rolls *himself* from DUKE'S Mixture.

This honey-colored, fragrant tobacco, which measures up to the highest standards of tobacco manufacture, is sold to you on this understanding:

If you don't like it after smoking a few cigarettefuls, get your money back from your dealer.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Copyright 1915

Duke's Mixture
Granulated Tobacco
5¢

The "Roll" of Fame

Follow this Procession to

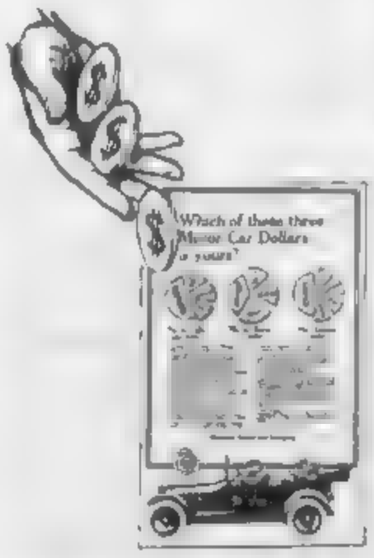
IN this periodical we can only talk to you about the Chalmers car from our headquarters at Detroit.

It is a long way to make a message carry—through all the cross currents of other manufacturers' messages, each of which has the same right to be heard as ours.

However, we have in your town, or very near you, a local relay station for our message—*your newspaper*. Through this medium we are sending *you* a series of personal, exclusive messages.

These messages take the form of advertisements which are now appearing. They will make known to you our associate in your community who has joined with us in arranging for their appearance.

They tell you about the Chalmers car—invite you to examine it, ride in it, and see just what it is like.

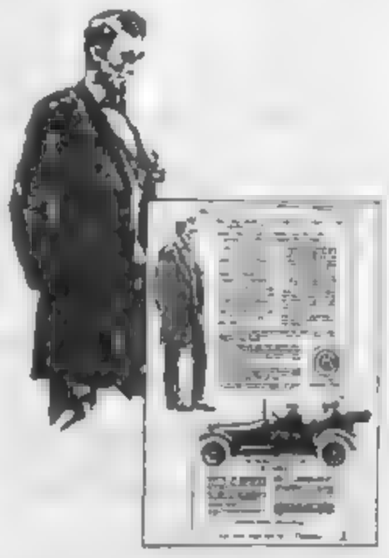


Which Motor Car Dollar Shall Be Yours?

The biggest part of every dollar spent for upkeep on too-light cars goes for repairs.

Too much of every dollar spent for upkeep on too-heavy cars goes for tires, oil and gas.

You spend *fewer* upkeep dollars on the Chalmers, because it is the right weight and right quality—requires but few *repairs* and is sparing of gas, oil and tires. Ask yourself which of these three motor car dollars is yours.

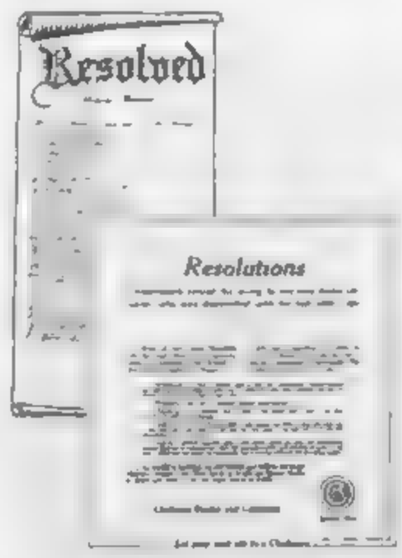


How Long Should a Man's Legs Be?

This advertisement makes clear the relation of weight to economy in a car.

A car should be heavy enough to be safe and require few repairs; yet light enough to be economical of gas, oil and tires.

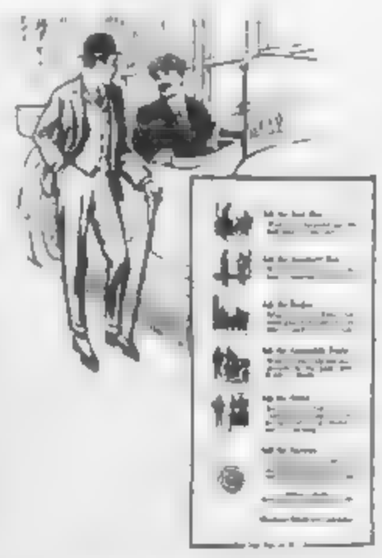
That statement answers the question of motor car weight as completely as President Lincoln's reply answered the question of "leg-length," when he was asked, "*How Long Should a Man's Legs Be?*"



Resolve to Buy Your New Car Right!

Are you going to *buy* your new car?—or is it to be a by-product of the *sale* of your old one?

Do not let the fact that you own an old car influence you. Forget that you own a car, and resolve to buy the best one you can get. Resolve that *then* you will sell the old one for the most you can get for *it*.

You'll insure satisfaction if you adopt these *resolutions* and let each transaction stand on its merits.

Ask the Men Who Know Motor Car Values

To *ask questions* is one of the best ways to acquire *knowledge*.

To ask questions of those who *know* motor cars and motor car values—in every phase from manufacturing to driving—would be to accumulate a fund of knowledge that would be a certain guide in selecting your car.

Ask the steel man, the accessory man, the banker, the automobile dealer, the owner, about the Chalmers.

Three Chalmers Economical Sixes

Three popular Chalmers models are: the New Six—40, at $1,400; the Light Six—48, at $1,650; the Master Six—54, at $2,400.

Each of these is a Chalmers car through and through—each has the features of economy which distinguish all Chalmers cars.

Let your dealer explain the difference in price, and why the right car for you is one of these *Three Economical Chalmers Sixes*.

Chalmers Motor Co.

Quality First

Let Your Next Car Be A Chalmers

Your Local Chalmers Dealer

IF you are a motorist—mean to be, desire to be—if you bear any present or prospective relation whatever to a motor car—you should look for and read these advertisements.

They analyze motor car satisfaction; they argue out and make clear every feature of motor car economy.

Across these pages move the characters in this local advertising. Beneath the characters is brief text, epitomizing the motor car lesson which each newspaper message teaches. With the text appear the captions.

By these characters and captions you can identify the Chalmers advertisements and our representative in your community—the Chalmers dealer.

He will gladly second our invitation to call—to examine—to ask questions about—to ride in the Chalmers car.

Follow this procession to him.

"On this Rock—Quality—I mean to Build"

The permanency of a business, just as the permanency of a building, depends on its foundation.

The best foundation—in fact, the only durable foundation—is quality of product.

Hugh Chalmers thought that way—back in 1907—when he said, "On this Rock—Quality—I mean to build my business." The steady growth of the Chalmers business since that time has proved his judgment.

The Beauty of the Chalmers Car

In style and appearance, the Chalmers loses nothing by comparison.

Note the graceful streamline body—the beautiful molded fenders—the wide, flush-fitting doors—the clear running boards—the taste and comfort of the interior appointments.

"Those things are beautiful which are completely adequate," says Ruskin. It is the complete adequacy of the Chalmers which gives it its distinctive *Beauty.*

Would You Accept This Barbary Stallion?

A Barbary stallion was presented to a diplomat. But the stallion was unridable, undrivable. He simply "ate his head off" without being of use.

Some cars are like Barbary stallions. They "eat their heads off" in upkeep cost.

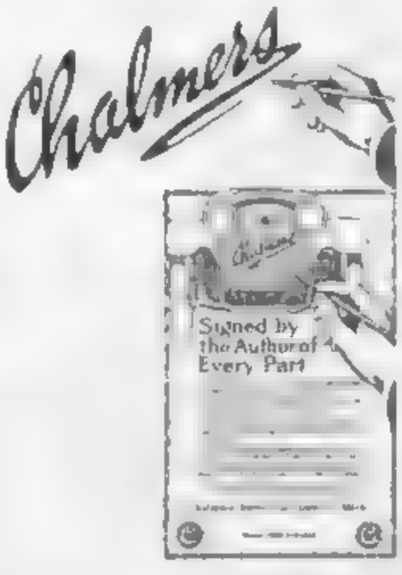
When you've read this Chalmers advertisement in your local newspaper, it would be superfluous for us to ask, "*Would you Accept a Barbary Stallion as a Gift?*"

Chalmers Quality—The Keystone of the Arch

The keystone of an arch supports, and in turn is supported by, the other stones.

In the Chalmers business arch, each of the other stones—factors of organization, management, facilities—has been placed with one idea—*to hold up quality.*

Quality has made Chalmers popularity and prestige in the past—and for the *future* we shall place dependence on *Quality—the Keystone of the Chalmers Arch.*



Signed by the Author of All Its Parts

The Chalmers is a *manufactured*—not an *assembled*—car.

In the great Chalmers works, comprising over seventeen buildings, covering thirty acres, and employing over four thousand men, every essential Chalmers part is made—from axle to top.

The last thing to go on the car is the Chalmers name—the final approval and guarantee on a car that it is *Signed by the Author of Every Part.*

Detroit. Michigan. U.S.A.

Let Your Next Car Be A Chalmers

Quality First

YOU now buy these highest grade tires at prices you formerly paid for ordinary tires.

CONSIDERING prices alone our downward revision of schedules is not unique. We were simply in position to more than proportionately meet the general reductions.

What brings our action on prices, however, so strongly and singularly into the limelight, is the fact that we have added fully 50% to the wear resistance of

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

Remember, it was our 1914 product that scored the *unequalled average mileage of 6,760 miles* in The Automobile Club of America official test. Think of what you get in the 1915—now!

Our undeviating policy to work, work, work to make our product better and better—instead of cheaper and cheaper—yielded us this enormous improvement.

And the transfer of our operations to our great new factory, with the latest and best equipment known, automatically took care of the problem of competitive prices.

Then there's the oilproof quality and the guarantee that Vacuum Cup Tires will not skid on wet or greasy pavements or returnable at full purchase price after reasonable trial.

Can you ask for greater assurance of tire economy and service than is so definitely offered in Vacuum Cup Tires? Dealers everywhere.

Pennsylvania Rubber Co. Jeannette, Pa.

Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Kansas City, Mo., Minneapolis, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle

An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy

TRY THIS DELICIOUS RECIPE FOR HAMBURG STEAK WITH CREAM GRAVY

Put 1 lb. round steak through food chopper with 4 tablespoons suet. Add ¼ cup chopped onion, ½ tablespoon LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, salt and pepper to taste. Mold into cakes, roll in bread crumbs and broil in greased broiler. Serve on hot platter with creamy gravy.

Lea & Perrins SAUCE

Kitchen Recipe Hanger sent free upon request by post card.
LEA & PERRINS, 239 West St., N. Y.

(Continued from Page 41)

He walked restlesaly to the end of the room and back again. A dark mass of clouds had rolled up. The air seemed almost sulphurous with the presage of a coming storm. They looked out into the gathering darkness.

"I don't understand," he said. "You are Austrian, and that is the same as German. Yet when I tell you that I have come over on your side you seem disappointed."

"Perhaps I am," she admitted, standing up too and linking her arm through his. "You see my mother was English and they say that I am entirely like her. I was brought up here in the English country. Sometimes my life at Vienna and Berlin seems almost like a dream to me, something unreal, as though I were playing at being some other woman. When I am back here I feel as though I had come home. Do you know that nothing would really make me happier than to hear or think nothing about duty, but just know that I had come back to England to stay, and that you were English, and that we were going to live just the sort of life I pictured to myself that two people could live so happily over here, without too much ambition, without intrigue, simply and honestly. I am a little weary of cities and courts, Francis. To-night more than ever England seems to appeal to me, to remind me that I am one of her daughters."

"Are you trying me, Anna?" he asked hoarsely.

"Trying you? Of course not!" she answered. "I am speaking to you just simply and naturally because you are the one person to whom I may speak like that."

"Then let's drop it, both of us!" he exclaimed, holding her arm tightly to his. "Courts and cities can do without you and Selingman can do without me. We'll take a cottage somewhere and live through these evil days."

She shook her head.

"You and I are not like that, Francis," she declared. "When the storm breaks we mustn't be found hiding in our holes—you know that quite well. It is for us to decide what part we shall play. You have chosen. So in a measure have I. To-morrow I am going on a secret mission to Italy."

"Anna!" he cried in dismay.

"Alas, yes!" she repeated. "We may not even meet again, Francis, till the map of Europe has been rewritten with the blood of many of our friends and millions of our country people. But I shall think of you, and the kiss you will give me now shall be the last upon my lips."

"You can go away?" he demanded. "You can leave me like this?"

"I must," she answered simply. "I have work before me. Good-by, Francis! Somehow I knew what was coming. I believe that I am glad, dear, but I must think about it and so must you."

Norgate left the hotel and walked out amid the first mutterings of the storm. He found a taxi and drove to his rooms. For an hour he sat before his window, watching the lightning play, fighting the thoughts that beat upon his brain, fighting all the time a losing battle. At midnight the storm had ceased. He walked back through the rain-streaming streets. The air was filled with sweet and pungent perfumes. The heaviness had passed from the atmosphere. His own heart was lighter. He walked swiftly. Outside her hotel he paused and looked up at the window. There was a light still burning in her room. He even fancied that he could see the outline of her figure leaning back in the easy-chair which he had wheeled up close to the casement. He entered the hotel, stepped into the lift, ascended to her floor and made his way with tingling pulse and beating heart along the corridor. He knocked softly at her door. There was a little hesitation, then he heard her voice on the other side:

"Who is that?"

"It is I—Francis," he answered softly. "Let me in."

There was a little exclamation. She opened the door, holding up her finger.

"Quietly," she whispered. "What is it, Francis? Why have you come back? What has happened to you?"

He drew her into the room. She herself looked weary. There were lines under her eyes. It seemed even as though she might have been weeping. But it was a new Norgate who spoke. His words rang out with a fierce vigor, his eyes seemed on fire.

"Anna," he cried, "I can't fence with you. I can't lie to you. I can't deceive you. I've tried these things and I went away choking. I had to come back. You shall know the truth even though you betray me. I am no man of Selingman's. I have taken his paltry money—it went last night to a hospital. I am for England, the England of any government, England however misguided or mistaken. I want to do the work for her that I can do best. I am on Selingman's roll. What do you think he'll get from me? Nothing that isn't false, no information that won't mislead him, no facts save those I shall distort until they may seem so near the truth that he will build and count upon them. Every minute of my time will be spent to foil his schemes. They don't believe me in Whitehall or Selingman would be at Bow Street to-morrow morning. That's why I am going my own way. Tell him if you will. There is only one thing strong enough to bring me here, to risk everything, and that's my love for you."

She was in his arms, sobbing and crying, and yet laughing. She clutched at him, drew down his face and covered his lips with kisses.

"Oh, I am so thankful!" she cried. "So thankful! Francis, I ached, my heart ached, to have you sit there and talk as you did. Now I know that you are the man I thought you were. Francis, we will work together."

"You mean it?"

"I do. England was my mother's country, England shall be my husband's country. I will tell you many things that should help. From now my work shall be for you. If they find me out—well, I will pay the price. You shall run your risk, Francis, for your country, and I must take mine, but at least we'll keep our honor and our conscience and our love. Oh, this is a better parting, dear! This is a better good night!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Billings' Bluff

IN THESE days, when the work of every man in a big railroad yard is conducted according to a schedule and a program agreed upon after momentous and painful conferences, the big boss of the yard must be a tactician indeed. "Schedule splitters" and "sea lawyers" are not unknown among the railroad folk. There is a railroader who sits at a desk out in Chicago who can testify as to this:

Billings, who was the engineer of a switcher just outside of a brisk little Michigan city, had a trick that ended each afternoon at just six o'clock. That gave him just time to get washed up and to keep his evening engagements. On this particular night it must have been a very pressing engagement indeed, for when the yard boss asked Billings to take a cut of fifteen cars down to the local freight house, a mile or two away, the engineer's mouth drew down as he pulled out his watch. Five-fifty-two. Billings could never make the run to the freight house and back without being late for his date. He did not say that. Instead he gently murmured something about the water in his tender being too low. And there was a way freight on the track that led beside the water crane.

"All right," said Billings' yardmaster. "Let it go, then. We'll get them down to-night."

But before Billings could pull out his throttle and begin to whistle Tipperary the yardmaster, who was something of a Harun-al-Rashid in his own way, stuck his walking stick down into the tank. When he drew it out again he marked with his penknife the dividing line between wet and dry. And that night, while Billings was watching the movies, the boss was taking his engine with fifteen cars from the outside yard to the local freight house and back, just to see what twenty-eight inches in the tank really would do. When the engineer of the "switcher" came up upon the carpet next week a "sea lawyer" faced a wise judge who toyed with a walking stick upon which high water had been scratched. And Billings took his medicine like the good soldier and good railroader that he was.

"ALL'S FAIR"

(Continued from Page 11)

Sarah had heard a great deal and read a great deal about this hostelry in the past ten days, and she knew it was a hotel, and that it was to be opened on the very day the great Fair was opened.

But from the interior appearance of the place itself no such cheering deductions would have been possible. The confusion that had reigned among the lath-and-plaster structures of the Zone was as a dream of peace and order beside the utter fury of excitement that was raging here. A seething, churning mass of men and women surged about the immense entrance hall; a sort of planked niche at the back, where the word "Office" scrawled on a sheet of paper was pinned on the wall, seemed to be the center of excitement. The floor, tracked by thousands of muddy shoes, was unpainted; the rough concrete stairways that swept up at left and right were also bare and dirty, and the elevators were indicated only by rough boards upon which was scratched the warning: "Danger. Keep Off."

Working their way between the plumbers, painters, carpenters and glaziers, between expressmen delivering trunks and draymen dragging in crated beds and bureaus, were prospective patrons of the hotel, impatient men and critical women, who had engaged their rooms three or four weeks ago, and who were, perhaps naturally, somewhat anxious to be reassured as to getting them. Baggage was piling up casually here and there, two or three telephones, temporarily attached to the unpainted desk, tingled incessantly.

Sarah looked about for a seat. There was a heap of green benches in the room, but they were tied together with rope. So she went idly up the stairs and looked about the hallways. Here were more bare floors, doors were open on all sides into empty bedrooms, square as boxes, and furnished only by window-curtains and rugs. The long, narrow halls were lined with beds and bureaus, herded carelessly together, with chairs still wrapped in paper and little tables piled high upon each other. Plumbers hammered and shouted in the bathrooms, the sockets for electric bulbs were still empty, the little washstands needed sandsoap and hot water. Rope, excelsior, sacking and great sheets of brown paper strewed the halls, with odds and ends of cut lead pipe, boxes full of straw and broken glass, and the poles on which rugs had been rolled.

"Lord, they have got their work cut out for them, sure enough," mused Sarah, sitting down with a sense of exquisite relief upon a roll of red hall carpeting. She freed one heel from the pressure of her slipper and glanced at a workingman's red leather lunchbox, set inconspicuously inside a nearby doorway, with vague speculation as to its probable contents at four o'clock in the afternoon. A nice-looking woman, tired, harassed and hurried, came down the hall and glanced at Sarah apologetically.

"Waiting for your room?" she asked pleasantly. She failed to hear Sarah's murmured negative and hurriedly went on: "We're doing what we can, as you see. We expect to have three hundred people in the house to-night and six hundred or more to-morrow! And we've just had one delay after another. Nobody would have dreamed there would be such a rush for rooms! What with weather setting the plastering back, and the Eastern freights being held up by storms—well, it's been something terrible! And I'm nearly distracted to-day; I don't see how I'm going to get linen into all these bathrooms, and all these beds made up. We'll be lucky if we get the beds in. And what with everyone being in such a hurry—and nobody really being what you'd call an old hand at this sort of thing and two of my girls dropping out this morning ——"

A glorious past of Broadway and its lights, and the Hippodrome, and her diving act in a trim suit of green spangles, fell away from Evelyn Giles. She was merely a hungry, tired, homeless young human being, into whose darkness the thought of a comfortable bed, a hot meal, and a heart free from the pressure of debt crept like a shaft of light.

"What do you pay a girl, f' instance?" asked Sarah Gilfoyle.

Night fell, and the shops closed in the city, and San Francisco put out its walking shoes, and took a last look at its badges and went rejoicing to bed. But the great arm of the aëroscope still made its ponderous, experimental journeys, and hammers still rang in the Zone, motor cars still honked up and down the Avenue of Palms, and experimental shafts of light moved over the lucent beauty of the Tower of Jewels.

And at the Inside Inn there was no sleep for anyone, least of all for that human dynamo concealed in the slender form and under the golden coronet of Sarah Gilfoyle. Sarah had never had so much fun in her life. It was so exciting, it was so novel, it was so gratifying. Sarah flew about with armloads of sheets; she jumped on chairs to screw in electric bulbs; she sat at a small table stamping towels with the energy of a little demon. Sarah won plumbers by the round, childlike eyes that emphasized her entreaties; she rewarded carpenters with demure smiles; she put so dauntless a little shoulder to obdurate bureaus and beds that large expressmen were proud to relieve her with their own big muscles. Sarah flew to answer complaints, promised the impossible, accomplished it, pocketed tips with the aplomb of a born chambermaid.

At seven o'clock the next morning Sarah and Mrs. Carter had coffee—like elixir it tasted—in the room behind the kitchen, with rolls and butter and eggs and chops and waffles, and then Sarah climbed into a very new bed, between very new sheets, reached for a pillow that as yet had no slip, and fell into the sweetest, deepest sleep she had known in California. Mrs. Carter came to look at her now and then, afraid this new miracle-worker would vanish.

"It's a crime to work you so, dearie," said the elder woman that afternoon, when there was a second's breathing space.

"It isn't a patch on the way I'm accustomed to work, between rehearsals and two performances a day," Sarah said simply. "And besides, the pay is all velvet, and it looks as if I'd make as much again out of tips. Everyone seems so generous. I don't suppose I'd be specially stuck on having some of my friends know what I was doing"—her thoughts fled toward Mr. Hugh Cunningham for a brief second—"but I guess it wouldn't do me no hurt if they did!"

"Before your friends get on to it you'll be assistant housekeeper," prophesied Mrs. Carter, eying with great satisfaction the cleared hall in which they happened to be standing. "Take it all in all, we hadn't what you would call no complaints at all this morning," she went on, "and Forrest knows how we've been working, and he won't forget it. Now you run down, dearie, and see if you can get any report on them trunks for the lady in the double suite, and then we'll get right at those back rooms."

Sarah tripped duly down to the desk, which presented a neat appearance now. The great entrance hall was orderly, rugs were spread, shades drawn, big chairs set about at inviting angles. The elevators were running regularly, there were even flowers about.

"Go ask that feller in there," said the desk clerk, indicating the baggage room with a jerk of his head, in answer to her inquiries. "He's the limit for remembering everything, and if he says they haven't come you can take his word for it."

Sarah, approaching the trunk-hidden entrance to the baggage room, was framing a polite request, when the baggage man, clad in blue linen and grimy but cheerful as to countenance, rose up before her. She found herself looking into the somewhat shamefaced eyes of Mr. Hugh Cunningham.

"Ain't this the most wonderful place you ever were in?" Hugh asked luxuriously. He and Sarah were doing the Zone, and had stopped in a small restaurant for refreshments. The Fair was ten days old now, but the miracle of it still held San Francisco, and tens of thousands of men and women still surged up and down the wide streets of the Jewel City in rapt content.

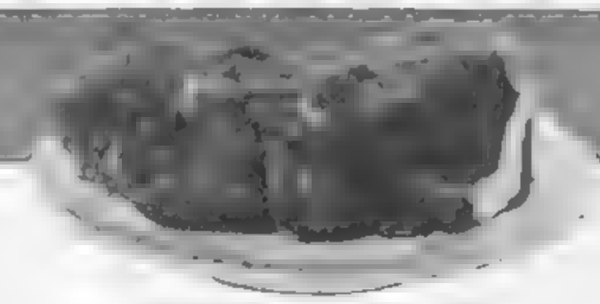
It was early in the evening, and against a dark blue sky the unearthly beauty of the Tower gleamed and flashed. The lagoons and fountains, under their cream and blue and apricot arches, bubbled with iridescent color. From the Court of the Universe came the strains of an orchestra. In a world where war still held its terrible sway, this wonderland lay tranquil, a monument to peace.

Hugh and Sarah felt something of this, and in their own way they expressed it.

Contains 1305 Energy-Producing Food Units

This Raisin Pie

has exactly 2¼ times the Food Value contained in



Contains 580 Food Units

—this pound of lean beef!

Serve More of this Fruit-Food

Think over these facts when you prepare your meals—ten foods that appear on your table almost daily provide astonishingly less body-fuel than raisins.

18 eggs costing 54 cents have the same food value as one pound of Sun-Maid Raisins costing not over 15c. Raisins are as nutritious as beans. Raisins, seven times as nutritious as lamb chops, cost less than one-half as much.

How to Serve

Add Sun-Maid Raisins to your breakfast foods.

Or just serve stewed raisins with cream in the morning. That is healthful and delicious.

Serve in puddings, in cakes, in bread, in sauces. Raisins are concentrated nutriment. You will use five times as many when you know all the facts.

California SUN-MAID RAISINS

The Fruit-Food

Sun-Maid Raisins are made from the choicest, tenderest, most delicious California grapes—kinds too delicate to ship. We select from the cream of the crop and *sun-cure* them in the open vineyards. They taste like confections. Yet they cost no more than common raisins do.

Write for 52 Recipes

We have printed 52 prize raisin recipes in a beautiful book, sent free for your dealer's name. Learn the possibilities. Send now for the book.

Ask your dealer for the Sun Maid package. He can easily get it from his jobber if he hasn't it now in stock.

There are three kinds—*Seeded* (seeds extracted); *Seedless* (from seedless grapes); *Cluster* (on stems, not seeded)—to serve as dessert with nuts.

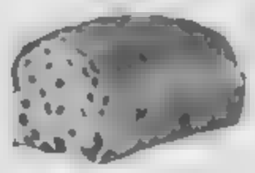
All Food Values based on Government Statistics as contained in U. S. Bulletin No. 28.

1 lb. Package—Price not over 15c

Big 7½-lb. Carton Sent Direct, $1.00

If your dealer can't supply you with this big special package send us $1.00 for it. It is nearly the size of a suit box. It contains all 3 kinds of Sun-Maid Raisins—7½ lbs. net. We will send it, prepaid, to your nearest express office (if in U. S.). This box will show you what you can do with Sun-Maid Raisins.

California Associated Raisin Co.
415-A Madison Street, Fresno, Cal.

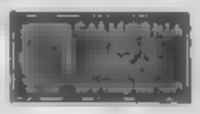


Your Baker

is probably one of thousands with whom we have made arrangements for the baking of a special raisin bread after a prize recipe which we furnish.

Ask him to send you a loaf to try.

The genuine bears this label, which means that the baker has put his very best materials into it.



This recipe and these raisins make one of the most delicious and most healthful foods ever served on your table. Try the bread and see.

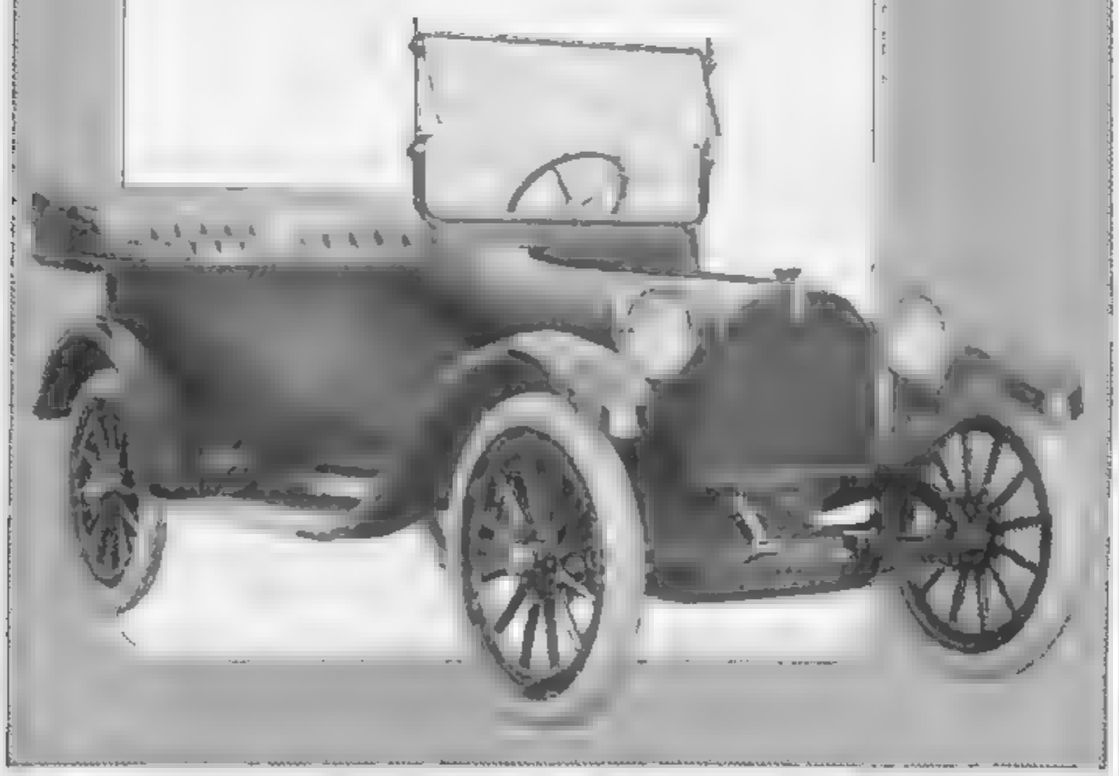
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Cross-country touring brings no sense of weariness or fatigue.

The car's unusual roominess, the depth and softness of the real leather upholstering, the buoyancy of the springs and the design of the seats, together with the quiet running of the powerful motor, make one unmindful of distance.

The wheelbase is 110 inches
The price of the car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



"They're the limit, these people," Sarah said enthusiastically.

"They said they'd get their Fair open on Saturday, and they did! I never heard anything like it! I was doing something or other in one of the rooms, and I said to Mrs. Carter: 'What's all that noise?' 'Why,' she says, 'it's seven o'clock that's the whistles! People are getting into line to march into the Fair!' 'Well,' I says, 'but it ain't ready yet!' I says. 'I saw the Zone yesterday morning ' 'You ought to have seen it this morning, then,' she says, laughing; 'you wouldn't know it!' 'Well,' I says, 'I don't see how they did it!' 'No, Sarah,' she says, 'and I don't neither, but I know what you and I have done here, and that's something to do, too, believe me! I saw all San Francisco,' she says, 'nine years ago, turned out into the street, dragging their trunks with them as they went, with the smoke and soot blowing over them, and the ground under their feet rocking; and I saw them sit round and cook in the streets for a while, and then start in to build their houses again! And,' she says, 'when they says they was going to have a Fair opened here on a certain day, you bet they done it!' Well, I went to one of the upstairs hall windows," continued Sarah, "and I looked out at the gate and watched the crowd pour in—men, women and children, all so tickled with themselves and their Fair that they could hardly keep their feet on the ground! It looked just like they felt that they had blotted out all the past, and had the smartest and cleanest and prettiest city in the world again! We went up to the Zone for a minute to see the crowd that night, and believe me, it looked like it had been there ten years. And all the buildings were cleaned up and lighted, and everything seemed to be working! Well, I don't know what I've got tears in my eyes for," finished Sarah, laughing a little uncertainly; "but I like these folks—me for them!"

"Same here," Hugh agreed thoughtfully. "You bet little old San Francisco is there with the goods."

"We'll just about see everything there is, and it won't cost us a cent either," said Sarah contentedly. "Why, you and I haven't hardly begun yet, and we've been out every night. I took just a look at the Zone Sunday, and you and I were going straight there to-night, and look at how far we've got!

"I saw those poor Diving Girls yesterday," went on Sarah thoughtfully. "My heart does ache for those girls. Cold and wet, and working all the time, and what do they get out of it? A little more money, maybe, but they've got to pay for their own food. There's nothing in it, believe me!"

"When you work in a place like a hotel," Hugh pursued sententiously, "you're giving the public something it's got to have, and your market is always there. With an act you don't know where you are. I'd like to run a little place of my own some day ——"

"You bet I would, if I was a man!" Sarah answered enthusiastically.

There was a silence. The Tower twinkled and blazed, supreme against the sky. A subdued murmur of laughter and chatter formed an undertone to the distant music. The Bay lapped at the Marina; colored lights played over the white shafts of buildings and the clean rise of great arches.

"We haven't seen the lions yet, have we?" Hugh presently asked.

Sarah laughed.

"What set you thinking of the lions?" she countered. "Not but what I want to see 'em," she added; "I do love lions. I used to be in an act with a lion once—old Jupey. My, how I liked that old feller!"

"I was thinking," said Hugh, with a little-boy look of mingled shame and earnestness that Sarah had already come to look for and like, "that they offer, up in the lion concession—of course there's no rush about it, because the Fair'll run for ten months—but they offer five hundred dollars to any couple who'll go into the cage with the trainer and be married there!" Hugh cleared his throat and laughed. "What do you know about that?" he asked with a great voice, but with nervous eyes on Sarah.

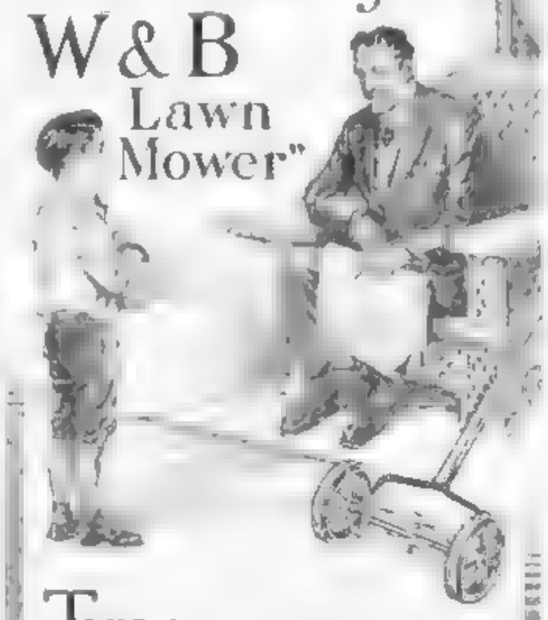
Sarah crushed a French pastry with an embarrassed fork and did not answer.

"I bet you a hundred they keep their money," Hugh said hastily.

But Sarah looked up and smiled.

"No takers!" said she gayly. "I'm not much on betting anyway!" She jumped up. "Come on, Hugh," said she, "I've got to get back; the alarm clock has something to say to me at six-thirty these days. Don't you worry; there's time for 'most anything to happen before the end of the Fair!"

"Dad wants your W & B Lawn Mower"



THIS is a common practice where the Lawn Mower in question is a "W. & B." and the borrower is the owner of a poor machine, as no other lawn mower runs more satisfactorily, cuts more evenly and closely, or requires less attention than the

"W Easy Running AND Clean Cutting B"
Lawn Mowers

They are simple in construction and embody many distinctive features, such as ball-bearings, self-sharpening adjustment, etc., which result in easy operation and long service.

Ask Your Dealer

or write us direct for FREE interesting booklet telling how to select a lawn mower best suited to your needs.

THE WHITMAN & BARNES MFG. CO.
Established 1854. General Offices, Akron, Ohio

Boston Garter
Mist Grip

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

Men who wear the better things for the satisfaction they afford, buy the silk Boston Garter at 50 cents

GEORGE FROST CO. MAKERS . BOSTON

"It's Time To Mend Your Ways"

Bad Roads are made Good Roads in the best and easiest way with a

GLIDE

GRADER-LEVELER-DITCHER
THE 1-MAN 2-HORSE MACHINE

Made in 2 sizes
No. 1—Weight 750 lbs.
No. 3—Weight 1300 lbs.
Shipped on Free Trial

A Real Road Machine—A Demonstrated Success

Write us TO-DAY for Our New Catalogue and Free Trial Order Blank.

Glide Road Machine Co., 580 Heron St., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Better Way Is Bran

You who suffer dull days should eat bran. This Nature's laxative is better far than drugs. Eat it thrice a week.

Don't eat clear bran. That's not inviting. You will never keep it up. Eat it hidden in a tempting morning dainty.

In Pettijohn's, we roll 25 per cent of tender bran into luscious soft-wheat flakes. The bran is unground, so it's efficient. It is tender, so it isn't gritty. It's a most delicious way to serve bran.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago. (855)

With Odds of 100,000 to 1— Will you take a Chance?

They tell me two million people buy this publication; that undoubtedly ten million see it; and that likely a good many thousand read this page.

It's a gaspy sort of feeling you have when you write to so many friends at once. Just think of the ghastly proportions of the wee-est little fib, multiplied ten million times!

You know how it felt when the teacher went out of the room at examination time, saying—"On Honor now, Boys." And how anybody who cribbed while she was gone was more than likely to get his head punched at recess!

Well, writing these pages makes *me* feel as though the whole ten million of you were teachers,—and had just gone out of the room!

I can't crib!

I promised to tell you the truth about Master-Pictures every week, and ***here's one I haven't even seen.***

Maybe it's just an ordinary moving picture. But do you think the Reliance Motion Picture Corporation,—which produced ***"The Outlaw's Revenge," "The Outcast"*** and ***"A Man and His Mate"*** in the Master-Picture Series,—could make an ordinary one? I don't.

Maybe it's badly acted. But do you believe Robert Edeson and Mary Alden, and the rest, would act it badly? I don't.

Before I can get a glimpse of that picture, it will have cost me and my associates a good deal more than a hundred thousand times as much as it will cost ***you*** to see it.

Will you take a chance with me? At 100,000 to 1?

This Master-Picture is called

A Man's Prerogative.

It is a four-reel Reliance production.

It will be shown in a theatre near you this week.

Griffith, the great producer, said to me, "Aitken—it's a fine picture; one of the best; a big subject, handled in a big way. Why, man,"—he said, "It fair burns you to look at it."

But then,—Griffith had seen the picture.

By the time you read this I shall have seen it, too.

How long can ***you*** WAIT to see it?

"Take off your hats to your Vice-President,— to Captain Macklin, Vice-President of Honduras"

Richard Harding Davis is, I suppose, the best news reporter on earth. When you read him you feel, somehow, as though you were ***there.***

At least,—I feel that way.

And I suppose that is one reason "Captain Macklin" makes such a crackling Master-Picture.

It is just ***facts*** that happen very, very fast.

From the day he was stripped of his uniform at West Point until the people were cheering him as Vice-President of Honduras was less than two months. And, as was every day of the life he led, so every inch of the film that tells it is crowded with action and intrigue and action.

A fine looking young fellow—fresh from West Point; two lovely girls (one just a bit ***too*** lovely perhaps), uniforms (some pretty badly battered), Gatlings, half breeds, blazing plazas, the swing and glitter of Romance and War,—doesn't it make your blood tingle to think of it?

You know the prickly feeling that runs up and down your spine when a hundred-piece Regimental Band comes blaring and booming by—even in a parade?

Well,—you feel like that, only more so, when you go to see

Captain Macklin,—a four-reel Majestic,—by Richard Harding Davis.

You can see it most any day now—so watch the newspapers.

And meantime say to your nearest theatre: "I want to see

Mutual Master-Pictures"

American Film Manufacturing Company
Majestic Motion Picture Corporation
New York Motion Picture Corporation
Reliance Motion Picture Corporation
Thanhouser Film Corporation

MUTUAL MASTER-PICTURES

Sincerely,

H. E. Aitken

President
MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, *New York*

What Put the Crank Out of Business?

Many an owner gives little thought to the storage battery on which his starting and lighting system is absolutely dependent—even less than he used to give to that old iron crank which caused him so much perspiration and vexation.

Yet what an interesting as well as important part of the car is this source of the electric impulse that lights his way and thrills his motor into a thing of life and power!

The battery is more like the human organism than any other part of the automobile. It is chemical—not mechanical. Like your body, it is ever undergoing a process of silent transformation—growing stronger or weaker. It does not "store" electricity, it creates it, by the chemical changes in its elements, which are again restored to full vigor and good health—by running your car.

You can't tell from the outward appearance of a battery whether it is dependable or not. *But you can trust the combined judgment of 85 per cent of the makers of electrically equipped cars.*

After every possible test of all makes of batteries, these car builders depend on Willard Batteries for the efficiency of their starting and lighting systems.

The Only Tool You Need

Every owner of an electrically equipped car needs a hydrometer syringe. It is the only means of accurately knowing the condition of your battery's charge. If not already part of your car equipment we will ship postpaid from Cleveland, on receipt of a dollar bill. Book containing full instructions for use will be sent with hydrometer.

Over 275 Expert Service Stations

All over the country you'll find these stations. Every one has battery experts in charge and complete equipment and facilities for expert service. When your battery needs attention, when you need repairs or renewals be on the safe side and trust the judgment of the overwhelming majority of car builders. We'll gladly send complete list of service stations at your request

A Book That Tells the Whole Story

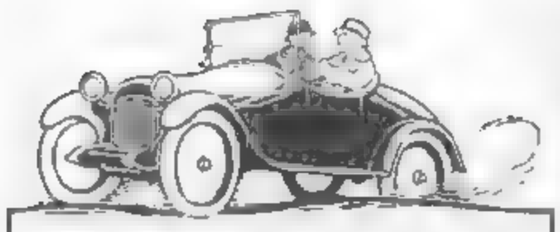
Send for free book A-3, "*Your Storage Battery*, and [illegible] it." It also [illegible] of all Willard Service Stations and a list of cars that use Willard Batteries

Service Stations in all principal cities. There are some real opportunities open for men who have the expert knowledge and complete facilities to give the kind of service demanded by Willard Standards

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
General Offices and Works, Cleveland

NEW YORK: 226–230 W. 58th Street
CHICAGO: 2524–2530 So. Wabash Avenue
DETROIT: 736–740 Woodward Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO: 821 Monadnock Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS: 318 North Illinois Street

Willard STORAGE BATTERY



George: "How is it your car runs so much easier than mine when we both have the same car?"

Harry: "Because I use HAVOLINE OIL. It Makes A Difference. When you stop experimenting and use HAVOLINE you'll get the same satisfactory results that I get."

George: "Does your garageman recommend it?"

Harry: "Certainly! And it's approved by 275 out of 300 leading automobile manufacturers, because in the end it costs less than many inferior oils, gives you greater mileage, less carbon and longer service from your engine. You know my repair bills are half of what yours are."

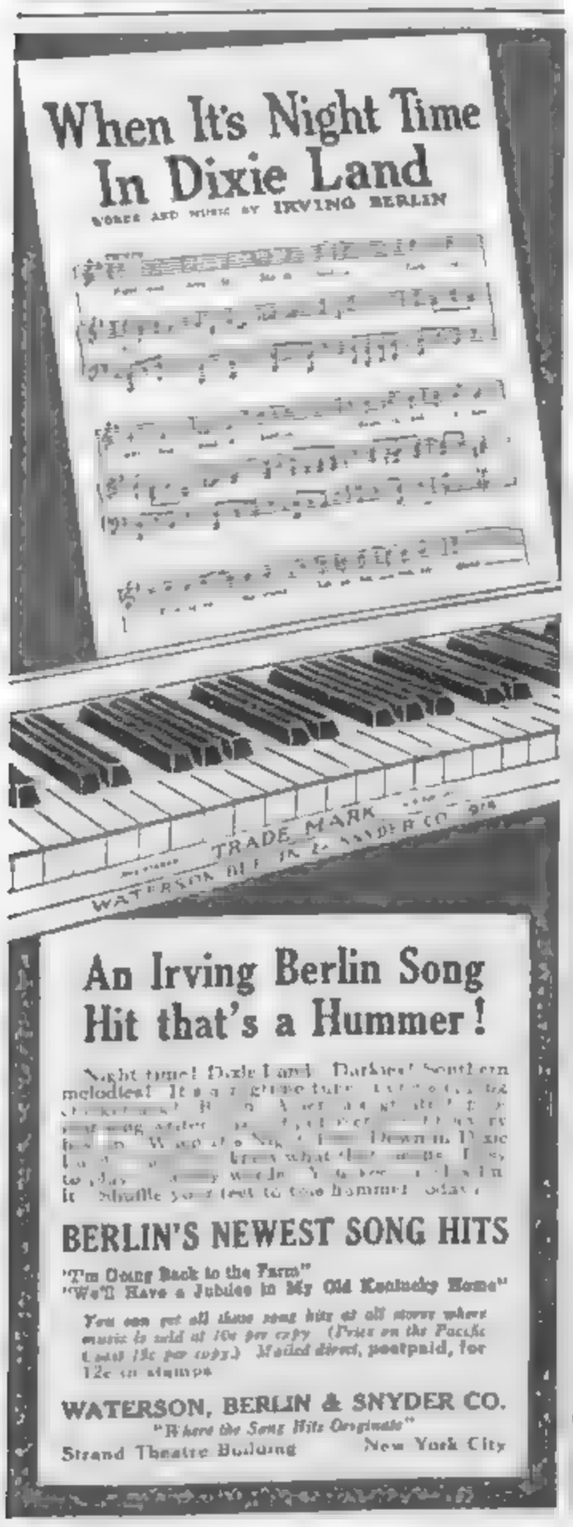
George: "Well, this ride convinces me. Stop at the garage on your way back and I'll order HAVOLINE."

For sale by all garages and general stores selling auto supplies, in the famous blue-and-white can with the inner seal.

The Havoline lubrication booklet mailed *free* upon request. Just address

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
17 Battery Place, Dept. A, New York

HAVOLINE OIL
It Makes a Difference



An Irving Berlin Song Hit that's a Hummer!

Night time! Dixie Land! Darkies! Southern melodies! It's a [illegible]

BERLIN'S NEWEST SONG HITS

"I'm Going Back to the Farm"
"We'll Have a Jubilee in My Old Kentucky Home"

You can get all these song hits at all stores where music is sold at 10c per copy. (Prices on the Pacific Coast 15c per copy.) Mailed direct, postpaid, for 12c in stamps.

WATERSON, BERLIN & SNYDER CO.
"Where the Song Hits Originate"
Strand Theatre Building New York City

A CAKE IN THE FOURTEENTH ROUND

(Continued from Page 13)

He was silent for days following. He rarely spoke. Even the tremendous excitement that descended suddenly on Ward A failed to move him; it seemed, in fact, to deepen his gloom.

This excitement was caused by the news that Dumb Dan Allen had spent a day with the manager of the featherweight champion. As a result Cyclone Tommy Dugan would meet the champion in a twenty-round battle. It would take place in San Francisco. The champion was guaranteed twenty thousand dollars—win, lose or draw—and sixty per cent of the moving pictures. Tommy would take the leavings.

But what did that matter? Ward A became afflicted with a sort of suppressed frenzy. Even Spiegel was affected at last. He decided to receive the returns of the fight over the telephone.

III

"THE bell in a minute, kid," said Dumb Dan Allen. "Now remember—get in close an' stay there! Keep workin' at his guts. He'll try to make you box. If you fall for it—it's curtains."

Cyclone Tommy Dugan nodded vaguely. He was no longer in a world where words counted. His manager and the thousands all about him might be conscious of the soft California sunshine and the blue sky above; but he was alone, with one other, in a sphere that was impregnable to skies and sunshine and mere words. He looked across the ring at the featherweight champion. He did not want advice, but the staccato clang of the gong. The one hundred and fifteen pounds of him was weak with waiting.

When the bell rang at last he did not remember hearing it. He must have come out of his corner with a rush, for a left hook shot round his neck, and next they were clinched on the ropes in the champion's corner.

"Back up, you boob!" whispered the champion in his ear. "Stick in front of the picture machine an' I'll letcha stay ten rounds."

"Th' hell you will, you big stiff!" hissed Tommy; and the first round, to borrow from the reporters, was a whirlwind affair.

The telegraph operator for the Associated Press watched it dispassionately. He was sending the fight round by round as it broke. At last he lowered his eyes from the ring, and finished his send with:

"Dugan puts left to stomach at the bell." He hesitated an instant and then tacked on: "Dugan's round."

The Los Angeles Times man heard him and looked up from his typewriter.

"I called it even," he said.

The Associated Press man yawned.

"Oh, I dunno! He's a right good kid. How long do you think he'll last?"

"Eight or ten rounds, maybe," said the Times man. "He covers up pretty good."

Fifty-one minutes and forty seconds later the Associated Press man found himself standing in his chair. He was joining his voice to the roar of twenty thousand other maniacs who surged about a raised square of roped-off canvas. He sat down sheepishly at his instrument.

"Well, wouldn't that jar you?" he said to nobody in particular. Then his fingers pressed the key, and "Dugan wins in fourteenth by K. O." sped East along the wires.

Three thousand miles away, in Spiegel's Place, there was barely room to crook an elbow. It was necessary to make heroic efforts at the "Gangway, gents!" of two perspiring waiters. Spiegel was not behind his dripping bar that day. He occupied a more important post. He stood at the telephone.

The telephone bell rang and the room grew quiet.

"Ya; dis iss Spiegul's. . . . Ya; I'm talking mid you—go aheat! . . . Rount twelf. . . . Ya! Dey—meed in—Doogan's—gorner. . . . Ya! De—champeen—puds—ride—left—to—chin. . . . Ya! He—vollows—mit—shtiff—ride—to—shtummick. . . . Ya! Dey—clinch bud—break—ad order of de reveree. Ya! . . . Vot's de matter mit you? Vere haf you gone? Vot iss id? . . . A flash hass gome? . . . Vell, led's haf id. . . . Go aheat mit id! Doogan—vins—in vourteenth!—py knuck-owd!!"

Spiegel dropped the receiver, turned and raised both hands.

Visiting the California Expositions?

A fire-proof structure costing over $2,000,000

A glimpse of the lobby

Send for these free booklets

JUST over the Bay from the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Key Route ferry line direct from the Hotel to the Exposition grounds—a delightful trip across beautiful, ever-changing San Francisco Bay.

HOTEL OAKLAND
Oakland, California

HOTEL OAKLAND offers a pleasurable combination of quiet luxury and homelike comfort, flavored with the true Californian spirit of cordial hospitality. Occupies an entire city block overlooking the Bay, Lake Merritt, and the Piedmont Hills. 500 rooms (all outside), 80 per cent of which have private bath. Service and cuisine unexcelled anywhere in America. Ideally located for motoring parties, with complete garage facilities at very reasonable rates.

No "Exposition Prices"

The rates are surprisingly low compared with other hotels appealing to the same discriminating patronage. European plan only.

Rooms	Private Bath	Detached Bath
One person, per day . .	$2.00	$1.50 } and
Two persons, per day .	3.50	2.50 } up.
Corner suites, per day .	8.00 to 14.00	

Two desirable booklets—"California Automobile Tours," with valuable touring map and beautiful illustrations; and "Hotel Oakland," with detailed map of country around San Francisco and full hotel information—*sent free*. Write Victor Reiter, Manager, Hotel Oakland, Oakland, Cal. Cable address OAKTEL.

Reliance
"Spark-in-Water" Spark Plug.

Can't Short Circuit

The porcelain is *baked around* a very fine *platinum* wire with just the *tip* brought flush with the porcelain.

The current driven through so fine a wire is so intensified that it delivers an extremely hot, scouring spark.

The spark is so hot that it actually *consumes* the moisture, oil, soot, carbon, etc., which would ordinarily collect on a plug and cause short circuiting.

The Champion Reliance "Spark-in-Water" Plug is self-cleaning and absolutely cannot be short circuited.

Price $1.00
[illegible] Moisture, [illegible] not interfere with its operation. Needs no hood

Price $1.25
Gives maximum [illegible] and greatest economy with magneto.
Especially adapted to oily motors, as it absolutely will not foul from oil.

For Motor Cars Too

In any gasoline motor where the spark plugs "foul" and short circuit, use Champion Reliance Plugs.

See your dealer, or write direct to us.

Over 75% of all [illegible] engine [illegible] are equipped [illegible] Champion Spark Plugs [illegible] a substantial [illegible] made after [illegible] of many [illegible] determined expert [illegible] Insist on Champions.

DEALERS:—Our 1915 Profit-sharing Agreement is sure to interest you. Write today.

Champion Spark Plug Company, 102 Avondale Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

Showers, indoors and out, cannot injure Valspar—

Suppose the children *do* spill water on the floor!

Suppose the rain *does* beat on the door and porch!

There is no need to worry, if these surfaces are varnished with Valspar—for it is the absolutely waterproof varnish.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Water or other liquids cannot hurt Valspar in the slightest.

When you have Valspar on your woodwork and furniture, varnish worry is banished forever.

The Valsparred bathroom can be splashed without danger—the drippings and accidents of the kitchen have no effect on Valspar—hot dishes cannot mark a sideboard finished with Valspar, nor spilled liquids spot a Valsparred table.

You keep Valspar new and clean by washing it—not rubbing it with oils or polishes—but washing it with soap and water, *boiling hot water if you like.*

Ask your friends who have used Valspar, and see how well *they* like it.

Special Offer

For ten cents in stamps, to cover cost of mailing and package, we will send you sufficient Valspar to cover a small table or chair so you can test its durability and our claims that it is absolutely waterproof.

VALENTINE & COMPANY 458 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY
Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON TORONTO PARIS AMSTERDAM
VALENTINE'S VARNISHES
W. P. FULLER & COMPANY San Francisco Agents for Pacific Slope
Established 1832

"Poys! Poys!" he said. "He's done id! . . . Leedle Tommy Doogan!"

Hours later, when the tumult and the shouting had died, Spiegel sat on his high stool behind the bar in a sort of daze. His daughter Lena tripped down the stairs and touched him on the arm.

"It's time to lock up, father," she said in a voice that sang and bubbled.

Spiegel gave the girl a long and troubled look.

"I know," he said at last, "vot id iss dot mages your cheeks so! Bud listen—id iss nod de same yed vot id vass. He iss nod leedle Tommy Doogan, whose pands I have gigged already for shwiping bretzels. He iss now de Champeen of de Vorld; und you-vell, ve haf only a leedle saloon. He vill not gome evenings und boke his red head in de door und say: 'Vere iss Lena?' He vill nod ——"

His daughter put a soft palm over his mouth.

"Hush, foolish one!" she said in German and drew forth a telegram from a certain place.

The paper was warm to Spiegel's touch. He put on his spectacles and read:

"He was easy! Home Tuesday. Have big cake made. TOMMY."

"So!" said Spiegel, nodding. "Vell, he iss a goot poy. Vy does he shpeak abowd a gake?"

But Lena snatched the telegram from him and fled.

Power From Coasting

RUNNING trains slowly down mountain grades in the Rockies will actually help push other trains up the mountains, fifty miles away, by the new electric operation of one of the transcontinental railroads over the Great Divide. Every train that goes up will use up electricity. Every train that goes down will manufacture electricity and send it to the help of the up trains. Equally clever is the fact that the manufacturing of electricity by the down trains forms the brake which prevents them from going too fast.

The electrification of more than four hundred miles of main line in Montana and Idaho is now being completed. Electric power is easily obtained in the neighborhood from mountain streams; and, so long as electricity can be made or bought cheaply, it is particularly applicable to that section, because it will make it possible to haul longer trains up the heavy grades.

The armature of an electric motor revolves if electricity is sent into it. If the armature of an electric generator is revolved it generates electricity. The same machine can be used as a motor or as a generator. That is the simple principle which will be used on these trains.

When the train goes up the mountain the electric motor uses electricity taken from overhead wires. When the train goes downhill no brakes will be applied, but the momentum of the train will cause the wheels of the motor-generator to revolve, and will produce electricity, which will be sent out on the overhead wires. It takes more power to turn the armature of a generator which is making current than that of one which is not; hence the motor, now running as a dynamo, acts as a powerful brake on the train.

Of course the faster the train goes downhill the more electricity it will make; but tests have shown that the generator will act as an automatic brake to prevent the train from going too fast. Ordinary air brakes will, of course, be available on all the trains, but it is not expected that they will need to be used except to stop the train.

The down trains, all together, will manufacture a large amount of electricity, but not nearly sufficient to supply the up trains. They will, however, save much of the power ordinarily wasted by the brakes of trains going down grades.

-Made where the figs grow—
CALIFORNIA – the Exposition State

—This typical remembrance that visitors will carry to friends at home is sold in your town.

—A fig confection, a novel package, a goodness, a fascination that you will find only in CALARAB from California.

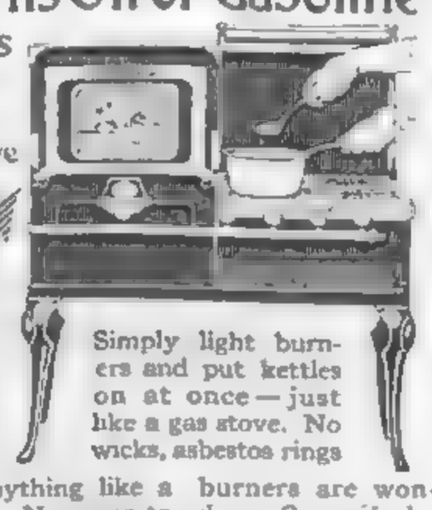
If you cannot buy from your dealer, send 30c in stamps for full-sized prepaid package Calarab or Calapricot.

BISHOP & COMPANY
New York No. 1 Hudson St. Los Angeles Chicago 241 Monadnock Bldg

30c —Pound Box

-burns Oil or Gasoline

Works like a Gas Stove



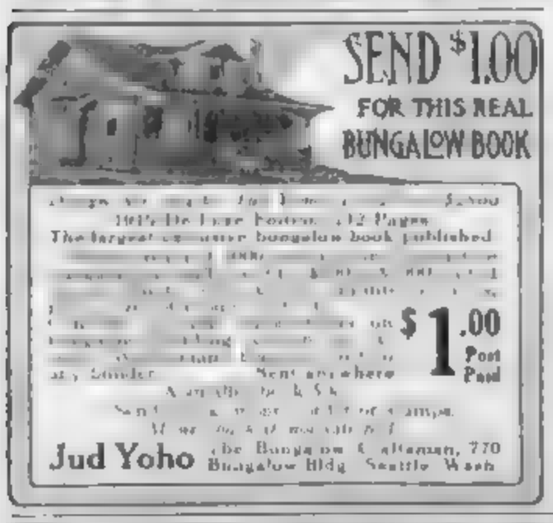
Simply light burners and put kettles on at once—just like a gas stove. No wicks, asbestos rings or anything like a wick. No pipes to connect. Place the stove in any part of the kitchen and it is ready to cook on. Much cheaper than wood or coal. Our patented giant burners are wonders. Some dealer near you sells Detroit Vapor Stoves. Write today for free book J 6. Shows latest styles and sizes selling from $10 up.

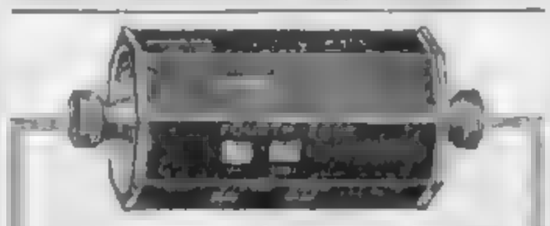
The Detroit Vapor Stove Co.
Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT VAPOR STOVES
Burn Oil or Gasoline

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for List of Inventions and "How to get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search
BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.





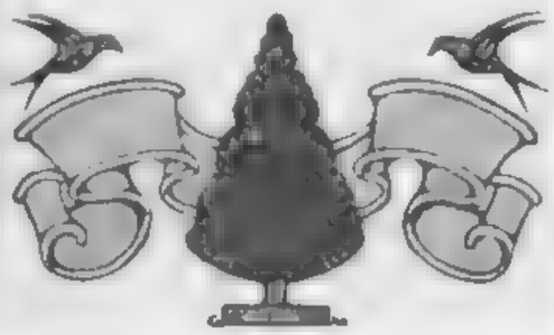
If you use the parcel post you need this Stewart Postometer [rate indicator]. Complete with map and zone gauge, only one dollar. Saves time, trouble, mistakes, delays. Gives any rate and all necessary information in an instant. A dropper's necessity. Etched brass—four inches long. Get one today—from Stewart Mfg. Co., 10 Wells St. Bridge, Chicago—or at your dealer's. In open territory dealers and **Agents Wanted**

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

No matter where you live, you can open a Savings Account at 4% compound interest with this bank—the Oldest and Largest Trust Company in Ohio, with assets of Over FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS.

Why not send TODAY for our free booklet "M" explaining fully our system of receiving deposits by mail?

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO
CLEVELAND, OHIO



VENUS PENCILS
FOR PERFECT SATISFACTION
Made in 17 degrees to suit all requirements; also 3 copying degrees. Write on letterhead for free trial sample.
New York

EVINRUDE

DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTORS

CLAMP an Evinrude to the stern of *any* rowboat and you have a speedy motorboat. Think of it! This wonderful little marine motor enables you to instantly convert any kind of craft –rowboat, sailboat, houseboat or canoe –into a power boat. It drives a rowboat at the rate of 7 to 8 miles an hour—a canoe 10 to 12 miles an hour and runs four hours on less than a gallon of gasoline.

SO LIGHT you can carry it with you anywhere as easily as you carry a valise. So strong that it is practically unbreakable. So simple that women and children have no difficulty in operating it the first time they try. It starts by giving the flywheel a quarter turn and is stopped by pressing a push button. Make up your mind now to take an Evinrude with you on your vacation this summer—and enjoy yourself as never before.

Let us send you (free of course) a handsomely illustrated booklet describing this wonderful little marine motor that numbers among its users—Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole; Stefansson, the explorer; Theodore Roosevelt, who purchased two Evinrudes for his South American expedition; the Governments of 22 countries, including the United States; and thousands of sportsmen and pleasure-seekers in all parts of the civilized world.

There is an EVINRUDE dealer in your town—we'll send you his name on request. Just say "Mail me a copy of your booklet and tell me where I can see an EVINRUDE."

The Evinrude is as carefully designed and constructed as the finest automobile engine and can be operated by anyone—man, woman or child—without previous experience.

The Evinrude is made by the world's largest manufacturers of detachable rowboat motors and sells at a price that puts it easily within reach of all. Write to-day for booklet describing the 1915 model—the last word in portable marine motors.

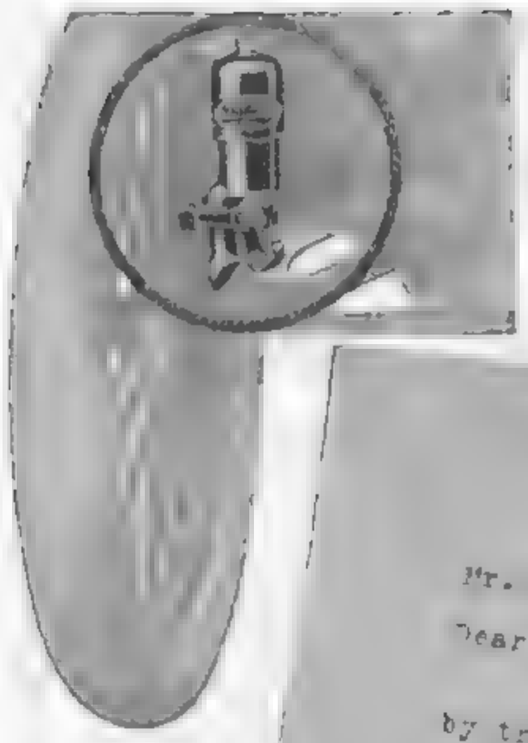
The booklet tells all about the Waterproof Magneto built into the flywheel, which makes a separate electric battery unnecessary; the Maxim Silencer, that makes the motor almost noiseless in operation; the Shock Absorber, which reduces vibration to a minimum; the Weedless Propeller, that enables you to glide through lily pads and marine vegetation without stalling the motor; and last, but not least, the Automatic Reverse, that makes it possible to instantly "back water" while running full speed ahead, a great advantage when approaching a landing or maneuvering in the vicinity of other boats.

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY
8 Evinrude Block, Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

DISTRIBUTING BRANCHES:

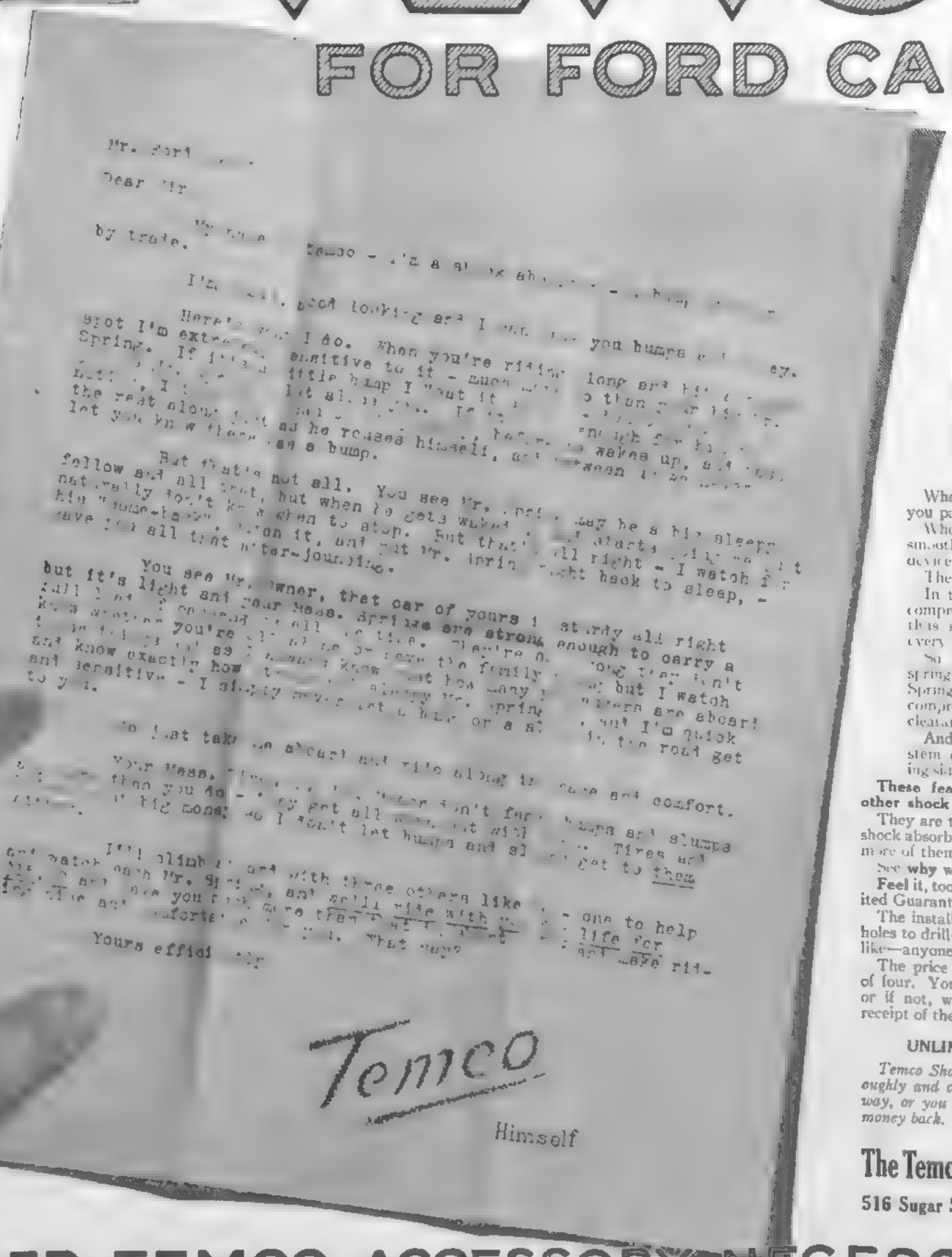
69 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y. 218 State St., Boston, Mass.
436 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
182 Morrison St., Portland, Ore.

(373–9640)



TEMCO

FOR FORD CARS



4 for $15

When you buy shock absorbers, you pay for smooth riding.

When you buy Temcos, you buy smoother riding than any ordinary device can give you.

The reason:

In the Temco, when the springs compress, the casing telescopes, and, thus shortened, the Temco clears every part of the car.

So we can and do use longer springs Vanadium Steel Helical Springs—and give you greater spring compression because we gain greater clearance.

And radius links hold the main stem constantly vertical—preventing side-sway—minimizing skidding.

These features are combined in no other shock absorber for Ford Cars.

They are the result of our having made shock absorbers for Ford Cars longer—and more of them.

See **why** we sell smoother riding.

Feel it, too, at our risk—read our Unlimited Guarantee.

The installation is perfectly simple—no holes to drill—put them on yourself if you like—anyone can do it in a few minutes.

The price is $15.00 for a complete set of four. Your dealer probably has them, or if not, we will supply you direct on receipt of the price.

UNLIMITED GUARANTEE

Temco Shock Absorbers must fully, thoroughly and completely satisfy you in every way, or you can return them and get your money back.

The Temco Electric Motor Co.,
516 Sugar Street, Leipsic, Ohio

OTHER TEMCO ACCESSORY NECESSITIES

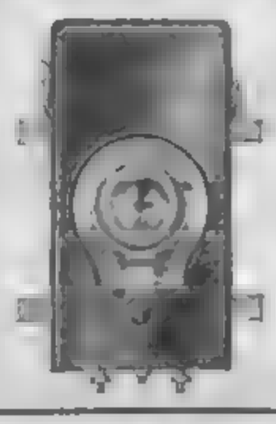
TEMCO-ALTA

We make this type of shock absorber for almost every make of car.

Complete set for two rear springs **$12.00**

Of your dealer or direct.

Over fifteen feet of extra springs. Write for descriptive circular.

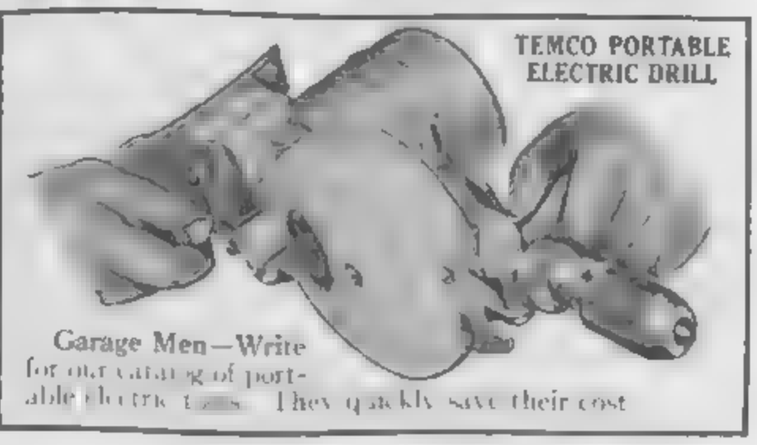


TEMCO IMPROVED MASTER VIBRATOR

Better material and construction. Simpler adjustment. Consumes less current. Moisture-proof assembling plates. Special tridium platinum points. Combined lock and kick switch.

Write for full description.

$12.50 Of your dealer or direct.



TEMCO PORTABLE ELECTRIC DRILL

Garage Men—Write for our catalog of portable electric tools. They quickly save their cost

A TALK WITH THE JAPANESE PREMIER

(Continued from Page 4)

Japan; and we know the same feeling exists here toward the United States. Therefore we conceive that a patient forbearance with local disturbances will ultimately result in a national understanding and rectification of whatever causes there may be for just complaint."

The Premier lighted another cigarette, sipped his tea, and blew reflective rings of smoke while Hanihara translated for me. As he talked he was all animation, using those expressive hands constantly, smiling, waving his cigarette about, leaning forward in his chair, impaling the attentive Hanihara with that long forefinger. As he spoke it, his answer to my question was an oration. The magnetism of the man is undeniable. I should like to hear him make a political speech.

"Ask him," I said, "whether it is not true, as that eminent Japanese scholar, Doctor Nitobe, maintains, that Japan considers herself the natural mediator between the East and the West."

Hanihara asked him. The smile vanished from the Premier's face. He sat at grim attention, with his lips closely pressed and his eyes boring into the interpreter. He did not look at me; but I never took my eyes from that strong face.

Mediator Between East and West

"It is," he replied. "It is my opinion that Japan is and must be the natural mediator between the East and the West; and for these reasons: There is always a place where the extreme East meets the extreme West. Japan is that place. A thousand years ago the Japanese, an island people, began to get the benefits of Chinese civilization; and later there came the Indian civilization. We assimilated that and adapted ourselves to it. Still later—two or three hundred years ago—the West began to come to us; and finally your own Commodore Perry arrived, and with him the new era in Japan began.

"Now then, it is the common impression that all higher civilization comes from the West. Assuming this to be so, then it is also true that Western civilization, coming east, stopped in Japan—just as Eastern civilization, coming west, stopped in Japan. Here, in our country, was the meeting point. We have assimilated and are assimilating Western civilization. We have assimilated Eastern civilization. We are the meeting point for the East and the West; and though we, of course, are not Western, we have in a measure the Western view, as, also, we have the Eastern view.

"Wherefore, as the higher civilization—as it is considered—comes from the West, and has come and stopped in Japan, as it did stop, then it is our place to extend that Western civilization to the East, which, from our nature and our early experiences and education, we are best fitted to do. Behind us is the teeming East and before us is the progressive West. East meets West in us; and it is our place, as I conceive it, to be the mediator between the two—for, understanding both, we know the needs and the capabilities of each."

"Has Japan in mind any policy for the East similar to the Monroe Doctrine in the West?"

"There never has been any policy of that kind. To be sure, certain of our dreamers and certain Chinese dreamers have from time to time held to such an idea; but there never was a governmental policy of that kind in Japan, and none is in mind. The conditions are essentially different. The Monroe Doctrine, as I understand it, was formulated by your country out of the necessities of a new country, when you were young and in the making. You needed it to protect your own growth, your own interests, your own possibilities. At the time when the Holy Alliance was in prospect that doctrine was formulated, and it has grown to be a great national policy, dictated, in the first instance, by the national necessity for self-protection and hemispherical integrity, and since continued for the same reasons.

"Japan is not a new country. It is an old country. We have looked with indulgent toleration on the protestations of the dreamers of Asia for the Asiatics and China for the Chinese, for we have known that the surest hindrance to the real progress of the East would be such a barring out of the civilization of the West. Asia for the Asiatics and China for the Chinese were the theories of dreamers who let sentimental considerations run away with practical necessities. It is no part of the policy of Japan to build a wall about herself, nor to build a wall about the East.

"We want expansion along the lines of civilization and commerce, and not retirement within the shell—or the shutting out of any influences of nations that shall be able, on their part, to bring us to the full realization of our higher destiny. And this applies to all the East, in the Japanese view, as patently as it applies to Japan."

"Then," I said, "you regard China as your natural field for commercial expansion?"

"We do," he replied. "And the reasons for that conviction are so apparent as to need little elaboration. No nation can remain at a commercial standstill. Every nation must progress or retrograde, so far as commerce is concerned. We have now reached a point in Japan where we feel that the time has arrived for the proper realization for ourselves of the tremendous advantages offered to us by the vast territory of China, and we also feel that we are peculiarly fitted for commercial dealings with that nation.

"If you will remember the circumstances following our war with China, you will recall the fact that we were deprived of our advantages thus secured; but we bided our time and we fought our war with Russia not for the purpose of securing Manchuria for ourselves, but because we refused to allow Russia to dominate it. We have no designs on the territorial integrity of China, or any other design than the full possession of the rights we feel we have there—our natural advantages, due to our geographical situation, our understanding of the Chinese people, and such racial and other relationships as we have with them."

Japan's Logical Customer

"There is no disposition on the part of Japan to try to set up a commercial monopoly in China; nor is there any disposition to look askance at any nation that may secure trade with China. Our position is that we, the Japanese, are peculiarly placed in regard to trade and business relations with China; that we have certain natural advantages; and that it is due us, by ourselves, that we shall secure the fullest measure of return for those advantages. In other words, we do not protest if other nations shall secure what they are entitled to, and expect them to do so; but we, for our part, intend to have what we are entitled to, also.

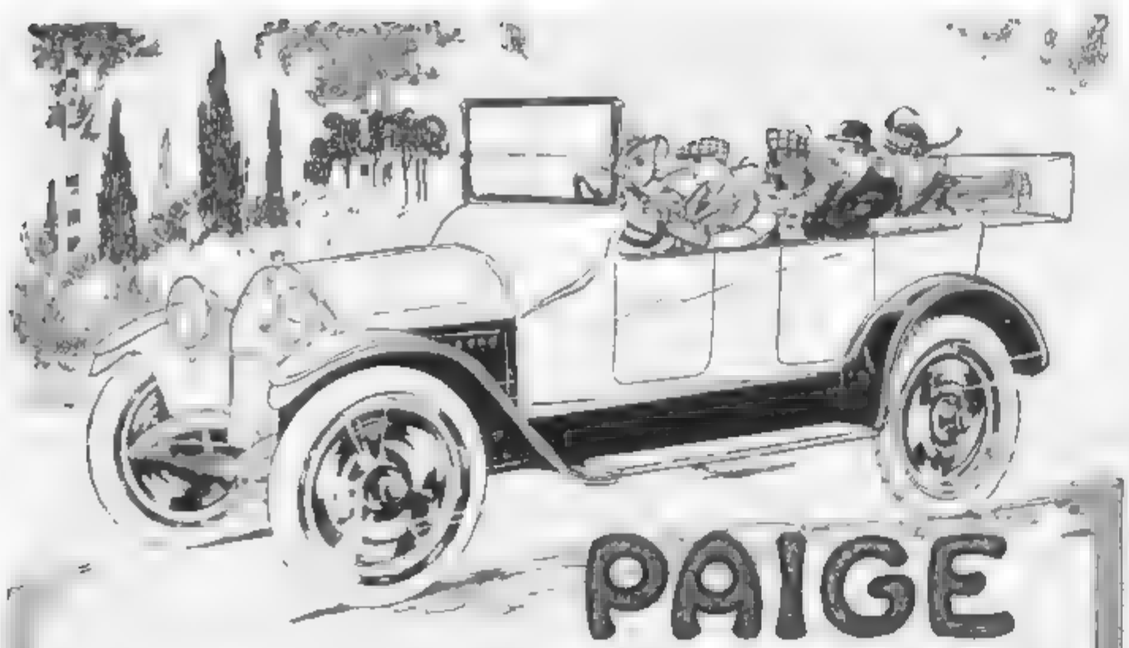
"China falls naturally within the commercial sphere of Japan. I repeat that we have no designs on the territorial integrity of that country and no plans for closing the open door; but certain phases of our relations with China have long been left in an indeterminate situation owing to a variety of causes, and it has appealed to us that this is a right and proper time to establish permanently our own position there, and to insist on what we consider are the benefits we should have, owing to our natural advantages.

"Our trade with China is large and is constantly growing. China is a near-by customer and a most desirable one. We need outlets for our goods, and there is no outlet so conveniently situated and no people with whom we can trade with greater ease and satisfaction. Of course we consider China our particular province, but not in any territorial sense. It is merely that we have a very good customer, whom we understand and who understands us, living close to our place of production. Naturally and properly we intend not only to persuade that customer to buy as much from us as we can induce him to, but we intend to take every legitimate step to preserve that market for ourselves and to expand it wherever possible.

"We are not trying to stifle competition; but we are striving to make competition unavailing by fostering and building up that market, and by carefully safeguarding our rights and privileges therein. We want

National Supremacy
Regal Shoes
Color, Character, Comfort
THAT sums up the distinctive features of the Cloth-Top Oxford for 1915. Pleases the eye — eases the foot. Last season, this fashion was so conspicuous as to make you uncomfortable. This Spring, it is so popular that you'll relish its spot of color, spice of novelty and "foot glove" ease and fit.
"RITZ"—$4.00
Fawn Cloth-Top Oxford
Vamp with Circular Foxing
Made in Russet and Black
100 Exclusive Regal Shops and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Spring Style Book Free. Shoes sent prepaid by Parcel Post on receipt of price.
Regal Shoe Company
277 Summer Street
Boston, Mass.
The Factory Behind The Shoe
Group Picture of Regal Factories
Whitman, Mass. Milford, Mass. Philadelphia, Pa. Toronto, Ont.

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klee-ko
Made in America
GINGER ALE
Best in the World
CLICQUOT CLUB BEVERAGES:
Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Root Beer
Birch Beer
Lemon Sour
Orange
Phosphate
CELEBRATED
Clicquot Club
EXTRA
GINGER
OPEN an hour and still sparkling.
The two long, joy drinks in a bottle of Clicquot may be taken an hour, or even a day, apart. The last will be as good as the first. Its Jamaica ginger, sparkling spring-water, lime- and lemon-juice, cane sugar, are all pure and fresh.
It is about the only drink safe to take ice-cold when you are overheated, as its mild ginger stimulus overcomes the "ice" shock to the stomach. The deep-spring water from which it is made is slightly laxative.
Try Clicquot Club Ginger Ale mixed with grape and other fruit juices. It mixes admirably with almost anything drinkable.
At Good Grocers' and Druggists'
Buy It by the Case
The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.
New York Office:
The Clicquot Club Co., 100 Hudson St
Chicago Office: 356 North Michigan Avenue



PAIGE

"The Standard of Value and Quality"

Another Element of Paige Prestige

Power

FEW of us have the need or desire for a racing car. But *every* man wants to sit behind a motor car which responds eagerly—buoyantly—to the slightest touch of the throttle.

Steep hills and heavy, clinging sand roads have no terrors for the Paige owner. Whether he be driving the Glenwood "Four-36" or the Fairfield "Six-46," he knows that he has but to "step on" the accelerator and the hills flatten out like smooth boulevards. From a walking pace to the speed of the winds—this range is at the service of every Paige driver without a change from high gear.

Sit behind the steering wheel of either of these cars. Sense the flexibility and power under the impressive, "deep chested" hood just in front of you. Swing easily up those grades that are the despair of many vastly higher priced automobiles.

Then, ask yourself if you could possibly require more of *any* motor car. And remember that the "Six" costs only $1395. The "Four"—$1075.

The supreme dollar-for-dollar value of Paige cars is established by comparing them, feature for feature, with any and all other motor cars of lower, equal or higher price. We don't have to ask the intelligent purchaser to make that comparison.

The GLENWOOD FOUR-"36" $1075

The FAIRFIELD SIX-"46" $1395

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company
1200 McKinstry Ave.
Detroit Michigan

Satisfy the Critical Eye

You can depend on a certain and definite reliability, when you watch for the Kenyon Kenreign label.

Kenyon Outing and Motor Coats, Overcoats and Raincoats, Palm Beach and Tropical Suits, are made in all suitable weights and fabrics for Men and Women

C. Kenyon Company
Wholesale Salesrooms

New York 5th Ave Bldg., 23rd St. & 5th Ave
Chicago Congress & Franklin Sts.

no territory in China. What we want is trade in China—that, and nothing more; and that is what we are endeavoring to secure and maintain and expand."

"The statement has been made," I said, "that Japan is inclined to suspect the United States has some ulterior motives as regards China. Is that true?"

"The statement may have been made," the Premier replied; "but I do not think it ever was made by any person in authority in Japan, or by any person acquainted with the facts. We have no idea, or any imaginative supposition, or any fear that the United States has any motive, with regard to China, other than the motive embodied in the policy of territorial integrity and the open door. There is ample proof of that. We have seen that the United States held aloof when the other Powers were grabbing what they could get in China, and has never in any way sought to acquire territory or to extend the sphere of her influence in other than a manner which has the best interests of China at heart.

"It is probably true that, in the fierce struggle for trade, statements have been made to this effect by merchants or promoters who were endeavoring to get something from other merchants or promoters; but these are mere trade subterfuges, to use a mild term, and not to be considered in any way as a national policy, or even as a national idea. We are confident that the United States recognizes the justness of our contentions as regards China; and we have no fear of anything on the part of your country but the most enlightened consideration for our legitimate plans, which do not in any way involve subjugation or dismemberment or partition or acquisition of territory, and are merely measures taken by us to safeguard our interests and to preserve and expand our commerce."

Then I asked him about the possibility of war with the United States and whether there is or has been any real war sentiment; and he said what I have quoted him as saying, and said it with an emphasis and an eloquence that impressed me with his sincerity, though I did not understand a word he spoke during the fifteen minutes he spent in decrying that idea.

As to Buying the Philippines

After he had finished and Hanihara had translated for me, I called the Premier's attention to a report, printed in various Japanese newspapers since I have been here—and in the United States, for all I know—about a movement to organize a Japanese syndicate to buy the Philippines from the United States.

"Do you know anything about that?" I asked him.

The Premier laughed.

"There is nothing to be known about it," he said, "save that it is a speculative scheme gotten up by some promoters, as your people call them, as a sort of real-estate speculation. It has no sanction of the government, and it has nothing more behind it, that I can see, than a newspaper exploitation. It is based, of course, on the idea, prevalent in Japan, that your present Administration is desirous of letting go of the Philippines, or of giving those people their independence.

"I think that latter phrase is the better way to state it. Some promoters have taken this movement or policy of the Democratic party in your country to mean that the United States is desirous of selling out precipitately, of getting rid of them; and they say they may be able to pick up a real-estate bargain. Of course there is no importance to be attached to it. It is a scheme—that is all.

"So far as the Philippines are concerned we in Japan are well satisfied with our position there. Our Japanese people are treated fairly and considerately in those islands and we have no complaint to make. They are getting such share of the trade as their abilities entitle them to, and have no obstacles placed in their path by your country. If they can expand there in a trade way, they have the opportunity. What more can we ask?

"Besides"—and he laughed again—"we Japanese are not such bad traders. We know that if the United States is, as some report, so anxious to get rid of the Philippines, we should have a care about acquiring them, even though that idea was a remote possibility. It is always well to examine into the quality of goods offered at a great sacrifice."

Then we talked of agitators and orchids, which—the orchids—are the fad of the Premier; of Hobsons and horticulture; of art and agriculture; of sunsets and samurai. And finally I asked:

"Do you not think, Count Okuma, that the interests of the United States and Japan in the Far East are identical?"

"As I view them, they are, so far as the interests of two people—one Occidental in manner and view and thought, and one Oriental in manner and view and thought can be. As I look at it, the United States does not want war with anybody—least of all with Japan; and the United States does want such commercial expansion as can be secured without violation of the vested rights of any nation or any assault on the integrity of territory. The real and rational and sane view of the interests of the United States and Japan in the Far East is that America and Japan, though competitors commercially, can also be coöperators.

"As it stands, the trade of the United States with China is not so great as the trade of other countries. As it stands, also, the United States is a great customer of Japan, while Japan is a good customer of the United States, but not in so large a measure as your country is of mine. However, we are coming to buy more and more of the goods produced by your country; and this expansion of our trade with you undoubtedly will be greater as a result of the present war.

"For example, we have bought some of our machinery from Germany and from Belgium; and, as Germany and Belgium are not producing machinery at the present time, what is more natural than for us to buy that machinery in the United States? which is where we shall probably buy it. We need your iron and we need many other products of your country, just as you need our products."

When Reason Prevails

"Thus, with these two nations so closely related by trade with one another, the interests of those countries in other trade centers in this territory must be similar, and are. We are competitors, of course; but we are also both producers; and it is to the interest of each to have receptive territory developed for what we produce. As I have said, Japan seeks no monopoly in China. Japan seeks only what Japan thinks rightfully should go to Japan because of the natural advantages of situation, association, understanding and proximity. And the United States desires only what legitimately is hers.

"Therefore, no reason exists why these two great enlightened nations should not lead the way to the development of the Far East, bordering, as they do, on the Pacific Ocean, which is the great artery of trade; and no reason exists why they should not work in entire harmony in that development. I am sure that fundamentally both are actuated by the same high motives, and I have no fear that the cordial friendship which has existed between them for so many years will ever suffer the rude shock of war. Irritations may come; but we are—each—a reasonable people; and when reason prevails friendship is never ruptured."

I asked Hanihara to thank the Premier, and as he began to do so the Premier interrupted:

"How long do you intend to stay in Japan?"

I told him.

"I hope," he continued, "you will be able to stay until cherry-blossom time, which is in April, and that you may see this beautiful festival. Then you will learn that the Japanese are a peaceful and a kindly and a sentimental people; and that their thoughts are not on war but are on peace."

Just then an attendant came, bringing a letter in one of the long, narrow Japanese envelopes. The Premier excused himself and read the letter.

When he had finished reading it he pulled the long strip of paper through his hands for about half its length and, turning to the attendant, jabbed at one portion of it with a peremptory finger and said something sharply. The attendant hurried away. We rose. Hanihara presented my compliments and thanks gracefully, and we bowed ourselves out.

The Premier followed us, as is the Japanese custom. As we were about to enter the anteroom he spoke again to Hanihara.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He said," Hanihara replied, "that there will be no war."

Stewart
PRODUCTS
With the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System you get positive, perfect gasoline feed under all conditions and no matter what grade.

THE above photograph shows an Oakland car equipped with the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System, and running under its own power.

This test was to prove that the Stewart Vacuum System would supply a positive, automatic, even flow of gasoline to carburetor even under the most trying conditions.

The angle at which this car is tilted is the approximate angle at which, according to "Engineering Table of Grades," gravity overcomes traction. No car could climb a grade so steep.

Could you do it with the gasoline tank in the cowl?

Could you do it with the gasoline tank under the seat?

Would your pressure feed system supply gasoline satisfactorily, under these conditions, without your having to work your hand pump to force air into your gasoline system?

Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System

The Stewart Vacuum System supplies gasoline *automatically*, under *all* conditions. You don't have to give it a thought.

No matter what car you own—old or new—you can be forever relieved of all the uncertainties and nuisances of gasoline feed troubles by installing a Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System. It will at once bring your car right up to the highest standard of gasoline-feed efficiency and economy.

In addition to its other advantages, the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System will pay for itself shortly in a saving of 10% to 15% of gasoline.

With the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System the flow of gasoline to the carburetor is even, not forced; it prevents an over-rich mixture—this assures highest possible motor efficiency—it does not waste gasoline.

It permits carburetor to be placed close up to the manifold where it is easily gotten at, and where it makes starting easier. No pumps. You don't have to pump air on the gasoline before starting your car as you do with pressure systems. No compression required, consequently no leaks to cause trouble.

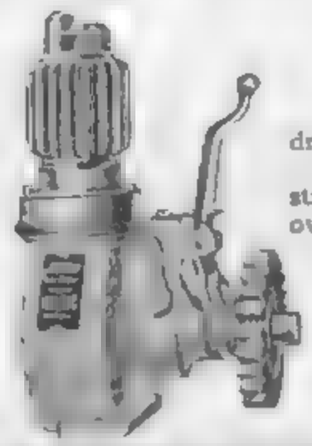
Thousands of car owners are equipping their present cars with the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System. Over 100,000 cars already so equipped. 65 popular makes of cars now have the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System as regular equipment. No matter what system is now on your car, you can quickly install the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System without altering your car. No need to remove any part of your old system. The Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System is independent. It can be installed in an hour. Once on your car, you can forget it. It outlasts the car. Before you decide on a new car, make sure that it has a Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System.

Can be put on any car—Old or New

30 Days' Trial

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Executive Offices, 1998 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago, U. S. A.
10 Branches Boston Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland Detroit Indianapolis Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, London, Paris
16 Service Stations in all cities and large towns.

Let the Stewart Tire Pump do Your Hard Work



Wise car owners have stampeded to the Stewart motor-driven Tire Pump. It is getting the call.

It doesn't cost as much as unnecessarily large pumps; can't strain your motor; doesn't require a lot of lubrication; won't overheat and vaporize oil to get into your tires and rot them; won't blow out the hose, but will properly and quickly fill any size tire.

$15

It has no inlet valve to cause trouble, but takes air in through open, screened ports in the side of the cylinder, at the bottom of the stroke. It has two outlet valves—one to safeguard the other. If dust ever gets under one valve the other holds the air. Don't buy a pump having any *intake* valve, or with only one outlet valve. Buy the Stewart Tire Pump, which delivers all the air it gathers—100% Reliability and Efficiency

Put a Stewart Tire Pump on the motor of your car and it will always be "on the job" to save you the dirtiest and most exasperating work and delays of automobiling.

It will quickly pay for itself on the increased mileage you'll get out of your tires by keeping them properly inflated, which also makes steering and riding easier and guarantees greater safety on any road.

Guarantee: *Stewart Products are always sold with the understanding that, if not satisfactory after 30 days' trial, purchase money will be promptly refunded.*

Judge by What It Did

In this day of Light Sixes, with some 31 models, thousands of men ask, "Which is best?"

Can you pick out the coming leader in a crowd of college students? Or say what leading man of now will attain a monument?

Nor can you in cars. None can be judged by prospects or promises. The verdict of history alone is decisive.

Hudson Has a History

The HUDSON Light Six, in last year's model and this one, has been driven some 30 million miles in the hands of over 12,000 owners. What those men say is history. Any user will tell you that the HUDSON has proved itself faultless, sturdy, economical, ideal.

Then the history of former HUDSONS gives confidence in this. The HUDSON success is marvelous. And it grows with experience. HUDSON sales have trebled in the past two years.

The history of Howard E. Coffin, this car's famous designer, is another convincing factor. He is a 12-year leader in motor car engineering. His models have always been right. They have always established a new high mark in their class.

Is This-or-That Car Like the Hudson?

Our dealers are asked—perhaps a thousand times daily—"How does This-or-That car compare with the HUDSON?" Outside of appearance and evident features, no one can answer that.

The Light Six is a new type. In its creation, all old-time standards had to be revised. It involves a new-type motor. It requires special steels. To attain this lightness a thousand parts had to be re-designed.

The Light Six, to be sturdy, must have exceptional quality. The questions of strength and endurance, upkeep and repair, must be answered by time and tests. In the HUDSON those questions are answered.

Waste Is Unpopular

The Light Six is in vogue now because waste is unpopular. Needless size and weight, with their over-tax, offend the spirit of the times.

The HUDSON is this Light Six type carried to perfection. It shows the result of four years of refinement. Every part and detail shows the final touch. And it is a time-tested production.

Its supremacy shows in lines and finish, in luxury and equipment, in its evident class. These facts, with its history, will make it your first choice. Now is the time to prove that—before the over-demand which comes to every leading model every spring.

7-Passenger Phaeton, $1550, f. o. b. Detroit
Four other body styles

The HUDSON Company never loses interest in the cars it sells. So long as a car is in service we maintain our interest in the character of its service. That's one great reason for HUDSON reputation.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DOUBLED STAKES

(Continued from Page 20)

my friends tend to 'em. I don't know what it is that's wrong down there, but I'll not bother you any more with it. Come on!"

That brought things to a head. A change came over Billy.

All his habitual frothiness of humor was gone in a moment, leaving him suddenly grave eyed, grave lipped. It was not given to many, even among his intimates, to see him so. He made no further effort to trifle with the facts.

"All right," he said simply. "I'm not goin' to be detainin' you if you want to go. You can go or stay, just as you've a mind to, when you've listened to me a minute. Mebbe I'd ought to have told you the whole truth to start with; but I did the way it struck me was best. Beck's bank was broke into, Skip, a couple nights ago. That's what Higdon's here for. He belongs to some kind of a detective outfit and Beck's hired him to find the man. He's lookin' for you. I don't know what his notion is—not yet—not so I can be sure; but he's aimin' to put the blame on you if he's able."

Skip's face was livid. White rage, not fear, possessed him; he swore passionately, terribly; his swift passion shook him in every fiber.

"Yes," Billy said; "that's all right too. I'd be feeling' that way myself, I reckon. But that ain't doin' a mite of good. Anybody might get hot like that; but what you want to do now is to keep your head. You'd better stay right here where you are, Skip, till the right time comes. It's a-comin'; and you want to be ready for it. It wouldn't do you any good to go back to town now and call for a show-down. The way things are, you'd only run right into it. Even if you come through, you'd be smeared with it. The thing you're tryin' to live down would be bound to come out. Nobody's talkin' now, because nobody knows—only the bank folks and me; but if you jump in, the way you're feelin', you'll just make it talked about."

"What do I care?" Skip cried. "Am I goin' to skulk here just to be hidin' from him and from what he might say? I'll take the worst that brute can do before I'll let him think I'm sneakin' away from him. Yes; I will!"

"No," Billy said; "you ain't gettin' it right. It ain't what he'll think that I'd be figurin' on; it's what the little girl might think."

At the gently spoken suggestion Skip's fury passed utterly, leaving him all at once the poor, helpless, hopeless creature that had been his wonted self before the eyes of Redstone. Billy saw that he would be as tractable as a child now under the right word.

"You can't take any chances on that, Skip," he said. "You'll have to tell her about it before a great while; but you'll want to do the tellin' yourself, instead of lettin' it get to her the way that Higdon lad would be sayin' it. She wouldn't mind if you told her, if I'm a judge. It would make her believe in you even more than she does now; and she's sure believin' in you."

"Billy!" Skip breathed. "Believes in me! Margaret! How do you know she does?"

"Because she told me so herself," said Billy. "Just this mornin' it was, when I was eatin' breakfast. She'd been missin' you from your place and we commenced talkin' about you; and then I let slip that I might mebbe be seein' you. We talked some, with me sayin' as much as I could. And then she up and told me to tell you she was believin' in you. So there you've got it."

Skip's face was like the face of one shriven, purified, rejoicing.

"So that's why I'd stay here if I was you," said Billy. "You can sort of bide your time, with that to play for. And when the time comes you'll be let on the play with Higdon—I'll promise you that. And there's one thing I want you to tell me. You've told me before; but I want to hear you say it again now, while you're rememberin' all we've been talkin' about. You've told me you didn't do the thing they sent you up for. Skip, is that God's truth?"

Skip looked straight into Billy's eyes.

"That's God's truth, Billy," he said simply. Then his anger flamed again. "Dan Higdon knows it! I could make him prove it if I could have him only for five minutes. He knows it! And so ——"

Billy caught him up.

"And so does Foster. That's so, too, ain't it?"

The shot had rung the little bell. Skip spoke no word, but his eyes fell away from Billy's scrutiny. There was all the confession Billy could ask.

"All right," Billy said easily. "Let it go at that. I won't bother you about it any more. And now I'll be goin' back. You ain't hardly goin' to be so lonesome now while you're waitin', are you? Most likely you won't have to wait long. I'm goin' to make that Higdon man play marbles, Skip, or else get out of the ring."

XVII

BACK in town, Billy took his own roundabout, peculiar way of making Higdon play marbles. Through the first two hours, had you been watching him, you would have sworn he was a man without an idea in his head or a care on his heart. He loafed in the sun, jocund, rollicking, irresponsible in every outward seeming. What he was really doing was keeping his eye on Higdon.

Higdon, too, was drifting about; and his mind was quite as much adrift as his body. Nor was it merely the bank's case that perplexed him; still more, it was his own private fortunes. Billy made that out easily enough. Higdon's mood was altogether too sour and despondent to be born of mere professional concern; he was not a man to be distressed over the progress of a case that was paying him twenty dollars a day, plus expenses, when the case was only one day old. He was just the sort of man who could not by any means conceal his grouch if things were going wrong with himself.

Also, he was making too many and too frequent visits to the bar, and absorbing entirely too much raw whisky to be clearing his mind for work on his case. Billy had known many a man to act so whose nerves were astretch to the point of painful tension, but who dared not try to find relief in outcry. That was the reason for Higdon's drinking.

Once, when Higdon appeared, Billy was loitering at the bar, engaged in conversation with Pete, the sad-faced bartender. Holding a conversation with Pete had certain drawbacks for a man of lively habit of mind. It was like playing verbal solitaire and Billy was no hand for solitaire for its own sake. He loitered with Pete merely that he might be on hand when Higdon came in. He watched Higdon swallow two stiff drinks in close succession. Billy reckoned that must have made at least a round dozen of whiskies in the course of the day.

Higdon was showing their effect too; he was half drunk, after the fashion of men of his make who depend much on drink—not in any degree excited, but morose, blotchy faced, overhot in his blood, his coarse skin showing an excessive moisture which must be mopped away every little while. As yet, however, he was nowhere near helpless drunkenness; at the rate he was going sodden drunkenness might be put off until midnight. When it came it would be very complete.

Higdon felt in his pockets and brought out some odds and ends of small coin, counting them over in the hollow of his hand. That did not take long.

"Charge them two till to-morrow," he grunted at Pete; "and give me another one."

"Oh!" Billy whispered to his inner consciousness. "So, that's it! He's as flat broke as that—so broke he can't pay for his drink! Well, that's good! That ought to help a heap, Billy, if you can get the rest of it figured out. What's he goin' to do now? Is he goin' to wait and take another one yet?"

Higdon stood at the bar, leaning heavily against it, mouthing the ragged end of a dead cigar. It was a poor picture he made as he waited to discover whether the added whisky would kindle a flicker of new fire in him. You would have seen that there was no more living glow in his mind than in his stale cigar butt; both were burnt out, grown soggy and lax.

Suddenly Billy grinned—a grin not inspired by what he saw in Higdon's sorry plight but by the sound of a bit of

IN this age of Domestic Science study, the feeding of Children has changed—wholly for the better. Nowadays a Mother consults the child's tastes—knowing that the Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwich, for instance, is all the more nutritious because it appeals to the palate.

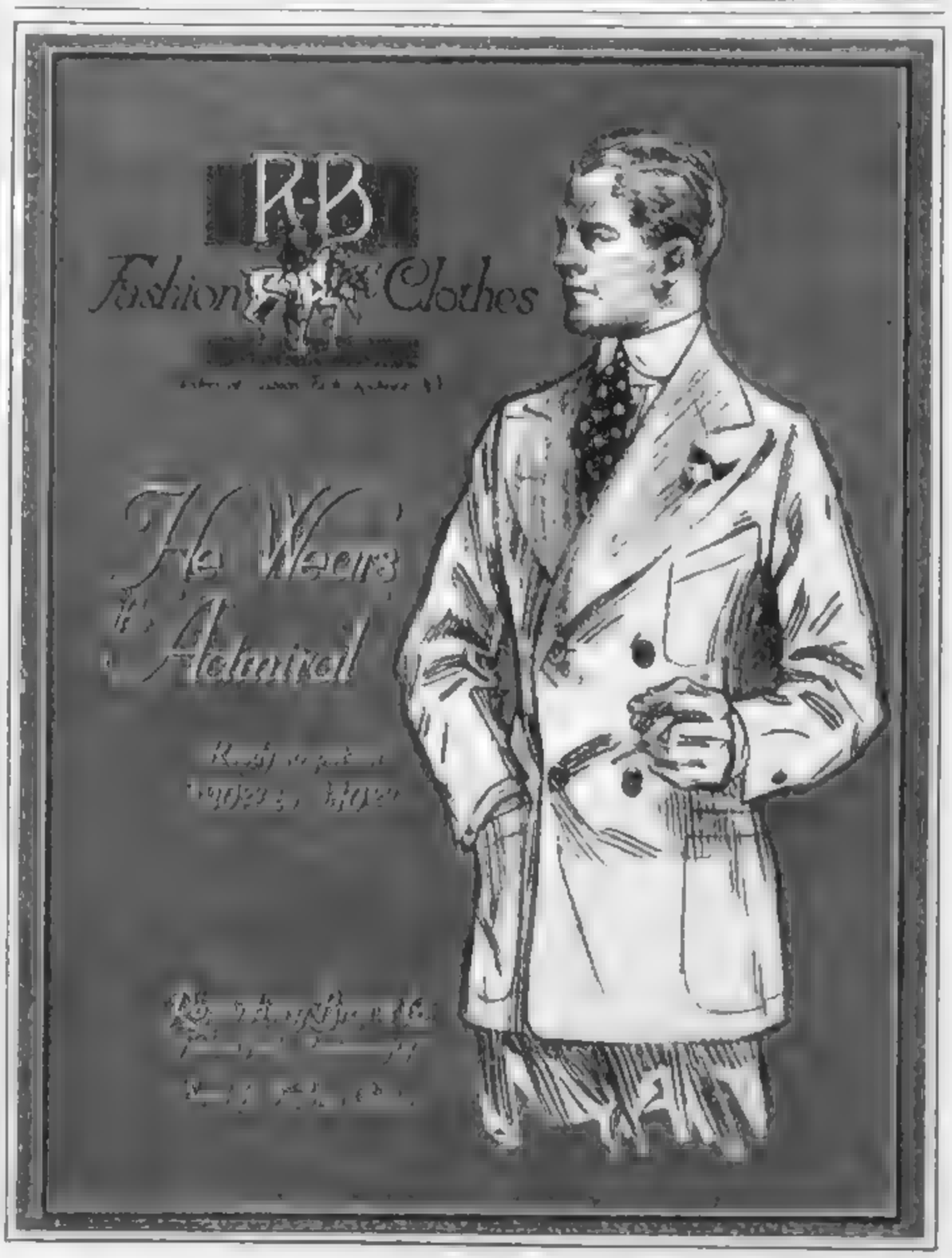
There you have the secret of the wonderful success of Beech Nut Peanut Butter.

The *flavor* is there—the flavor of a *blend* of selected peanuts; just the *cream* of the nuts delicately salted, roasted and crushed to a smooth butter.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter comes in *vacuum-sealed* jars—three sizes, 10 cents, 15 cents, 25 cents (in the extreme West, a little more). Your grocer has it

Makers of America's most famous Bacon—*Beech-Nut Bacon*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.



EGYPTIENNE
"STRAIGHTS"
CIGARETTES

After all it is *not* the price you pay for a cigarette, but the *enjoyment and satisfaction* you get out of it that count—and that's where "STRAIGHTS" scores a bull's-eye every time. Because "STRAIGHTS" contains *100% Pure Turkish* tobacco of high *Quality*. "STRAIGHTS" cannot be classed as "a 10-cent cigarette," because it costs more to manufacture, and costs the dealer more.

Just *compare* "STRAIGHTS" for fragrance, flavor, mildness—you'll understand why thousands of men who *formerly* smoked higher-priced Turkish brands are smoking "STRAIGHTS" *today*.

We believe that practically every tobacco dealer in the U. S. now sells "STRAIGHTS," but if you should be unable to get them, send us your dealer's name and 10c for a package of 10, or $1.00 for a package of 100. Smoke as many cigarettes as you wish, and if not satisfactory return remainder of box and we will refund your money. The American Tobacco Co., 111 Fifth Ave., New York

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

10 for 10c

DROMEDARY
DROMEDARY
FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN
DATES
Selected dates, kept fresh and clean in air-tight, dust-proof, individual packages.
Sold everywhere by grocers and fruit stores.
The HILLS BROTHERS Company
Dept. K, 376 Washington St. New York

clarion-clear whistling that drifted in from the street. Then Beckett K. McGillicuddy pushed open the door, his hat set at its four-o'clock angle, his arms set akimbo, his step a mincing prance on his tiptoes. Prancing and whistling, he came to the bar; and there he stood teetering on his toes until he had finished his tune to the last possible shrill trill. When that was done he set his hat to the other side of his head.

"Pete," he said solemnly, "if I were a little, little prairie dog, do you know what I'd be doing right now?"

If Pete knew, he seemed disposed to keep the knowledge to himself. He merely chewed at his mustache and stared stolidly.

"Fiddle!" Billy Fortune supplied. "I know what you'd be doin'. If you was a little, little prairie dog, right this minute you'd be livin' down in the bottom of a little, little hole in the ground, with a couple of little, little owls. That's the prairie dog of it. Every critter that ever was made does just exactly what it was made for—includin' me and you. Ain't you noticed that?"

Gravely Beckett faced him.

"Mr. Fortune," he returned, "the trouble with you philosophers is that you don't take genius into account at all. You make your dear little deductions from the common life of the multitudes, but you absolutely overlook the genius until he comes along and upsets your fair philosophic structure in a mess of utter ruin. Then how ridiculous you do appear! No, no! If I were a little, little prairie dog, Mr. Fortune, right this minute I'd be wishing with all my heart and soul that I were a big, big elephant, so I might fan myself with my ears."

"Oh, sugar!" said Billy.

"Don't you fancy, Mr. Higdon," Beckett questioned, "that must be a very, very sad limitation in the life of the prairie dog?"

Higdon regarded Beckett dully with his heavy-lidded eyes, in which was smoldering only the sullen glow of his drink.

"I have wept very bitterly many, many times over the thought," Beckett persisted. "And there's another very sad reflection—quite original with me, by the way: The ways of Providence are so inscrutable! Are they not, gentlemen? Think it over! It is not given to us to know why, in the mysterious will of Providence, the prairie dog must be so terribly handicapped in the matter of ears; or why the jay bird may not have hoofs like a cow; or why the mud turtle may not sing like the lark. Is that not very, very sad? Now, if I could be Providence ——"

"You'd better just let it be the way it is," said Billy. "You'd go and get it all mussed up. Why, Beck, think! If an old grizzly could sting like a bumblebee, what would be the use of skunks?"

Beckett's profound solemnity was quite undisturbed.

"Ah!" he said. "True! True! Pete, a little Vichy, if you please! Without ice, Pete. Gentlemen?"

Higdon took whisky. When he had finished his drink he left the barroom without a word, rolling heavily in his walk. Beckett's glance followed him.

"A very charming personality, Billy!" Beckett said. "Don't you think so? So solid, so substantial, yet of such exquisitely delicate sensibilities!"

"Delicate!" Billy echoed. "Yes; that's the very word for him—delicate! He's as delicate as a bulldog in a rat pit." Then sudden recollection smote him. "Why, where's my dog?" he cried. "I ain't been noticin' him round all afternoon—not since some time this mornin'. I wonder where that rascal has got to."

"Dog!" Beckett said. "Have you a dog? And he's lost? Billy, I've seen only one dog to-day that looked as though he might possibly be yours. If you stretch the word for courtesy you might say he was a white dog; and not a fat dog—rather conspicuously inclined the other way. A very well-meaning dog apparently, but decidedly awkward in his manner of showing it; a dog that ran a great deal to feet and legs and ribs. A dog that looked like —— Well, if you wanted to compliment my personal make-up you might say that his construction resembled mine."

"That's him!" Billy said promptly. "Where was he when you saw him?"

"When I saw him," said Beckett, "he was in the company of a lady. He must be your dog, Billy, for the lady was quite prepossessing. You have seen her, perhaps, about the hotel with her husband—one of the gentlemen who contributed to our enjoyment at the table last night. She passed the bank an hour or so ago, going for a walk, I judged, and the dog was with her."

Billy acted on quick impulse.

"I've got to find my dog," he said. "I couldn't feel right if I was to lose that pup. So long, Beck! I'll see you after a while."

XVIII

BILLY found Mrs. Foster without much trouble. Once she had passed the board walk of the town street, there were her footprints on the sandy trail to guide him; and there were the prints of the pup's feet, too, beyond mistaking. The pup had indulged in no capricious frisking; he had walked sedately at the woman's side, as though conscious of a rare privilege. Billy followed easily as the trail wandered up the slope of a low hill just over the town's edge.

At the hill's crest he came on her suddenly. She had found a small nook among the rocks, sheltered somewhat from sun and wind, and there she sat on a broad stone, looking out quietly across the wide landscape glowing in the afternoon light. The dog lay outstretched at her side, his ungainly head resting on her knee, his whole ungainly being languorously at ease as her hand idly fondled him.

Evidently her thoughts had been deeply abstracted. She had not heard Billy's approach and was startled when the dog stirred a little in greeting, flapping his long tail and lifting his uncouth head ever so slightly. When she saw Billy she smiled at him faintly. She could do no less. The smile could hardly be taken as an overture to friendliness; it was merely a concession to the oddity of the situation.

"I have been making free with your dog," she said quietly. "I wanted to come out and he seemed to have nothing better to do than to come with me."

Billy did not seek advantage in the opening she gave him. With another woman he would have been more than likely to essay the light speech at which he was adept; but with her he let the chance pass.

"I'm glad he did come," he said. "He's a right good-meanin' pup, and he seems to know his friends."

He stood then for a little time before her, his head bared, his lively eyes dwelling on the fair prospect that had so engrossed her.

"It's certainly a great day for a walk," he said at length. "Ain't that the lovely view! That's one thing I like about Wyoming—you can never get tired of lookin' at it. I never could figure out what makes it seem that way. It ain't because there's so awful much variety. There's lots of places that can show you a hundred times as much variety. I've seen 'em myself—great big mountains, with the snow always on top of 'em; and roarin' rivers; and big timber, with the trees standin' up so far your eyes can hardly reach the tops. And there's the old Colorado Cañon, and the like of that.

"And I've seen the sea, up in Oregon; and the big towns too. I've seen lots of places, with lots of variety in 'em; but I'm always awful glad to get back to this country. It just seems to sort of content me, the way the rest of 'em don't. I shouldn't wonder if it's because you can feel so plumb sure it's always goin' to be here waitin' for you, just the way you've always known it. It don't change on you. You can just kind of tie to it."

His monologue was quite at random; he was only feeling his way. She offered no word of comment; but somehow he was very sure that in her silence she was giving rapt attention to what he said.

"Anybody wants to feel he's got somethin' he can tie to and depend on it not to change," he went on. "There was a girl once that used a word I liked when she was talkin' about the thing I'm mentionin'—'steadfast.' I ain't ever goin' to forget that word. It means somethin' you can always put your hand on and be perfectly sure of when you want it. It's a real good idea. It don't make a mite of difference whether it's places or people, or what it is—everybody wants to have somethin' or other in his life that's steadfast, so he can turn to it and be sure of it when he's cravin' peacefulness. This view is sure that way.

"Look down there in that broad hollow between that couple of hills, where it's commencin' to fill up with the purple shadows toward evenin'. It seems pretty near like somethin' more than shadows, don't it? It's peacefulness that's floodin' in there—that's what it is. And it would

(Continued on Page 60)

What Do You Do For Your Teeth?

It is not enough to watch your teeth carefully. It is not enough to visit your dentist twice a year—to use a reliable tooth brush—to make frequent use of dental floss. Much of the good effect of this care is lost if you fail to use the right dentifrice—

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
OR
Dental Cream

Two minutes spent twice a day with your tooth brush and either of Dr. Lyon's perfect dentifrices will give you a lifetime of good teeth and good health—visit your dentist twice a year and depend on the regular night and morning use of Dr. Lyon's.

Send 2c for a 10-day trial package of either.

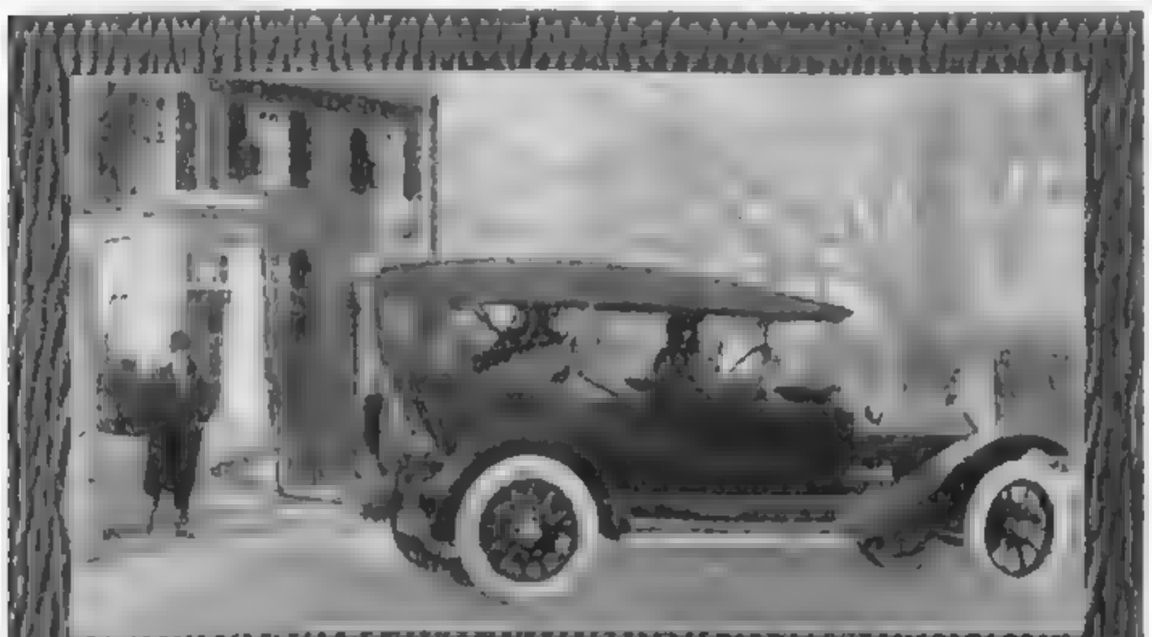
I. W. LYON & SONS
522 West 27th Street New York City

Save the valuable coupons in every Dr. Lyon's package. They are good for a highest grade tooth brush—FREE.

Radnor the New Summer
ARROW COLLAR

A collar cut to fit the neck and the prevailing fashion in big knotted cravats. A manly, good fitting, good looking collar. *2 for 25c*

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc. *Makers of* ARROW SHIRTS



Courtesy of the Stutz Motor Car Co.

NEVERLEEK—the style material for SMART Automobile Tops

That is the kind of top that Neverleek makes—the material adopted by leading manufacturers—specified by experienced motorists.

Not only for lasting beauty but for its marvelous waterproof qualities Neverleek is guaranteed against leaking, *without time limit.*

Made in long and pebble leather grains. Bright, semi-bright and dull finishes. Write for samples and copy of Guarantee.

If your old car needs a new top, ask us for the name of a top-maker near you who will re-cover with Neverleek.

F. S. CARR COMPANY Boston, Mass.
Detroit Branch, 909 Woodward Ave.
Factories: Framingham, Mass., and Tilbury, Ontario

The Letters NEV Are Used In Trade Mark

NEVERLEEK
Top Material

Roofing Books Sent Free

They will tell you how you can have attractive, permanent and *repair-proof* roofs. They prove the economy of

RU-BER-OID ROOFING
COSTS MORE · WEARS LONGER

"Building a Bungalow" tells what to do and how to avoid costly mistakes. It illustrates artistic effects secured with Colored RU-BER-OID (Ka-lor-oid), the beautiful, never-fading Tile Red and Copper Green Roofing that has all the enduring qualities of the gray RU-BER-OID.

"Covering Your Factory" shows why RU-BER-OID is *cheaper by the year.*

"Building a Poultry House" and ***"Building a Barn"*** contain valuable plans for different types of buildings, and tell how to cover them with RU-BER-OID, the wear-proof roofing. RU-BER-OID contains no paper, coal tar, sand or asphalt.

Choose the book that you prefer, and mail the coupon now.

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.
NEW YORK and CHICAGO
Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles, Amiwud Wall Board and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete
The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

RU-BER-OID was the first smooth-surfaced, pliable, ready-to-lay roofing. RU-BER-OID roofs laid more than 20 years ago are still watertight.

Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man," shown above, on each roll of the genuine. The U. S. Court of Appeals has recently enjoined imitators from using the word "Rubberoid or any similar name as the trade name or brand" of their roofing. Reliable retailers sell RU-BER-OID, the roofing of *proved* durability.

Building Book Coupon

The Standard Paint Co., 568 Woolworth Bldg., N. Y. City
Send me samples of Ru-ber-oid and the books opposite which I mark X. I intend to roof a

- ☐ Roofing a Home
- ☐ Building a Poultry House
- Building a Bungalow
- Building a Barn
- Building Your Own Garage
- Covering Your Factory
- Artistic Roofs
- If a dealer, check here

Name

Address

Prices Reduced

Buy Lamps in This Carton

Housecleaning is not complete until you get rid of your old wasteful carbon lamps.

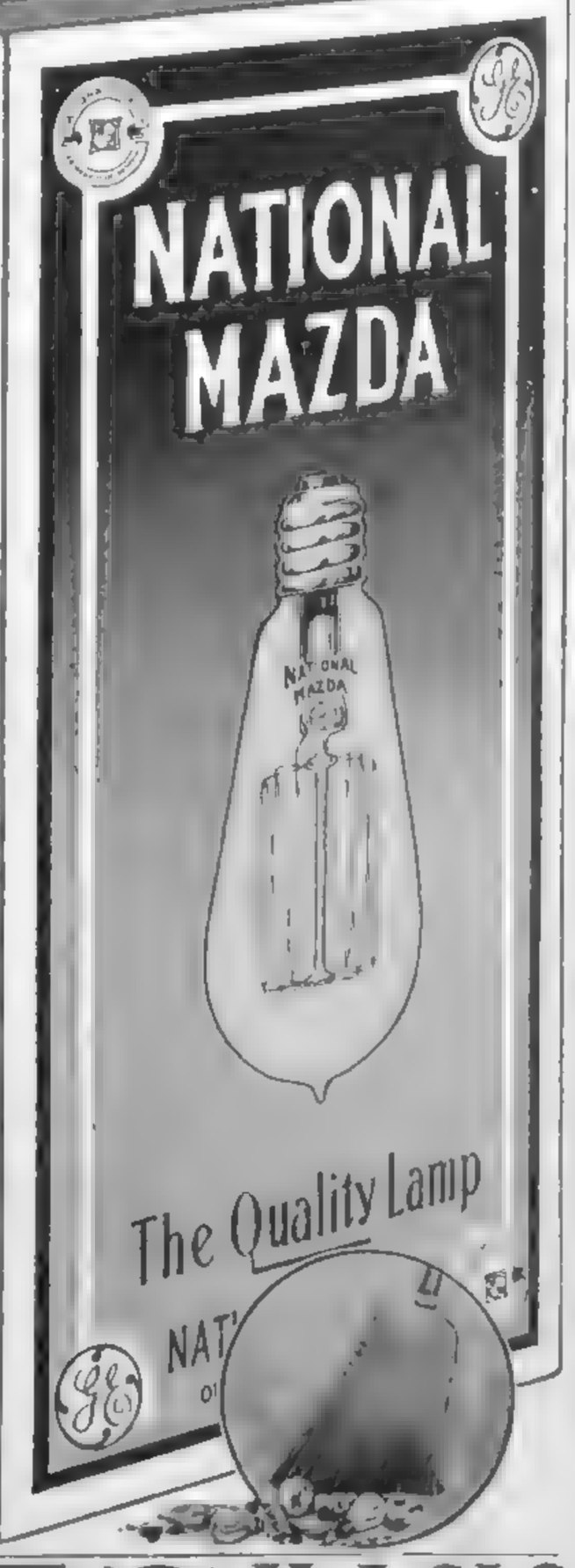
Houselighting is not right until you have a National Mazda lamp in every socket.

No excuse for Carbon Lamps now

Buy National Mazda lamps at new reduced prices: regular styles, 10 to 40 watts inclusive, 27 cents; 60 watt, 36 cents; 100 watt, 65 cents. Don't pay tax on light you don't get—use National Mazda lamps everywhere and get three times as much light at the same cost as carbon lamps. Insist on lamps with National Mazda etched on the bulb. Buy the Blue Convenience Cartons where you see them in the windows.

National Lamp Works
of General Electric Company
84 Nela Park, Cleveland

Any of these labels is a guaranty of National Quality



PEERLESS CHECK WRITERS

Pinkerton and Burns advice, invaluable to any business ... booklet. Makes clear the risk of ... Simply say "Send Free Book No. ..." ... action will ... Do it NOW

Peerless Check Protecting Company
295 State Street Rochester, N. Y.

MAGIC

We ... you ... very ... orders ... Illustrated ... Magic ... 10 ... Magic Shop, ... Pa.

You Should Carry Credit Insurance

Read this letter from one of our customers:

The American Credit-Indemnity Co of New York

... Yours very truly

Signed name on request.

We have paid out over 9,000,000 dollars to firms that have been caused abnormal losses thru well-rated customers' going into bankruptcy.

You should protect yourself too.

FREE Folder

will be sent you if you write us on your business letterhead. We will tell you all about the Bond you can buy that insures your outstanding accounts. Send for it now.

The highest scientific development of Credit ...

The American Credit-Indemnity Co.
of New York
415 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

I. H. LIONBERGER, Chairman of the Board
E. M. TREAT, President

Agencies in all leading cities.

(Continued from Page 58)

be lookin' just exactly that way if you was to happen to look at it some evenin' a thousand years from now. That's what I mean. We humans are such a crazy lot, shiftin' and changin' and spendin' the best part of our lives doin' foolish things and wrong things; but it kind of seems as though down underneath there's bound to be somethin' that don't change at all. It's just there—and it stays."

He glanced at her. Her eyes had left the wide landscape and were fixed on him intently. Their habitual veil of reserve had fallen quite away; he saw in their depths a profound but childlike wonder, childlike perplexity, childlike fear. Her parted lips were unsteady. Tears came in a quick flood and she turned away to hide them. Again Billy had seen on her face that haunting look which had at once challenged and baffled his memory; but now a flash of exultation came to him. Now he knew!

He could not ignore her tears; nor did he make much of them, but took them as a matter of natural course.

"I've felt like that too," he said gently. "I guess 'most anybody would—sometimes. You can't help it. Sometimes when I've been off by myself in some of these big, empty places, beddin' down on the ground at night and stayin' awake to stare up at the stars, and listenin' to the way the slow wind sort of whispers in the dry grass and the sage, I've felt pretty near like cryin' myself. I reckon it don't ever hurt a person; it mostly seems to do me good to have a little spell of feelin' like that."

She did not answer. She had quickly regained her self-possession, but not her manner of remoteness. There was something warmly human in her bearing now, a glow of feeling that was not to be obscured. Her eyes were wondrously soft, full of tender light. She was not attending to Billy; he knew well enough that her emotion had nothing to do with what he had said save as some word of his had given a quickening impulse to her own thoughts. That suited his purpose admirably.

"It's funny," he said, taking care that his tone should imply no particular motive in his speech—"a little spell like that, when we just let our feelin's have their own way, will mostly show us that we're a sight more human and decent than we think we are. Don't you reckon we're used to thinkin' a lot worse of ourselves than we deserve? I expect mebbe that's because the bad that's in us comes out so easy, just by itself; but it needs somethin' special to bring the good out, don't it? Just like that pup! If that pup had stayed nothin' but a poor lonesome stray, with nobody to tie to, he'd never have amounted to much; but meetin' up with the right kind of folks, that's able to take interest in him and sort of help him along, is liable to make a real dog out of him."

He was still feeling his way toward the thing he would say.

"And there's the man that pup was named after," he said. "The man, he's that way too. The folks round here have been mostly thinkin' he didn't amount to much either; but I know better. I've been knowin' him better than pretty near anybody else has, and I know what's in him. There's good in him; and the good would come out strong if he just had what I've been talkin' about—if he had somethin' worth while to tie to, instead of just driftin'."

Her eyes were questioning him, making an imperative demand on him. He answered that demand directly, simply.

"He's goin' to have what he needs too. He's got friends round here, and they're goin' to see that he gets it. I was talkin' to him to-day about it. It's goin' to make a heap of difference to him—gettin' a plumb new start with a few folks that care. I shouldn't wonder if he'd turn out as good as the pup will."

She was stirred to the depths. A blind man might have felt that. Billy was not blind, but he affected not to see. He did not wait for her to make response, but took leave of her lightly, as though there were no justification for his lingering.

"Well, I must be gettin' back," he said. "The dog, he can stay with you. He'll find me in town. I don't reckon I could lose him if I wanted to."

XIX

DAN HIGDON had not gained in good temper or in self-control during the interval. Billy found him sitting before the hotel, sunk down in a corner of his bench in a state very near to collapse. Higdon was wanting nothing so much just then as to be let alone; but Billy took his seat on the bench beside him, his smile blandly friendly, his greeting fairly effervescing with high animal spirits. He was not at the pains of leading up to what he wanted to say to Higdon.

"We sure had one game last night, didn't we?" he said. "I sure did enjoy that game, even though I couldn't win nothin'. It cost me pretty near a hundred."

There was not so much as a grunt from Higdon. He was not wanting to be reminded of last night; he had been trying his best to forget. Dully he turned his head away.

"I never did see such a funny run of hands," said Billy. "Nor it ain't often you'll see such a funny set of different kinds of players. That man Foster mostly had me guessin'. He ain't such a fearful fool as he looks, is he? I couldn't seem to get onto him. I ain't so sure I understand him yet. He played careful, and awful careless, too, didn't he? That last hand now—he'd certainly ought to have played that last hand different from the way he did. You'd play a real nice game yourself, though, with that bunch if you just had time to get onto their different funny little ways."

The compliment fell on deaf ears. Higdon was suffering a vast disgust with life; it would need more than a compliment on his poker playing to lift him out of his despond.

"I guess everybody's got his funny ways of playin'," Billy said. "I have, myself. I've got to feel lucky before I can do any good at it. That man Beck is real different from me. Did you ever see anybody that played as quaint as him? He plays clear inside himself; it don't show on the outside at all. And Bud Kennedy, he's different too. You can always tell how Bud's goin' to play. With me, I play just whichever way I happen to feel; but with Bud feelin's don't seem to make any difference. He just plays what he's got for what he figures it's worth. That's Bud all over; he's that way in everything."

Higdon was finding Billy's garrulity an affliction. He wished the noise would stop and that Billy would take himself away with his offensively breezy manner and his offensively keen relish of life; but he lacked the spirit to say so outright. He merely scuffed his feet, shifted his posture and spat his distaste.

"If I had as much money as Bud's got," said Billy, "I shouldn't think I had to play poker as plumb careful as he does. I'd be wantin' to play wild sometimes, just for variety. He sure could afford it, Bud could, because he's sure got a plenty. If I had even half as much as that man's got tucked away in his safe down there right this minute, I'd have a sight more than I'm ever liable to have of my own at one time. That's what I would!"

Higdon stirred. It was an almost imperceptible movement. Billy might not have noticed if he had not been expecting it. He felt rather than saw it; but he had not been mistaken.

He rose lazily.

"Well," he said lightly, "I guess I'll be goin' to supper. Mebbe there'll be another game after a while if you're feelin' like tryin' it again. We mostly play in the evenin's."

He found Beckett K. McGilhcuddy at the table. Beckett grinned at him—and when Beckett K. grinned it was an event. Always it meant something. For the most part, it meant that no living man could tell what he would do next. He never grinned in banking hours; his grins were kept sacred to his own private use.

"Billy," he said, "I've been thinking. Sitting here and waiting for you, I've been thinking hard. I've been trying an absolutely original experiment. For the last quarter of an hour I've been engaged in trying to think as I think a fat man would think. Did you ever think of that? And just think what it implies! Just suppose now that since the beginning of the world all the lean thinkers had been fat thinkers and all the fat ones had been lean! What a very, very different world this would be! Think, Billy ——"

"Shucks!" Billy said. "If you want to suppose things, why don't you suppose somethin' reasonable? Why don't you try supposin' what kind of a world this would be if all the horse wranglers in the country was knock-kneed instead of bow-legged? Did you ever notice a real knock-kneed man on horseback? Or why don't you try

The "REGENT" has the new soft roll collar. Five buttons, the top one of which is left open.

You like a smart touch to your clothes, something that gives you individuality.

Ask your dealer to show you The "REGENT," a new Rosenwald & Weil waistcoat that has style and distinction. Your choice in many colors and fabrics.

Makers of high quality summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

Delivered TO YOU FREE

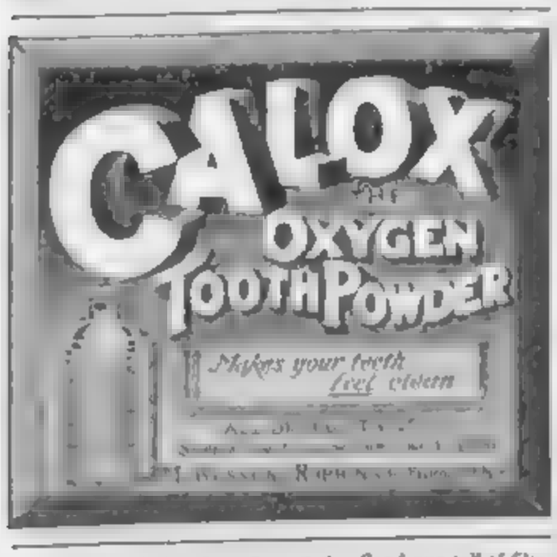
on Approval and 30 days' Trial

SEND NO MONEY but write today for our big 1915 Ranger Bicycle Catalog and Special Offer. It is free.

BOYS

LOWEST PRICES direct to you. We can make you such values and such terms that you cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without first learning what we can offer you. Write now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-55, CHICAGO, ILL.



50c Trial Offer for 10c Send one roll of film, any size, 6 or 12 exposure (or film pack), we will develop film or pack and print a total of 6 pictures from best negatives for 10c (stamps). Beautiful 10-inch mounted enlargements 25c. Price list and sample print free upon request.

ROANOKE CYCLE COMPANY, Roanoke, Virginia.

supposin' what would happen ——" But his mind was a bit too eager, a degree too impatient for trifling. He broke away from it abruptly. "Say, Beck, do you want to know for sure who it was that took your money? How much would you be willin' to give if you could know for sure, without havin' to take anybody's word for it at all?"

Beckett was sobered.

"For sure?" he queried. "Billy, that's been worrying me. It certainly has. If I could be sure—absolutely sure, mind—I'd give a thousand dollars out of my own pocket. I would, and call it cheap at that!"

"A thousand? Beck, I'll just go you on that! And, just to make it interestin', I'll bet you fifty on the side I can show you who it was, for sure, before mornin'."

Beckett grinned again.

"Oh, be a sport! Make it a hundred!"

THE night was tar black in the shelter of the sheds at the rear of the New York Emporium, where Billy and Beckett waited. After midnight that part of the town grew death still. By and by they heard the far approach of the down freight; then the voluminous roar of its passage and the diminishing sound of its swift descent on the eastward grade through the echoing hills; then silence. They could not talk. That was a trial to Billy. Besides, he wanted to smoke and dared not lest it work a betrayal. They could only wait.

An hour passed over them; then another. Beckett spoke at last in his dry whisper:

"Billy, you're only playing horse with me! It's my treat. Come on, let's go and get it."

Billy gripped his arm fiercely, compelling silence. There was something moving up the alleyway, drawing slowly nearer. They were very sure it was not imagination that gave stealth to the movement. Presently in the faint starlight that shone against the white of the store wall they made out a man's figure beyond mistake, a figure that slunk and picked its steps. At the rear of the Emporium it halted. Quickly and easily, as though under expert touch, a window was opened and the figure disappeared.

"Careful now!" Billy breathed. "Don't step on nothin' that'll pop. Take it easy. You go on that side of the window and let me take this one, so when he comes out we can each grab an arm. Careful!"

From within the room faint sounds issued. Waiting, Billy chuckled internally. He knew Bud Kennedy's unfailing habit—knew that the worn old iron safe was never locked and never carried anything overnight but the Emporium books of account. It was a cruel jest to play on an eager thief; nor did it take long for the marauder to discover the emptiness of his venture. They heard his slinking step coming down the rough board floor to the window—and in another moment they grabbed him.

"Grabbed" is but a defective, shabby word for telling of Beckett's mode. When Beckett grabbed he did not merely lay hold—he wrapped himself round; he entwined with lean arms and lank legs and lumber body until his victim was corded up as with a rawhide lariat. What fighting chance was there left? Just none at all.

"Can you hold him?" Billy asked. "Let me light a match."

He held the flickering stick to the thief's face. Save for the intricacy of the knot he had tied himself into, Beckett must have let go his hold.

"Foster!" he cried. "Foster! Why, Billy ——"

"Sure it's Foster!" said Billy. "Mr. Foster, from Baltimore. The gentleman that's come in our midst to buy copper mines. That's him, Beck! And you didn't guess it?"

Foster did not struggle. Ash-pale, sweating, eyes flaming like those of a rat hopelessly cornered, he waited silently. It was not yet his turn to speak. He made no resistance while Billy tied his hands at his back with firm skill.

"Well, there!" Billy said. "That'll do for now. You can let go of him, Beck. I've got his gun."

There was a little interval of silence.

"Say, listen, Beck!" Billy said. "Say, ain't this kind of my show? I've let you in on it; but I could have run it alone if I'd wanted to, couldn't I? Say, are you willin' to let me run the rest of it my way? That's pretty near comin' to me, ain't it?"

"Why ——" Beckett hesitated. "You're thinking of something crazy, Billy. What are you going to do? There's the money ——"

He whose paint lasts, paints best. Your painter should know, and you should let him know that you know, that the ingredient which makes paint last longer and look better while it lasts is

Zinc

We have three books discussing Zinc from the three viewpoints of the parties most concerned.

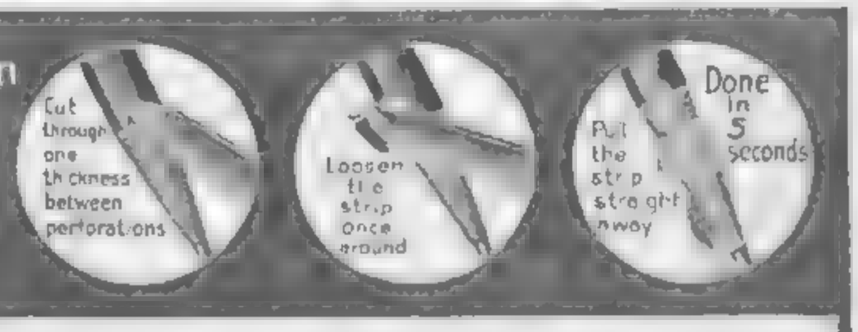
For House Owner: "*Your Move*"
For Architects: "*One of Your Problems*"
For Painters: "*Zinc That Made a Painter Rich*"

Ask for yours. Sent free.

The New Jersey Zinc Company
Room 420, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau.

The modern way to sharpen a pencil


Cut through one thickness between perforations
Loosen the strip once around
Pull the strip straight away
Done in 5 seconds

Six proofs of Blaisdell merit:

Western Union Telegraph Company
Carnegie Steel Company
Prudential Life Insurance Company
New York Central Railroad
State of Pennsylvania
Bradstreet's

Each of these six concerns is one of a great number who use Blaisdell pencils either wholly or in part. Their endorsement of Blaisdell is one of the strongest arguments we know for the worth of these pencils. Many of the largest and most successful corporations in the world use Blaisdells exclusively. As with anything else, they praise a pencil best who use it. To every purchaser of lead pencils—especially to purchasing agents who buy pencils in bulk—we respectfully submit the experience of these companies as genuine proof of Blaisdell excellence.

In fact it is in the big concerns where pencils are used by the 100 000 that the Blaisdell superiority can be most plainly seen. Comparisons are always kind to the Blaisdell.

In the making of lead pencils Blaisdell is the latest and the highest phase. It is the modern lead pencil—in quality, convenience, economy, it fills the demand for scientific efficiency.

Blaisdell pencils are delightful in their writing qualities. They are the last word in convenience. They are from ¼ to ½ less expensive than wooden pencils.

These are the facts. Try the Blaisdell and we believe you will agree with us that it is the handiest, pleasantest and most economical pencil for you to use.

Quality: Our up-to-date, short-cut methods and machinery reduce manufacturing costs and enable us to offer the finest lead in each grade. Blaisdells are remarkable for their long life as well as for their smoothness.

Convenience: Compare the Blaisdell way of sharpening a pencil (as illustrated at the top of this advertisement) with the old-fashioned whittling method. No whittlings, no dirt; no annoyance; no wasted lead by the Blaisdell method. Those accustomed to the Blaisdell would not think of "going back" to the bothersome wooden pencil.

Economy: Blaisdells will save at least ¼ to ½ of your wooden pencil costs. We are anxious to prove this to you before you buy a single Blaisdell. Drop us a card. (P. S. This does not take into account the saving of clerks' time of whittling, etc.)

Blaisdell 202 is a Blaisdell "leader," splendid for all office-work. It has an eraser and a lead like velvet. Price 55c per dozen; $5.40 per gross. Order by number from your stationer.

There are Blaisdell pencils of every kind for every purpose, including Regular, Colored Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's and Railroad pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness. Sold by leading stationers everywhere.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company

PHILADELPHIA

Cheney Cravats

live to tell the tale long after the average silk tie has gone to rack and ruin in the daily tug-o'-wear. And they still look good—first, fifth or fiftieth time on. Cheney Silk Handkerchiefs are the real quality thing also, because they, too, are made from Cheney Silks. When buying a necktie or a silk handkerchief, always look for the identification mark:

CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Ave. and 18th St., New York

The BEST LIGHT

A brilliant, cheap, portable light. Used in every country on the globe. Makes and

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

KEITH'S FAMOUS PLANS insure you an individual home at no greater cost to build than "Ready Made." I'll sketch it for you for $5 of the cost of one of my 2000 Plans. For $1 I'll

50 Homes
Individuality

Floor Plan Books

W. J. KEITH, Arch't, 542 Keith Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE SANITARY "O K" ERASER

By aught pressure

Price 10c each. New Rubbers 5c each

Everybody should have this New Eraser

The O K Manufacturing Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

HERZ Unbreakable Double-Stone SPARK PLUG

The famous "Boogie Marvels" of Europe. No porcelain to crack—4 sparking points—Platinum-alloy electrodes—self-cleaning. Guaranteed a year—many outlast the motor. Dealers or direct from us—$1.50. HERZ & CO., 245 W. 55th St., New York

Still No Holes

The heels and toes of Knox-Knit Pure Silk Hosiery are made by our special darnproof process and all wear points are doubly reinforced. You are guaranteed absolute satisfaction or a new pair.

KNOX-KNIT SILK HOSIERY

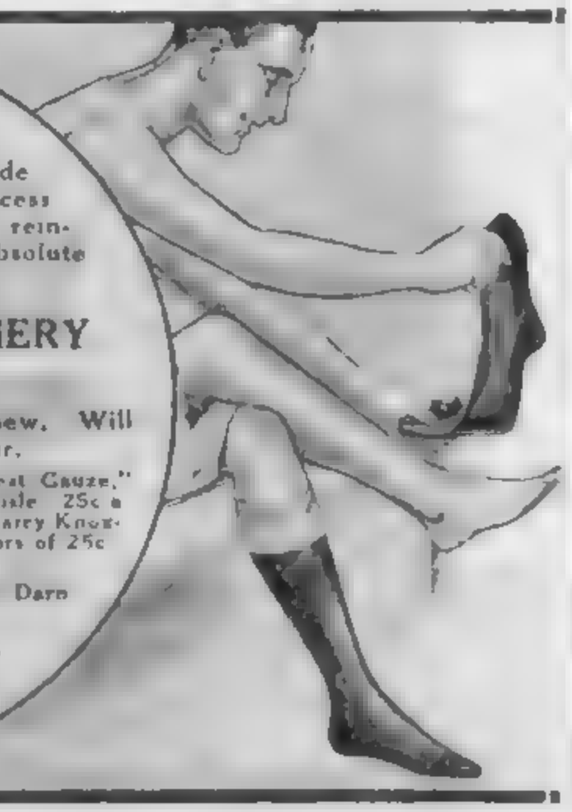
It Wears and Wears

Comes from the laundry looking like new. Will not shrink or lose its shape. 50c a pair.

Knox-Knit Hosiery is also made in "Gauziest Gauze," "Medium Weight" and "Heavy Weight" Silk Lisle 25c a pair. Buy from your dealer if he does not carry Knox-Knit, send us his name and $1.50 for 6 pairs of 25c hose or $1.00 for 6 pairs of 50c hose.

FREE. Write for booklet "The Hole Darn Family."

Knoxville Knitting Mills Co.,
Mfrs., Knoxville, Tenn.
Dept. A.



3

"Oh, sugar!" Billy retorted. "Your money? I've got your money in my behind pocket. It's been there ever since yesterday—most of it, I mean. You got the rest of it from him last night yourself, with them four kings I dealt you; and you got some more besides. You're ahead, only for what you're owin' me. If that's all——"

"Oh, go on!" said Beckett. "You're doing this. Fix it to suit yourself."

Billy laughed. He was enjoying himself, was Billy. When he spoke to Foster his tone was that of one who jests. Above all the other factors in the odd situation the grim humor of it stood out in his mind in strong relief.

"I reckon you're figurin' that you're kind of up against it," he said. "You've been doin' some quick thinkin' since you come out of the window and you ain't feelin' any too good over it; but mebbe it ain't so bad. Beck and me, we're reasonable. We like sport, me and Beck do; but we ain't so awful fond of the taste of blood. It ain't killin' we like; it's just knowin' that we've played the game wiser than the other man, so he's been kept from runnin' a blazer on us. Can you understand that?"

Foster spoke no word. His rôle was that of waiting. They could feel the alert, high tension of his every nerve; but he waited, motionless, silent.

"All right!" said Billy. "You'll be talkin' some pretty soon. You'll be real willin' to talk, I expect, when I tell you. Listen! We ain't goin' to be detainin' you here so very long. We're goin' to turn you loose after you've talked a little. I don't have to tell you that you've got to talk straight. And I'll know whether you're tellin' the truth, even if it is pitch dark, because I know the most of what I'm goin' to ask you about. I just want Beck to hear what you're goin' to say, because Beck's terrible ignorant; and I want Beck to get it right from you. If it's worth anything to you to be turned loose, with nobody sayin' a blessed word about this business to make you any trouble, you'll tell it to him right."

There was only dead silence from Foster, save for a nervous cough.

"You was the man that cracked Beck's safe, wasn't you?" Billy asked point-blank. "You can say so here, or else I'll prove it on you to the jury—because I know. It was me that found the money where you buried it. And I know Dan Higdon's in on it with you, because I followed the two of you last night when you went back to the place together and was tryin' to figure out where it had got to; and I know it, too, because Higdon dealt you them four tens last night over Beck's sevens and my full. He'd ought to have dealt them to himself. If he hadn't give 'em to you I shouldn't hardly have suspicioned nothin'. That was a bad mistake.

"And out there in the brush I heard Dan Higdon keep arguin' it was Skip Liggett that had got it. He was sayin' you'd put Skip wise so as to beat Higdon out of his part. You couldn't hardly make him believe you hadn't—nor he don't believe it yet; but it wasn't Skip at all; it was me that rooted it out. Look here!"

He struck another match and, in its brief flare, showed the tight roll of bills he had been carrying on his hip.

"That's it, ain't it?" he said. "And I found it. And you was the one that took it out of the safe, wasn't you? You'd better say it! I ain't goin' to ask you but just this once more. It was you, wasn't it?"

Foster cleared his throat huskily.

"Yes," he said.

"There's just one little thing I ain't been able to cipher out," said Billy. "It ain't so horrible important, but I wish you'd tell me. You can say it, because we won't ever peep about it. Just how was it that Dan Higdon happened to be in with you on it? Was it——"

Foster indulged a short, dry, ironic laugh. "Higdon!" he retorted. "That chucklehead! Do you imagine I'd be dividing with him? It isn't Higdon; it's the Chicago agency."

"Oh!" Billy murmured. He tried a swift turn on his mental trapeze but could not quite put it over. "You mean—— You'd better tell us, yourself."

"Pshaw!" Foster returned impatiently. "Your bank had been refusing to take out insurance—so have most of the banks round here. So the agency sent me to give you an object lesson—that's all."

"Oh!" Billy said. "Oh, yes! Ain't that simple, Beck? And then the money—how much was the agency to get out of what you got?"

"Half," Foster said briefly. "It isn't the agency, though; it's an inside ring that gets the rake-off. They give me the job for half and protect me."

"Oh!" Billy chuckled. "And then the poker playin' and little deals, like this tonight in Kennedy's store—that's just on the side with Higdon? Sure! And Higdon would be responsible for takin' that half of the money back to Chicago, wouldn't he? That's why he's been actin' so glum all day—that and what he lost last night with his clumsiness. Beck, ain't you plumb sorry for Higdon? He's flat broke. And now he won't be drawin' so awful much more from you, will he? And he ain't in any kind of shape at all for makin' up a tale to tell 'em in Chicago, is he? Yes, sir; it's a bad, bad pity!"

All at once he dropped his levity completely.

"Listen, Foster!" he said with simple gravity. "That ain't the hard part of what you've got to tell us. I wouldn't have bothered about that part. You won't like to say the rest of what I'm goin' to ask you. It's about Skip Liggett. Beck here has got to know about Skip. I'm goin' to make it as easy for you as I can. I ain't dead sure, myself, like I want to be; but I'm goin' to tell you the way I figure it out, and if I don't get it right you can say so. If I'm correct you don't have to say a word at all. Is that satisfactory?"

Foster's hard unconcern was gone as utterly as Billy's lightness. He was mightily overwrought. They could hear the sudden, sharp intake of his nervous breathing—gasping, ragged. He did not speak. Billy did not prolong his agitation.

"This is the way I figure it," said Billy. "When Skip did his year in the pen in Kansas it was for this same kind of deal, wasn't it? Something like this one. And you're the man that ought to have done the time, instead of Skip. You can tell me if that ain't right. But it was put onto Skip; and Skip took it because—because you're married to Skip's sister. And Skip thinks a lot of his sister, don't he? And so do you. I've noticed that. She's the kind of woman a man would care a heap for. And you let 'em put onto Skip what was comin' to you, mostly on the woman's account. I reckon that's pretty near it."

"God!" Foster breathed. It was a cry of pent agony, a revelation of unfathomable depth of feeling.

"There's only one thing more," Billy said. "When you started this Redstone deal, did you know Skip was here?"

"No!" Foster cried. "No! Before God, no!"

Billy loosed the man's bound arms. Foster stood inert, only chafing feebly at his wrists. He seemed to have no will to move or to speak.

"That'll be all," said Billy. "You don't have to say another word to me; but I wish you would, just the same. I wish you'd tell me what you're goin' to do now."

Foster kept silence.

"Listen," Billy said; "if it was me I'd be feelin' as though I'd had pretty near a plenty of this. Mebbe it ain't a mite of my business; but I'd be wantin' to quit and try somethin' else for a spell. I sure would! I'd be doin' it for the woman if I didn't do it for myself. There's plenty of places you could go to. I know what you'd be afraid of. You'd be afraid of Higdon and that outfit. You'd be afraid they've got too much on you to let you quit 'em when you're so useful and know so much. But I wouldn't worry about that. I'm goin' to have a nice little talk with Higdon after a bit; and then he won't bother you any more."

Billy laughed aloud in easy return to his everyday buoyancy.

"The trouble is, you're broke—ain't you?" he said. "That mess of blue paper you've got in your pocketbook—that was just a blind, wasn't it? There was only just that one piece of it you could cash; and now you're broke—as broke as Higdon. You'll be needin' some to get away with. Well—— Beck, how about that thousand we was talkin' about? Couldn't you let him have a little of that? You'll be savin' it on what you don't have to pay Higdon now."

Beckett K. McGillicuddy had been wordless. He was staggered, astounded, humbled, without a kick left in his mind.

"Just as you say, Billy," he agreed.

"You can get the express west at nine," Billy told Foster. "You won't have to see Higdon. Beck, you take care of Higdon for me. He'll be plumb sick in bed by now.

with the drink he's got in him. You watch he don't get out of his room till I get back. I'm goin' to fetch Skip. You and me have got to fix things up with Skip some this mornin', Beck. We owe that lad somethin', don't you reckon?"

XXI

THE dawn had broken when Billy returned from Red Butte with Skip Liggett. Skip was flushed, very bright eyed, very eager, his thoughts leaping far ahead of his steps. There was a strange new look on his face that was not eagerness or mere relief from anxiety, but something altogether apart from those. The man in him had wakened.

Here and there, up and down the street, a man moved sleepily about in the half-light, beginning his day. Billy knew of another whose day had begun.

"You go right now and see her, Skip," he said. "Don't be puttin' it off. Take my word for it, there's a time for the other things. Go on!"

For himself, he mounted to the bedroom floor of the hotel to see how Beckett might be faring with Higdon. At the door of Higdon's room he paused, listening. Beckett was making up for his silence in the night; his thin, dry voice was doing a steady, monotonous solo, and Billy judged that the solo had been of many and various parts.

"And now I think it's ready for your signature," Billy heard. "Sign right here, please. Permit me to dip the pen for you. Right here, Mr. Higdon, on the neat little dotted line I've drawn."

There was an inarticulate growl from Higdon's fat throat.

"Oh, yes, you will!" Beckett's voice said. "I'm not leaving it to you to say whether you will or not. You'll sign right there and right now, or I'll reach the sheriff by phone in five minutes. Right here, Mr. Higdon, on the dotted line. Ah, thank you! A trifle unsteady, perhaps, but quite all right. I'll trouble you to acknowledge the signature a little later, when I can bring a notary and a witness. You will kindly wait here in your room until we come. Don't try to move beyond your door.

"I believe that concludes our business, dear friend. The rest of your stay in our little city will be purely social in its nature, will it not? I take it that you will remain with us for a few hours, until your agency can wire you carfare. Then you will be returning to Chicago, will you not? A very delightful place, Chicago!"

Billy tiptoed away, tiptoed downstairs, tiptoed through the hall to the dining room entrance, then tiptoed back after a brief glance at the two intent figures by the dawn-lit east window. They had not heeded him; they were heedless of everything but the radiant glory in their own young hearts.

"Well, gee whiz!" Billy murmured. "Nobody seems to be needin' me round much!"

He sat on his bench before the door; and there Foster found him presently. It was a sadly shaken Foster, hollow eyed, pallid, agitated; but, for all that, he did not mince words.

"Mr. Fortune," he said, "my wife would like to speak with you. Will you be good enough to go up to our rooms for a moment?"

The woman awaited him, came forward to meet him, stretching her hands to him. She, too, had known her agony—that was plain. She was very pale, but the light in her eyes as she looked at Billy was serenely triumphant.

"I know!" she cried softly. For a long moment she gazed at him; then, so quickly that he could not prevent her, she raised his sun-browned hand and touched it gently with her lips. "You are a strong, good man!" she whispered.

Billy flamed scarlet through his tan. She could not have put a greater embarrassment on him. He laughed in confusion he could not master.

"Sugar!" he deprecated. "It wasn't that—honest, it wasn't! It was mostly just devilment with me—except for Skip. I was bound to see Skip through. But the rest of it —— Oh, forget it; please, ma'am! Or else just kind of pass it along to somebody else that needs it. That'll make it square."

XXII

TOWARD the end of the business day there was a meeting of the officers of the Bank of Redstone—Beck and Bud and Doc. It was not like most meetings of bank officers; the affairs of the bank cut but little figure in the hour's talk. It was a human problem that engrossed those three.

"I reckon it's pretty near like Beck says, Doc," Bud said by and by. He brought out his jackknife and opened it. There was nothing to whittle on but Beckett's desk. Regardless, he began to cut a trim row of notches along the oaken edge. "I reckon it's pretty near like Beck says, Doc. We're pretty near owin' somethin' to Skip. We didn't mean harm to him; but we come too darned near doin' him harm to suit me."

"Precisely!" said Dr. Amos Giddings. "I agree with you both, entirely. Yes—precisely!"

"But what are we goin' to do for him?" Bud queried. "Just passin' him a bunch of money wouldn't be right, would it? It would seem too cheap. He wouldn't take it anyway. But he would take somethin' friendly. What'll it be? I could take him in the store with me on a kind of share. Or mebbe we could get him started with somebody in runnin' a bunch of cows. Or—or—I don't know ——"

Beckett K. McGillicuddy faced the bank clock. His pale-gray eyes glanced at the dial. The short hand pointed hard at IV; the long hand trembled a hairbreadth from XII. Automatically Beckett's lips drew into a pucker. He restrained his whistle with a mighty effort, but his mental habit was inviolable.

"Gentlemen," he said sedately, "a suggestion! It is not meet for mortals to poke their profane fingers into the machinery of the gods. Don't let's! The busy little wheels will get us! There's only one mortal man in Redstone with the audacity to dare telling the gods what to do with Skip Liggett. Billy Fortune could put it across. Gentlemen, Billy Fortune could walk serenely up to the stiffest aristocrat in all the family of the gods and spit in his eye, and make that act the basis for a lifelong friendship. Let Billy do it!"

"That suits me!" said Bud Kennedy.

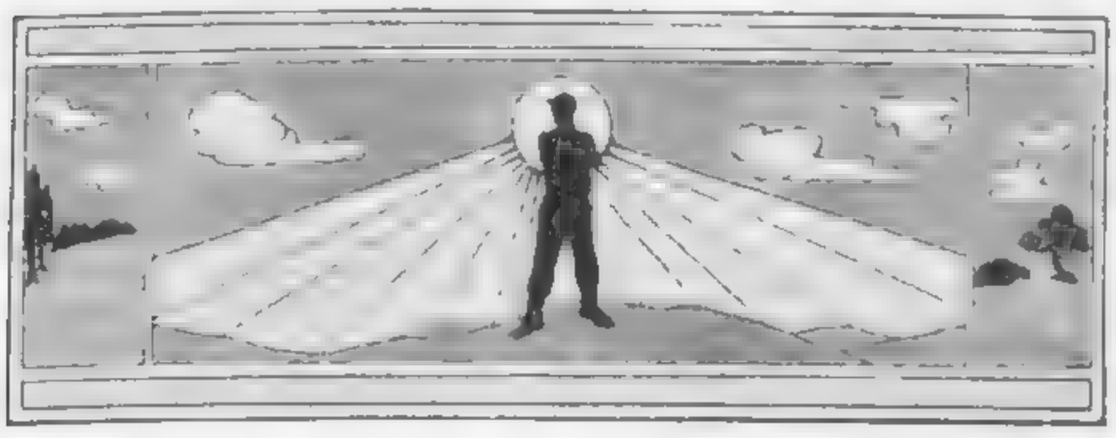
"Ah, yes," said Dr. Amos Giddings. "Precisely!"

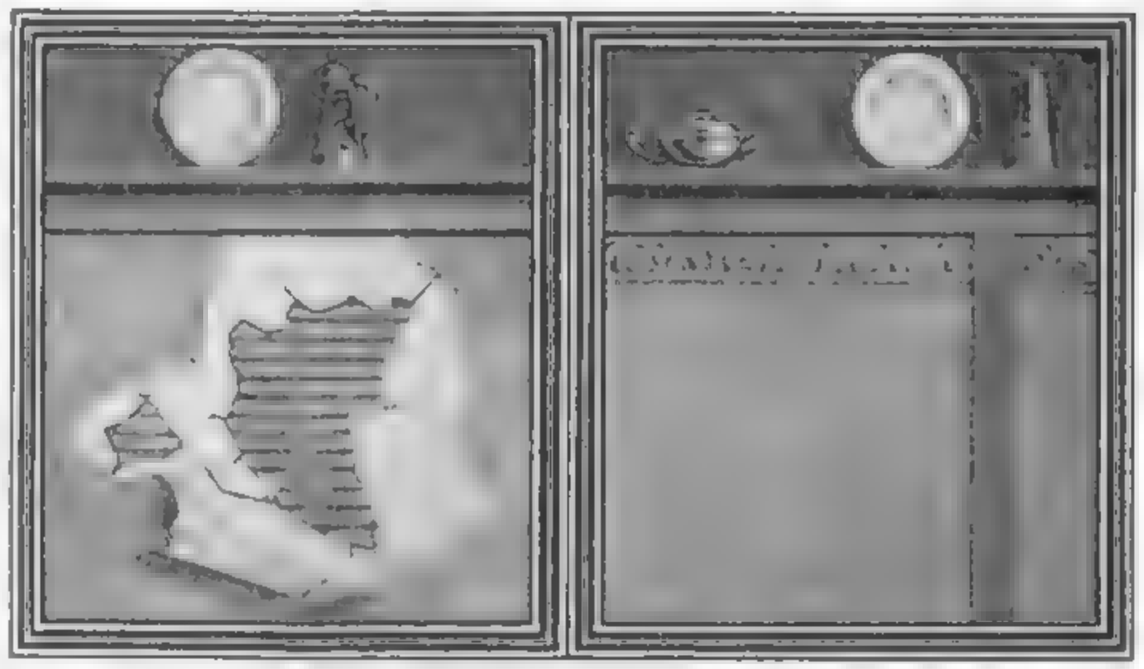
(THE END)

Poison Alarms

A POISON bottle, intended to give warning when opened that it contains poison, has been invented by a New York doctor as his contribution to the effort to reduce the number of deaths caused by accidental taking of poisons, such as bichloride-of-mercury tablets. His poison bottle liberates a very noticeable odor every time it is opened. In the neck of the bottle, on the inside below the cork line, is a little niche, in which rests a sack containing the smell-making chemical.

Another application of the idea is the placing of such a sack in a niche on the bottom of the cork. When the cork is taken out of the bottle the sack sends its odor into the air, which serves as a warning. Any druggist can concoct the necessary smell, making it either disagreeably nasty or simply just penetrating; and no one would be likely to swallow a supposed headache tablet coming from such a bottle.





Get Rid of the Muss and Dirt of Plastering

Get rid of the expense of redecorating—the uncleanliness of dusty wall paper. Use Upson Board—it makes crack-proof, durable and artistic walls and ceilings.

Any carpenter or handy man can easily, quickly and inexpensively apply Upson Board over old plaster or to the studding in new buildings *instead* of plaster.

Upson Board can be finished in soft, dainty tints or rich, velvety shades to make attractive, cheerful interiors. The panels can be made inconspicuous or harmoniously contrastive. Refuse inferior imitations. Be sure to get

UPSON BOARD PROCESSED — UPSON PROCESSED BOARD

It possesses the good qualities of other boards and five vital and important features of its own

Upson Board comes SURFACE FILLED. This makes a priming coat unnecessary and should save at least $5.00 per room.

The long, tough, pure wood fibres used in making Upson Board are compressed under tremendous pressure. Every panel of Upson Board is not only tough and durable but has so perfect a painting surface that two coats of paint will always finish it—often only one. Soft boards "drink" paint and require two, three and often four coats in addition to the priming coat.

Upson Board is KILN-CURED to minimize shrinkage and expansion.

Upson Board is thoroughly WATER-PROOFED. Ordinary leaks have little or no effect upon it.

If there is no dealer in your town, we will make it easy for you to buy direct from us.

Send coupon today for painted sample of Upson Board and Booklet.

THE UPSON COMPANY
FIBRE BOARD AUTHORITIES
5 UPSON POINT LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Thoughtful dealers will find it profitable to get in touch with us. The Upson sales policy is permanent, fair and square. It protects the jobber and dealer.

C
The
Upson Pl
Lockport N Y
Send me painted sample of Upson Board and interesting booklet "All Through the House with Upson Board." 2c stamp enclosed. I am interested in using Upson Board for
Name
Address

LOOK FOR THE TRUE BLUE CENTER

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires

For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads.

In eight months over 20,000 American motorists have followed their example and are saving $50 to $200 a year in tire expense.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, prepay

signed guarantee for 5,000 miles without puncture

SPECIAL DISCOUNT direct from factory

State size of tires. Don't wait - write today

THE COLORADO TIRE & LEATHER CO
4648 Lincoln Belg W Austin Ave, Chicago, Ill.
2248 Tread Building Denver, Colo

Waterman PORTO

1919 Model has reversing propeller, high

Sold direct from factory to you.

Has Automobile

able bearings; solid bronze skeg protecting 10½ x 16 in. propeller. Steers by rudder from any part

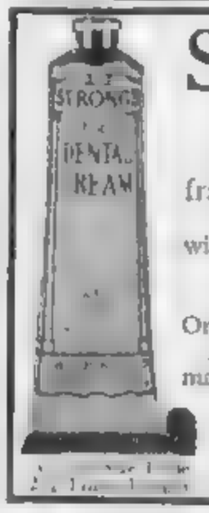
cooled exhaust manif

Demand these essentials, if you want your money's worth. Write today for free book.

WATERMAN MOTOR CO.
230 Mt. Elliott Ave
Detroit, Mich

Makes Any Boat A Motor Boat

STRONG'S DENTAL CREAM



"Makes Teeth Like Pearls"

Strong's Antiseptic Dental Cream is a delicious, fragrant and efficient dentifrice and prophylactic.

One of the few dentifrices manufactured in strict accordance with modern dental progress and discovery in Oral Hygiene.

MOST ECONOMICAL

Original, sanitary tube with key attachment prevents waste. Price 25 cents. Send us your druggist's name and we will mail you postpaid a

10-Day TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

C. H. STRONG & CO., 325 W. Madison St., Chicago
Dept 55 *Established 1867*

Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap

Popular the world over for 54 years. Endorsed by Professional Authorities

Large Size

Sold in neat, unbreakable box 25 cents.

Get in the Game—"Roll Your Own"

When the umpire shouts, "Play Ball!" light up a fresh-rolled "Bull" Durham cigarette and settle down to root for the home team—the one best way to enjoy a ball game, as millions of "fans" will testify.

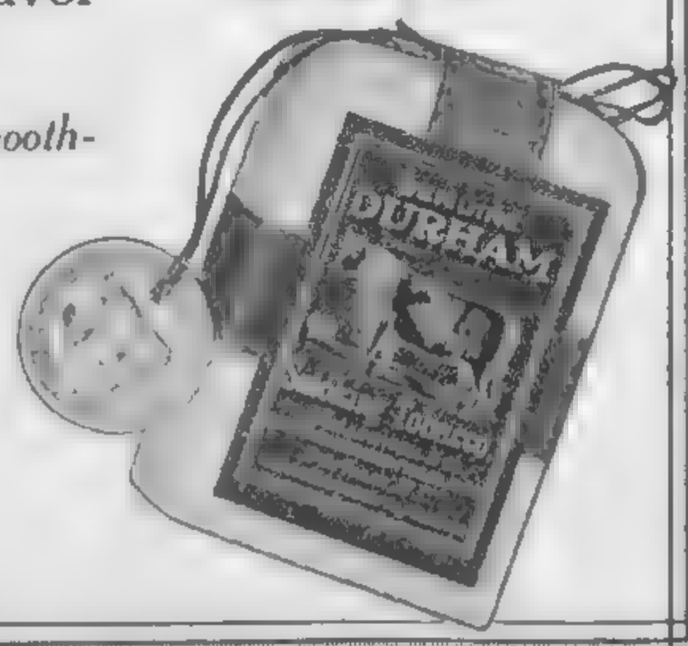
GENUINE

"BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

has been identified with the great national pastime for so many years that it has practically become a part of the game itself—the spectators' part. No other game can ever supplant baseball—no other tobacco can ever supplant "Bull" Durham—in the enthusiastic favor of sport-loving, enjoyment-loving America.

Ask for FREE package of "papers" with each 5c sack



The *unique fragrance* of this pure, mild, mellow tobacco—the *smoothness* and *freshness* of "Bull" Durham hand-made cigarettes—afford *distinctive,* wholesome enjoyment and thorough, *lasting satisfaction.*

FREE An Illustrated Booklet, showing correct way to "Roll Your Own" Cigarettes, and a package of cigarette papers, will both be mailed, *free,* to any address in U. S. on request. Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N. C., Room 1269.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 16)

which Belgium was forced to equip so many of her soldiers side by side with the new and scientific German guns. Along the wall are officers' swords, and above them, on shelves, the haversacks of the common soldiers, laden with the things that comprise their whole comfort.

I examined one. How few the things were and how worn! And yet the haversack was heavy. As he started for the trenches, this soldier who was carried back, he had on his shoulders this haversack of hide tanned with the hair on. In it he had two pairs of extra socks, worn and ragged, a tattered and dirty undershirt, a photograph of his wife, rags for cleaning his gun, a part of a loaf of dry bread, the remnant of what had been a pair of gloves, now fingerless and stiff with rain and mud, a rosary, a pair of shoes that the woman of the photograph would have wept and prayed over, some extra cartridges and a piece of leather. Perhaps he meant to try to mend the shoes.

And here again I wish I could finish the story. I wish I could tell whether he lived or died—whether he carried that knapsack back to battle, or whether he died and its pitiful contents were divided among those of his comrades who were even more needy than he had been. But the veil lifts for a moment and drops again.

Two incidents stand out with distinctness from those first days in La Panne, when, thrust with amazing rapidity into the midst of war, my mind was a chaos of interest, bewilderment and despair.

One is of an old abbé, talking earnestly to a young Belgian noblewoman who had recently escaped from Brussels with only the clothing she wore.

The abbé was round of face and benevolent. I had met him before, at Calais, where he had posed me in front of a statue and taken my picture. His enthusiasm over photography was contagious. He had made a dark room from a closet in an old convent, and he owned a little American camera. With this carefully placed on a tripod and covered with a black cloth, he posed me carefully, making numerous excursions under the cloth. In that cold courtyard, under the marble figure of Joan of Arc, he was a warm and human and most alive figure, in his flat black shoes, his long black soutane with its woolen sash, his woolen muffler and spectacles, with the eternal cigarette, that is part and parcel of every Belgian, dangling loosely from his lower lip.

The Boy Under the Blanket

The surgeons and nurses who were watching the operation looked on with affectionate smiles. They loved him, this old priest, with his boyishness, his enthusiasms, his tiny camera, his cigarette, his beautiful faith. He has promised me the photograph and what he promises he fulfills. Perhaps it will arrive in time to publish with this article. Perhaps it was a failure. I hope not. He would be so disappointed—and so would I.

So I was glad to meet him again at La Panne—glad and surprised, for he was fifty miles north of where we had met before. But the abbé was changed. He was without the smile, without the cigarette. And he was speaking beseechingly to the smiling young refugee. This is what he was saying:

"I am glad, daughter, to help you in every way that I can. I have bought for you in Calais everything that you requested. But I implore you, daughter, do not ask me to purchase any more ladies' underlinen. It is most embarrassing."

"But, father ——"

"No underlinen," he repeated firmly. But it hurt him to refuse. One could see that. One imagined, too, that in his life of service there were few refusals. I left them still debating. The abbé's eyes were desperate but his posture firm. One felt that there would be no surrender.

Another picture, and I shall leave La Panne for a time.

I was preparing to go. A telephone message to General Melis, of the Belgian Army, had brought his car to take me to Dunkirk. I was about to leave the protection of the Belgian Red Cross and place myself in the care of the ministry of war. I did not know what the future would bring, and the few days at La Panne and the Ambulance Ocean had made friends for me there. Things move quickly in war time. The conventions with which we bind up our souls in ordinary life are cut away. La Panne was already familiar and friendly territory.

I went down the wide staircase. An ambulance had stopped and its burden was being carried in. The bearers rested the stretcher gently on the floor, and a nurse was immediately on her knees beside it.

"Shell!" she said.

The occupant was a boy of perhaps nineteen—a big boy. Some mother must have been very proud of him. He was fully conscious, and he looked up from his stained bandages with the same searching glance that now I have seen so often—the glance that would read its chances in the faces of those about. With his uninjured arm he threw back the blanket. His right arm was wounded, broken in two places but not shattered.

"He'll do nicely," said the nurse. "A broken jaw and the arm."

His eyes were on me, so I bent over.

"The nurse says you will do nicely," I assured him. "It will take time, but you will be very comfortable here, and ——"

The nurse had been making further investigations. Now she turned back the other end of the blanket. His right leg had been torn off at the hip.

That story has an end; for that boy died.

With the Speed Laws Suspended

The drive back to Dunkirk was a mad one. Afterward I learned to know that red-headed Flemish chauffeur, with his fiercely upcurled mustache and his contempt of death. Rather, perhaps, I learned to know his back. It was a reckless back. He wore a large army overcoat with a cape and a cap with a tassel. When he really got under way at anything from fifty miles an hour to the limit of the speedometer, which was ninety miles, the gilt tassel, which in the Belgian cap hangs over and touches the forehead, had a way of standing up; the cape overcoat blew out in the air, cutting off my vision and my last hope.

I regard that chauffeur as a menace on the high road. He would be in his element riding a strawstack in an American cyclone. But he is not a lady's chauffeur. He never will be. Once at night he took me—and the car—into an iron railroad gate, and bent the gate into a V. I was bent into the whole alphabet.

The car was a limousine. After that one cold ride from Calais to La Panne I was always in a limousine—always, of course, where a car could go at all. There may be other writers who have been equally fortunate, but most of the stories are of frightful hardships. I was not always comfortable. I was frequently in danger. But to and from the front I rode soft and warm and comfortable. Often I had a bottle of hot coffee and sandwiches. Except for the two carbines strapped to the speedometer, except for the soldier-chauffeur and the orderly who sat together outside, except for the eternal consulting of maps and showing of passes, I might have been making a pleasure tour of the towns of Northern France and Belgium. In fact, I have toured abroad during times of peace and have been less comfortable.

I do not speak Flemish, so I could not ask the chauffeur to desist, slow down, or let me out to walk. I could only sit tight as the machine flew round corners, elbowed transports, and threw a warning shriek to armored cars. I wondered what would happen if we skidded into a wagon filled with high explosives. I tried to remember the conditions of my war insurance policy. Also I recalled the unpleasant habit the sentries have of firing through the back of any car that passes them.

I need not have worried. Except that once we killed a brown chicken, and that another time we almost skidded into the canal, the journey was uneventful, almost calm. One thing cheered me—all the other machines were going as fast as mine. A car that eased up its pace would be rammed from behind probably. I am like the English—I prefer a charge to a rearguard engagement.

My pass took me into Dunkirk.

It was dusk by that time. I felt rather lost and alone. I figured out what time it was at home. I wished someone would speak English. And I hated being regarded as a spy every mile or so, and depending

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS

Are worn regularly today by thousands of people who have tried other kinds first.

Get a pair yourself—then your shoes will be more comfortable—they will wear longer, and you will walk with a new buoyancy and lightness.

For only half a dollar you can have your shoes shod with Cat's Paw Heels, and make your step as easy as the Cat's own.

"The change from spiked shoes into street shoes that have Cat's Paw Rubber Heels is a great relief. The heels make walking on cement walks a pleasure—and ten per cent easier on the feet and legs."

John J. Ewen

That Foster Friction Plug took rubber heels out of the slippery class.

It prevents thousands of accidents. Then again that Foster Plug resists wear, and the extra quality of rubber affords greater resiliency—meaning not only comfort but economy. No holes to track mud and dirt.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind—and the name is easy to remember. All dealers—50c. attached—black or tan.

Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel, which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motormen, conductors, floor walkers and all who are on their feet a great deal. 75c attached, of your dealer—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c and outline of your heel

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street
Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

AD-MAN DAVISON WRITES CIRCULAR LETTERS, FOLDERS, BOOKLETS, MAIL

HOW TO BECOME A GOOD PUTTER ALL GOLFERS who want to improve their putting game, send for *FREE* booklet. Describes, illustrates new, scientific method. Endorsed by John Duncan Dunn and other well-known professionals and amateurs. H. C. OSBORN, 1815 E. Fortieth Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Are you going to build?

The use of Wall Board as an improvement over lath and plaster is becoming universal.

It is cleaner, more durable and more sanitary and does not dust, crack nor crumble. When you build be sure to buy

Certain-teed

Wall Board

As the name *Certain-teed* indicates, this Wall Board is designed to give the maximum service and it is sold at the most reasonable price. It is used extensively in houses, bungalows, temporary and permanent booths, factories, offices, etc. For sale by dealers everywhere.

General Roofing Mfg. Company

World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Boston Chicago Pittsburgh
Philadelphia Atlanta Cleveland Detroit St Louis
Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis Seattle
San Francisco London Hamburg Sydney

At each of our big mills we make the following products:

Asphalt Roofings (all grades and prices)
Slate Surfaced Shingles
Asphalt Felts
Deadening Felts
Tarred Felts
Building Papers
Insulating Papers
Wall Boards
Plastic Roofing Cement
Asphalt Cement
Roof Coating
Metal Paints
Outdoor Paints
Shingle Stains
Refined Coal Tar
Tar Coating
Pitch

"Safest is the smile of home" when you return to find the woodwork beautified with Vitralite, the Long-Life White Enamel.

IT is a thoughtful husband who sees that Vitralite is used in the home-to-be or the home-that-is, because houses new and old are made pleasanter and more livable by the application of Vitralite to the woodwork.

As lovely as rare porcelain and so durable that it defies both wear and age. Vitralite will not crack, peel nor turn yellow on wood, metal or plaster, whether used inside or outside. Above all, it is water-proof.

There are

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products

for every purpose

Though no better than other P. & L. Products, "61" Floor Varnish is unusually demonstrative of its good qualities because it must undergo the daily grind of many heels and constant wear. It is heel-proof, mar-proof and water-proof.

The quality of P. & L. Varnish Products has always been their strongest guarantee. Our established policy is full satisfaction or money refunded.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Address all inquiries to Pratt & Lambert Inc., 301 Ohio Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

Send for Sample Panels and interesting book on Interior Decoration. Be sure to mention whether interested in Vitralite or "61" or both.

Vitralite THE WHITE ENAMEL

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

on a slip of paper as my testimonial of respectability. The people I knew were lunching about that time, or getting ready for bridge or the matinée. I wondered what would happen to me if the pass blew out of the orderly's hands and was lost in the canal.

The chauffeur had been instructed to take me to the *Mairie*, a great dark building of stone halls and stairways, of sentries everywhere, of elaborate officers and much ceremony. But soon, in a great hall of the old building piled high with army supplies, I was talking to General Melis, and my troubles were over. A kindly and courteous gentleman, he put me at my ease at once. More than that, he spoke some English. He had received letters from England about me, and had telegraphed that he would meet me at Calais. He had, indeed, taken the time out of his busy day to go himself to Calais, thirty miles by motor, to meet me.

I was aghast. "The boat went to Boulogne," I explained. "I had no idea, of course, that you would be there."

"Now that you are here," he said, "it is all right. But—exactly what can I do for you?"

So I told him. He listened attentively. A very fine and gallant soldier he was, sitting in that great room in the imposing uniform of his rank; a busy man, taking a little time out of his crowded day to see an American woman who had come a long way alone to see this tragedy that had overtaken his country. Orderlies and officers came and went; the *Mairie* was a hive of seething activities. But he listened patiently.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked when I had finished.

"I should like to stay here, if I may. And from here, of course, I should like to get to the front."

"Where?"

"Can I get to Ypres?"

"It is not very safe."

I proclaimed instantly and loudly that I was as brave as a lion; that I did not know fear. He smiled. But when the interview was over it was arranged that I should have a *permis de séjour* to stay in Dunkirk, and that on the following day the general himself and one of his officers having an errand in that direction would take me to Ypres.

Showers of Bombs Predicted

That night the town of Dunkirk was bombarded by some eighteen German aëroplanes.

I found that a room had been engaged for me at the Hotel des Arcades. It was a very large room looking out over the public square and the statue of Jean Bart. It was really a princely room. No wonder they showed it to me proudly, and charged it to me royally. It was an upholstered room. Even the doors were upholstered. And because it was upholstered and expensive and regal, it enjoyed the isolation of greatness. The other people in the hotel slept above or underneath.

There were times when I longed for neighbors, when I yearned for someone to occupy the other royal apartment next door. But except for a Russian prince who stayed two days, and who snored in Russian and kept two *valets de chambre* up all night in the hall outside my door polishing his boots and cleaning his uniform, I was always alone in that part of the hotel.

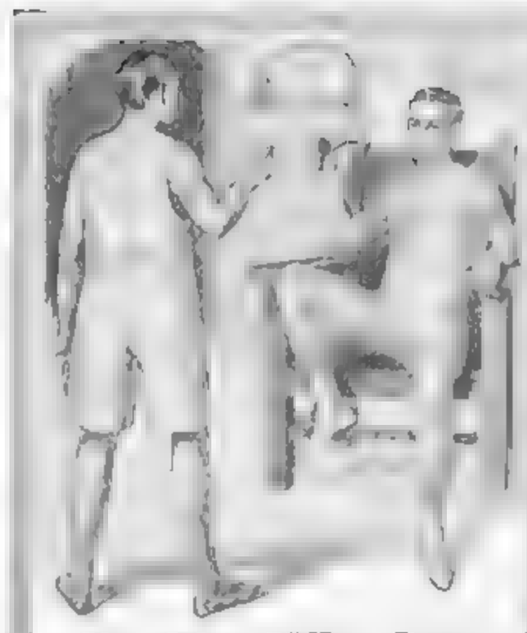
At my London hotel I had been lodged on the top floor, and twice in the night the hall porter had telephoned me to say that German Zeppelins were on their way to London. So I took care to find that in the Hotel des Arcades there were two stories and two layers of Belgian and French officers overhead.

I felt very comfortable—until the air raid. Then two stories seemed absurd, inadequate. I would not have felt safe in the subcellar of the Woolworth Building.

There were no women in the hotel at that time, with the exception of a hysterical lady manager, who sat in a boxlike office on the lower floor, and two chambermaids. A boy made my bed and brought me hot water. For several weeks at intervals he passed twice a day and said: "Et wat." I always thought it was Flemish for "May I come in?" At last I discovered that he considered this the English for "hot water." The waiters in the café were too old to be sent to war, but I think the cook had gone. There was no cook. Someone put the food on the fire, but he was not a cook.

Dunkirk had been bombarded several times, I learned.

(Continued on Page 69)



For Men Who Care

FOR MEN who are hard to please, men who are not satisfied with the discomfort and inconvenience of ill-fitting underwear—men who insist on having their undergarments fit as sensibly and as perfectly as their outer garments, there is satisfaction in

Imperial TRADE MARK

DROP SEAT UNION SUITS

Made in medium and light weight knitted fabrics for the spring season and also in the distinctively cool Athletic style for the hot summer months.

The Elastic Back relieves the strain on buttons and seams. The crotch is reinforced and closed by a single thickness of cloth and is cut just like tailor-made trousers.

Sold by particular dealers. Prices $1.50 to $4.00

If there is no Imperial Dealer within reasonable distance we will supply you direct from our factory, and guarantee satisfaction with every purchase.

Our Free Booklet showing samples of fabrics, styles and prices is yours for the asking.

THE IMPERIAL UNDERWEAR CO.
Dept. 11 Piqua, Ohio

Waxit

Did you ever see a table shine like this? A little WAXIT and a few moments for me and yours will shine too. No hard rubbing, no shaking, no disagreeable odor. Won't chap your hands. Try it and you wouldn't keep house without it.

6 oz. 25c. 14 oz. 50c. 1 qt. $1.00 ½ gal. $1.50 Gal. $2.50

For sale at garages, department, furniture, hardware, and drug stores or by mail prepaid. Sample 10c (with coupon good for 10c toward purchase of a quart or more).

WAXIT SERVICE 5th Ave. Bldg. Distributors for Greater New York

THE WAXIT MFG. CO. Minneapolis, Minn.

Sidney Gay Doesn't Ask for Money

He is in business and makes money for himself. Thursday and Friday afternoons he sells *The Saturday Evening Post*. Last year he earned about $100.00. He is in the eighth grade and stands high in his studies. His work does not interfere with school duties.

In addition to his cash profits, he received a lot of prizes for good work.

Any Boy Can Be Independent

Upon request we will send you everything needed to start. You can earn fifty cents the first Thursday.

Sales Division, Box 833
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Keeps Sugar Clean and prevents waste

Just what you need. Keeps sugar clean and saves 10% [illegible] Family Size $4. Lunch Room Size $5 [illegible]

Agents Wanted—[illegible]

THE SUGAR DISPENSER CO. BALTO. MD.

Genuine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

Can be worn in this condition by Men, Women and Children. Easily shaped [illegible] Brims from 2½ to 6 inches.

Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00

Money back if not satisfactory. Write for Catalog

Panamas from $1.00 to $100.00

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 839 Broadway, New York City

Cedar Canoes, $20 and up

Detroit canoes can't sink

All Canoes Cedar and Copper Fastened

We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices direct from factory to you.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 118 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

GOOD things to know

are indications of dog's breed, type, etc., told in

"About Dogs"

This fascinating FREE book can improve appearance, disposition and value of your pet. Sent with free sample of Austin's Dog Bread. Give your dealer's name, please

Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co.
253 Marginal St. Chelsea, Mass.

The Hand That Steers, Controls This Motor

[illegible]

CAILLE 5 Speed Motor

Push-Button Controlled

[illegible]

THE CAILLE PERFECTION MOTOR COMPANY
1519 Caille Street
Detroit, Michigan

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

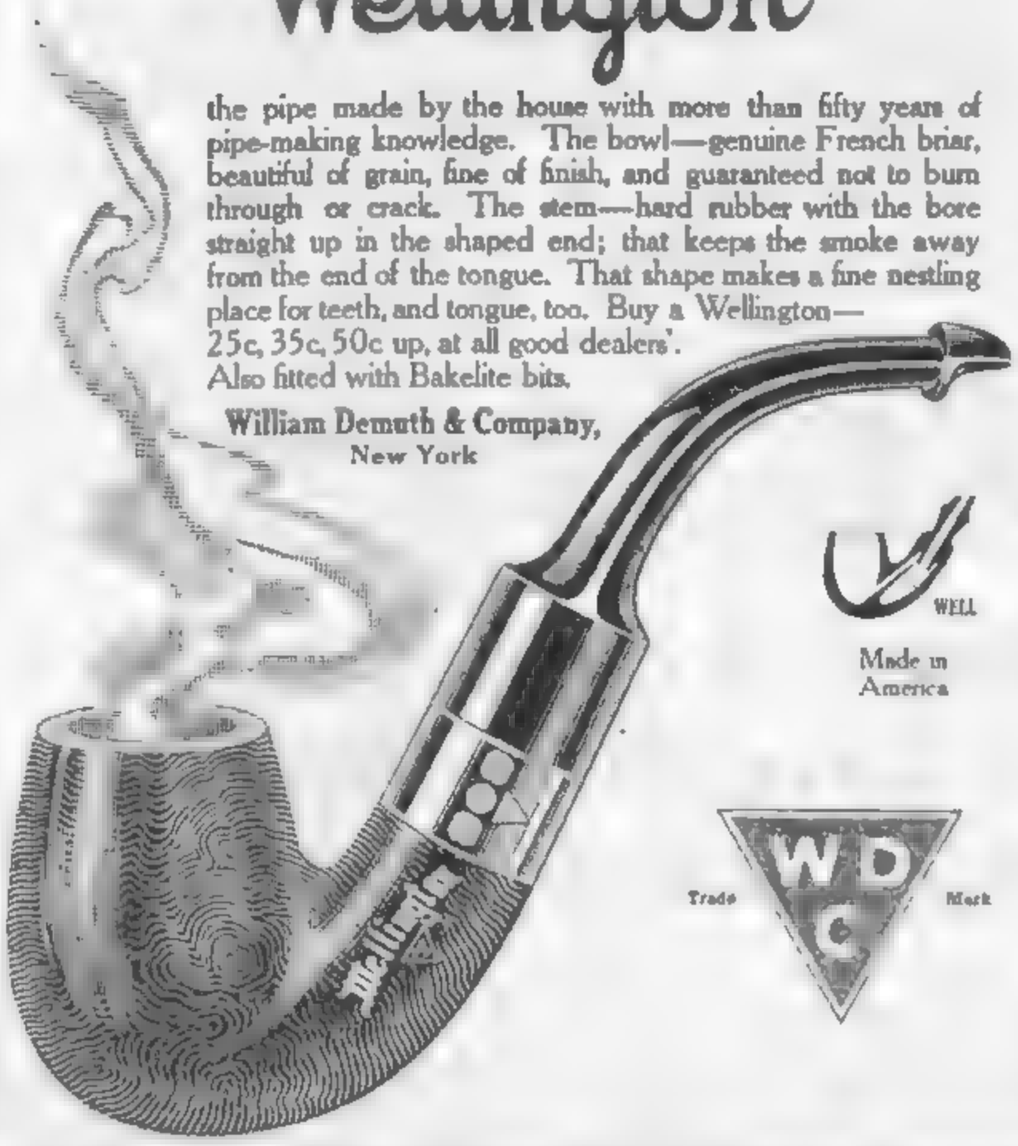
Here's a Pipe that You'll Enjoy

because it's built in a way that's right. That well, shown in the little illustration down there, is the answer. It keeps the saliva away from the tobacco in the bowl and there can't be any steam, or gurgling, or foulness. You won't have to coax it to draw. You *can* keep it clean and sweet and always have a cool smoke, because it's

The Wellington

the pipe made by the house with more than fifty years of pipe-making knowledge. The bowl—genuine French briar, beautiful of grain, fine of finish, and guaranteed not to burn through or crack. The stem—hard rubber with the bore straight up in the shaped end; that keeps the smoke away from the end of the tongue. That shape makes a fine nestling place for teeth, and tongue, too. Buy a Wellington—25c, 35c, 50c up, at all good dealers'. Also fitted with Bakelite bits.

William Demuth & Company,
New York



WELL

Made in America

Trade WDC Mark

Keep the Wolf from YOUR Door

AS long as you are well you know you will pay your way; but if from a clear sky there falls upon you some accident, or some illness, where will you be? Then it will be too late. ***Now is the time to be careful.***

Send this coupon—it will be your first step on the road to safety. Typhoid and pneumonia and grippe come to the strongest without warning. One man in seven dies or is injured from an accident every year.

ÆTNA-IZE

Take out this *Accumulative* Disability Policy. It protects your wife against your death—it protects you against accident—and sickness, too.

Consider this: out of 128,000 claims paid by the Ætna - 24,000 were for [illegible] 4,000 for burns and scalds—5,800 for cuts with edged tools or glass—5,000 for crushed fingers—4,000 for stepping on nails or glass—hundreds for tripping over mats or rugs, for splinters in hands or feet, and for crushed toes—2,500 for blood poisoning. Every step you take you are liable to some such accident as these.

We Pay You Up To $50 a Week

If you are engaged in a "Preferred" occupation, and under 60, all it will cost you is $60 a year. For that small sum—we will pay you $25 a week as long as you live, if you are disabled by an ordinary accident, or $50 a week if disabled by a railway, steamship, or burning building accident.

Half the above for partial disability.

And we will pay you $25 a week up to fifty-two weeks if you are sick. We will pay hospital charges or for a surgical operation.

If you are killed in an accident, if you lose two limbs or both eyes, we will pay from $5,000 to $15,000. Half as much for loss of one hand, foot or eye.

There is one sure way to keep the Wolf from your door—that is to send this coupon today. It costs you nothing—it binds you to nothing. SEND IT RIGHT NOW!

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 Hartford, Conn.

The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines

Ætna

Name—
Occupation—
Address—
Ætna Life Ins. Co.
Drawer 1341
I here make application for membership in the Ætna Health and Life Co.
Age—
Date—

"How Can I Become a Farmer?"

DON'T plunge blindly into farming. Study it first to see if it appeals to you as a lifetime occupation.

DON'T attempt to become a farmer without considerable practical knowledge of the principles of farming. Serve an apprenticeship as a farm laborer or take a course in an agricultural college, and read the best literature on farming as a business.

DON'T tie up all your capital in land alone. You will need money for farm equipment and expenses until you can make a profit.

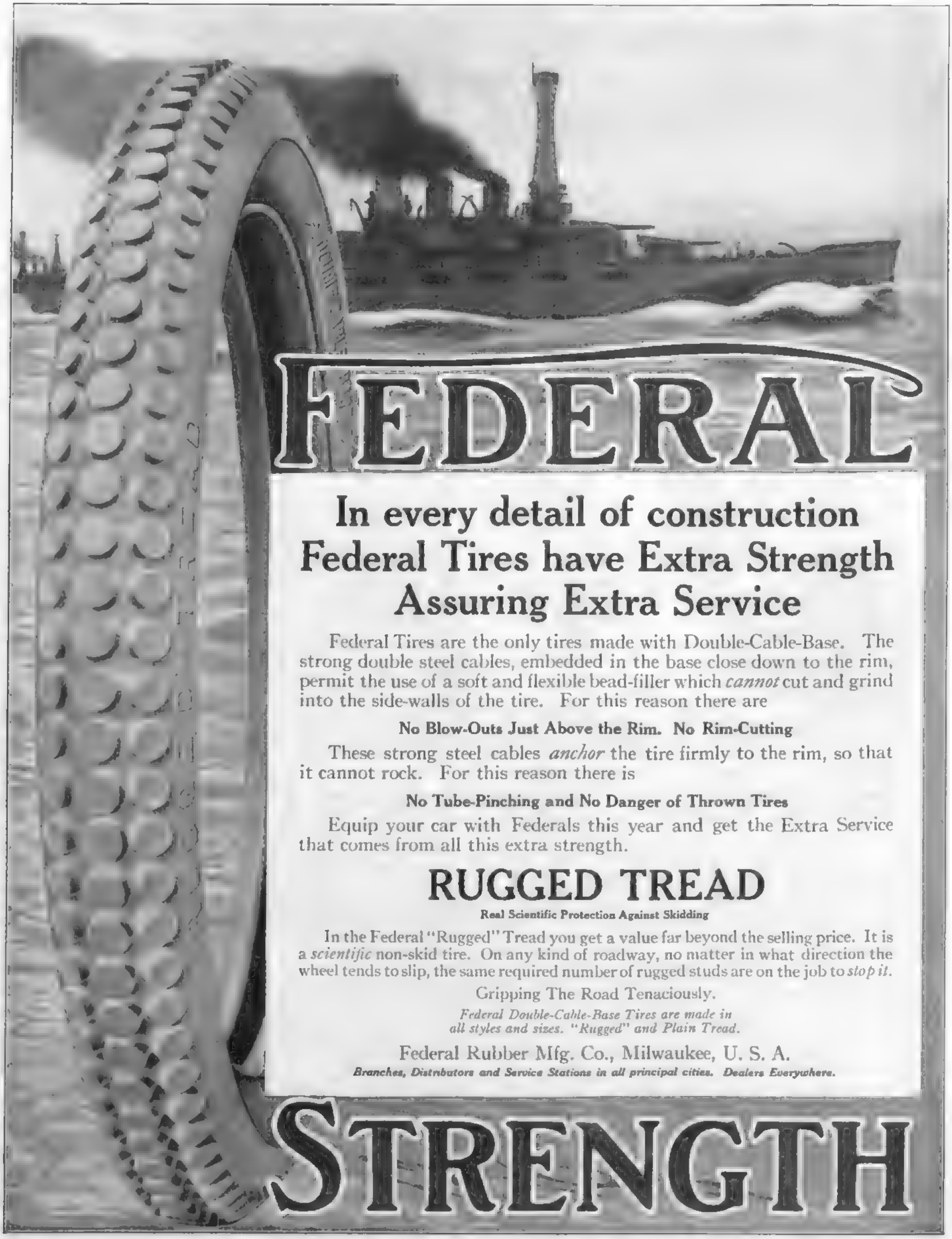
DON'T expect to get rich by intensive farming on a few acres unless you have experience and are sure of your markets. It might pay you better to farm more land devoted to general crops and livestock.

DON'T lose sight of the fact that farming is a complex business that requires knowledge, experience and capital, as well as elbow grease, from those who make it pay. The most successful farmers learn something new every day.

Read the Whole Answer in This Week's Issue of

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.



FEDERAL

In every detail of construction Federal Tires have Extra Strength Assuring Extra Service

Federal Tires are the only tires made with Double-Cable-Base. The strong double steel cables, embedded in the base close down to the rim, permit the use of a soft and flexible bead-filler which *cannot* cut and grind into the side-walls of the tire. For this reason there are

No Blow-Outs Just Above the Rim. No Rim-Cutting

These strong steel cables *anchor* the tire firmly to the rim, so that it cannot rock. For this reason there is

No Tube-Pinching and No Danger of Thrown Tires

Equip your car with Federals this year and get the Extra Service that comes from all this extra strength.

RUGGED TREAD

Real Scientific Protection Against Skidding

In the Federal "Rugged" Tread you get a value far beyond the selling price. It is a *scientific* non-skid tire. On any kind of roadway, no matter in what direction the wheel tends to slip, the same required number of rugged studs are on the job to *stop it*.

Gripping The Road Tenaciously.

Federal Double-Cable-Base Tires are made in all styles and sizes. "Rugged" and Plain Tread.

Federal Rubber Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Branches, Distributors and Service Stations in all principal cities. Dealers Everywhere.

STRENGTH

FIGURE the economy in buying all-leather shoes scientifically made—getting comfort and style from first to last day's wear. Five or six dollars invested in The Florsheim Shoe will bring you so much satisfaction that you will never wear "cheap" shoes again.

A Style for Every Taste
Look for Name in Shoe

Booklet showing "Styles of the Times" free on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago

"The Parade" Black Kid Light weight

Style 1040

Words and Music

Here are the songs that are loved most and are the delight of every home ever [illegible] them, words and music complete. These Favorite Songs are yours, free, if you will mail the coupon below and with it the names and addresses of two of your friends who are thinking of buying a piano or player piano. We want to tell them, and you, too, about the wonderful richness of tone and marvelous music-producing powers of

Steger & Sons
ESTABLISHED 1879
Pianos and Player Pianos

Steger Pianos and Player Pianos are made in the largest piano factories in the world [illegible] Steger Hill, the town founded by Mr. J. V. Steger. Through their intrinsic merit they have won the greatest success. [illegible] by the Steger family.

All the beauty of tone and [illegible] are found in the wonderful Steger Player Piano [illegible] by Steger quality.

[illegible] the songs to [illegible] and a free copy of our new Piano Catalog. It is filled with beautiful illustrations and valuable information. Just mail coupon today.

50 FAVORITE SONGS

STEGER & SONS PIANO MFG. CO
Dept. 10, Steger Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, free, the 50 Favorite Songs described above and also a free copy of your Piano Catalog. I am enclosing with this coupon the names of two friends who intend buying

☐ Piano or ☐ Player Piano

Name

Street R F D

Town P O Box State

[illegible] 1915 by C. E. Steger

(Continued from Page 66)

"They come in the morning," said my informant. "Every one is ordered off the streets. But they do little damage. One or two machines come and drop a bomb or two. That is all. Very few are killed."

I protested. I felt rather bitter about it. I expected trouble all along the lines, I explained. I knew I would be quite calm when I was actually at the front, and I had my nervous system prepared for trouble. But in Dunkirk I expected to rest and relax. I needed sleep after La Panne. I thought something should be done about it.

My informant shrugged his shoulders. He was English, and entirely fair.

"Dunkirk is a fortified town," he explained. "It is quite legitimate. But you may sleep to-night. The raids are always daylight ones."

So I commenced dinner calmly. I do not remember anything about that dinner. The memory of it has gone. I do recall looking about the dining room, and feeling a little odd and lonely, being the only woman. Then a gun boomed somewhere outside, and an alarm bell commenced to ring rapidly almost overhead. Instantly the officers in the room were on their feet, and every light went out.

The *maître d'hôtel*, Emil, groped his way to my table and struck a match.

"Aëroplanes!" he said.

There was much laughing and talking as the officers moved to the door. The heavy velvet curtains were drawn. Someone near the door lighted a candle.

"Where shall I go?" I asked.

Emil, unlike the officers, was evidently nervous.

"Madame is as safe here as anywhere," he said. "But if she wishes to join the others in the cellar ——"

I wanted to go to the cellar or to crawl into the office safe. But I felt that, as the only woman and the only American about, I held the reputation of America and of my sex in my hands. The waiters had gone to the cellar. The officers had flocked to the café on the ground floor underneath. The alarm bell was still ringing. Over the candle, stuck in a saucer, Emil's face looked white and drawn.

"I shall stay here," I said. "And I shall have coffee."

The coffee was not bravado. I needed something hot.

War on the Helpless

The gun, which had ceased, began to fire again. And then suddenly, not far away, a bomb exploded. Even through the closed and curtained windows the noise was terrific. Emil placed my coffee before me with shaking hands, and disappeared.

Another crash, and another!

There is nothing that I know of more hideous than an aërial bombardment. It requires an entire mental readjustment. The sky, which has always symbolized peace, suddenly spells death. Bombardment by the big guns of an advancing army is not unexpected. There is time for flight, a chance, too, for a reprisal. But against these raiders of the sky there is nothing. One sits and waits. And no town is safe. One moment there is a peaceful village with war twenty, fifty miles away. The next minute hell breaks loose. Houses are destroyed. Sleeping children die in their cradles. The streets echo and reëcho with the din of destruction. The reply of the anti-aircraft guns is feeble, and at night futile. There is no bustle of escape. The streets are empty and dead, and in each house people, family groups, noncombatants, folk who ask only the right to work and love and live, sit and wait with blanched faces.

More explosions, nearer still. They were trying for the *Mairie*, which was round the corner.

In the corridor outside the dining room a candle was lighted, and the English officer who had reassured me earlier in the evening came in.

"You need not be alarmed," he said cheerfully. "It is really nothing. But out in the corridor it is quite safe and not so lonely."

I went out. Two or three Belgian soldiers were there, gathered round a table on which was a candle stuck in a glass. They were having their after-dinner liqueurs and talking of many things. No one spoke of what was happening outside. I was given a corner, as being out of the draft.

The explosions were incessant now. With each one the landlady downstairs screamed.

"Go or Return Great Northern"

California's Expositions *via* Glacier National Park

Aboard through transcontinental trains, from Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, a wonderful scenic ride via Glacier National Park and cities of Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland—

en route a tour of Glacier National Park—

aboard splendid steamships *Great Northern* and *Northern Pacific*, a voyage down the Pacific, Portland via Astoria to San Francisco—

this is the "Great Northern way" going to or returning from California's World's Fairs.

Send for free Exposition Folder.

The Great Northern has prepared an elaborate and interesting map folder describing how to see California's Expositions and Glacier National Park.

Fill out coupon below and mail today

H. A. NOBLE, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.
S. LOUNSBERY, Gen. Agent, Pass. Dept., 1184 Broadway, New York
C. W. PITTS, Gen. Agent, Pass. Dept., 210 So. Clark St., Chicago

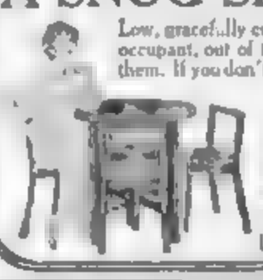
"See America First" GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY Glacier National Park

H. A. NOBLE, G. P. A., Great Northern Railway
Dept. 14, St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me free Glacier National Park Booklets and Exposition Folder.

Good-Looking—Comfortable—Strong

A SNUG-SEAT set of table and 4 sit-right chairs



Low, gracefully curved backs fit both table and occupant, out of the way when not in use. Try them. If you don't like them for looks, comfort, economy of room or any other reason, send them back. Will refund your money. Send for free literature for stores, soda fountains, tea rooms, lunch rooms, clubs, homes, etc.

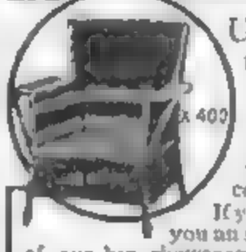
W. B. McLean Manufacturing Co.
100 Ilerron Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and heeds it is the possible worth of the book we will send you 6 cents postage. Write us at once.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

See The Million Dollar Stock of P. & H. Home Furnishings At Your Dealers



Unlimited Selection plus Guaranteed High Quality, plus **low, money-saving prices** are all yours when you buy

PECK & HILLS HOMEFURNISHINGS

Buy them of your own dealer. If he hasn't everything you want in stock, he will show you our 900-page catalogue, from which you can choose what you desire and furnish your home completely [illegible] quickly and [illegible]

If you prefer, your dealer will give you an introductory card to one of our big showrooms. There you may examine our enormous stock and order what you want. Delivery is made through your dealer—**you pay him.** No extra cost—no trouble—no red tape.

Everything guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Write for handsome free souvenir Booklet and name of your local P. & H. dealer. **We do not sell direct.** Headquarters for Hotel, School, Library and Assembly Furnishings.

FURNITURE DEALERS: Write for our proposition

100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $1.90
From Factory Direct To YOU By Ex or Parcel Post Prepaid

Made of Imported Havana Picadura, from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short to roll into our high-priced cigars. They're not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Customers call them "Diamonds in the Rough." All 4½ inches long. Only 100 at this "Get Acquainted" price. Money cheerfully refunded if you don't receive at least double value. Mention strength when ordering. Our references, Dun or Bradstreet's or any Bank.

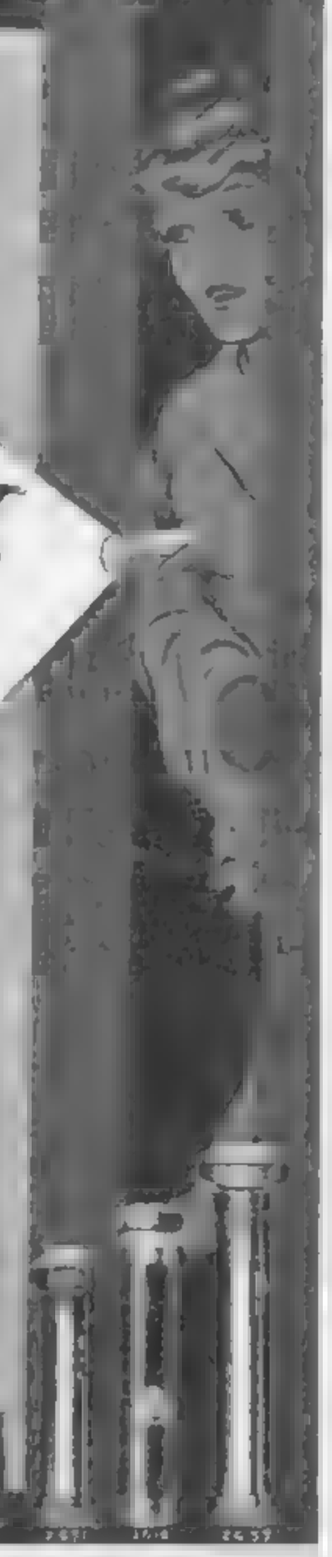
To each purchaser of 100 Edwin's Genuine Havana Seconds, we will, for 60c extra, send Edwin's "SAMPLE CASE" containing one sample cigar each of our 12 Best Sellers—all Bargain Values—priced up to $15.00 per 100. Include this in your order—it's the biggest sample value ever offered.

EDWIN CIGAR CO., Dept. N. 1, 1st Ave. & 13th St., New York
Largest Mail Order Cigar [illegible] House in the World

Who's There?

Protect yourself against undesirables by flashing a bright beam of light on night callers.

Carry your own electric light with you about the house both as a protection and a convenience — flash it down the dark halls and stairways — into dark closets and corners — under the bed or in cellar or attic for finding things at night.



EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS

give brilliant light at the touch of your finger. Absolutely safe—cannot start fires—invaluable in emergencies. Carry one in your pocket—have one beside the bed at night.

Made in 75 styles and prices for home, camp, automobile, motor boat—all uses indoors and out—from little vest pocket lights at 75c to $2.00 to big hand search lanterns at $3.00 to $5.50.

Beautiful sturdy cases—sure contacts—these EVEREADY Mazda Lamps and EVEREADY Tungsten Batteries (the power plant of your light) are scientifically designed to L-A-S-T. Give bright, reliable light and *real* service. Absolutely guaranteed, by "the largest manufacturers of flashlights in the world"

40,000 dealers—hardware, electrical, drug, auto supply, sporting goods, jewelry, and other convenient stores.

If your dealer can't supply you write us

Ask for Illustrated Catalog No. 1

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS

of National Carbon Company

LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK

Branches: Chicago San Francisco New Orleans

Canadian Ever Ready Works of Canadian National Carbon Company, Ltd. Toronto, Canada

You can be as successful as he is

MR. COURTWRIGHT HAWLEY, of Nebraska, earns over $5000 a year by looking after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

He is one of thousands who devote all or a part of their time to this work. You can be as successful as they are. We will pay you liberally in commission and salary for whatever time you will give us.

If you want to know about the plan drop us a line. It involves no expense to you and no experience is necessary. Address your letter to

Box 832, Agency Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

As they came closer, cries and French adjectives came up the staircase beside me in a nerve-destroying staccato of terror.

At nine-thirty, when the aeroplanes had been overhead for three-quarters of an hour, there came a period of silence. There were no more explosions.

"It is over," said one of the Belgian officers smiling. "It is over, and madame lives!"

But it was not over.

I took advantage of the respite to do the forbidden thing and look out through one of the windows. The moon had come up and the square was flooded with light. All around were silent houses. No ray of light filtered through their closed and shuttered windows. The street lamps were out. Not an automobile was to be seen, not a hurrying human figure, not a dog. No night prowler disturbed that ghastly silence. The town lay dead under the clear and peaceful light of the moon. The white paving stones of the square gleamed, and in the center, saturnine and defiant, stood uninjured the statue of Jean Bart, privateer and private of Dunkirk.

Crash again! It was not over. The attack commenced with redoubled fury. If sound were destructive the little town of Dunkirk would be off the map of Northern France to-day.

I went back to my corner. I did not run, but I went swiftly.

The bombardment continued. My feet were very cold, my head hot. The lady manager was silent; perhaps she had fainted. But Emil reappeared for a moment, his round white face protruding above the staircase well, to say that a Zeppelin was reported on the way.

Then at last silence, broken soon by the rumble of ambulances as they started on their quest for the dead and the wounded. And Emil was wrong. There was no Zeppelin. The night raid on Dunkirk was history.

The lights did not come on again. From that time on for several weeks Dunkirk lay at night in darkness. Houses showing a light were fined by the police. Automobiles were forbidden the use of lamps. One crept along the streets and the roads surrounding the town in a mysterious and nerve-racking blackness broken only by the shaded lanterns of the sentries as they stepped out with their sharp command to stop.

The Result of the Raid

The result of the raid? It was largely moral, a part of that campaign of terrorization which is so strangely a part of the German system, which has set its army to burning cities, to bombarding the unfortified coast towns of England, to shooting civilians in conquered Belgium, and which now sinks the pitiful vessels of small traders and fishermen in the submarine-infested waters of the British Channel. It gained no military advantage, was intended to gain no military advantage. Not a soldier died. The great stores of military supplies were not wrecked. The victims were, as usual, women and children. The houses destroyed were the small and peaceful houses of noncombatants. Only two men were killed. They were in a side street when the first bomb dropped, and they tried to find an unlocked door, an open house, anything for shelter. It was impossible. Built like all French towns, without arcades or sheltering archways, the flat façades of the closed and barricaded houses refused them sanctuary. The second bomb killed them both.

Through all that night after the bombardment I could hear each hour the call of the trumpet from the great overhanging tower, a double note at once thin and musical, that reported no enemy in sight in the sky and all well. From far away, at the gate in the wall, came the reply of the distant watchman's horn softened by distance.

"All well here also," it said.

Following the trumpets the soft-toned chimes of the clock rang out a hymn that has chimed from the old tower every hour for generations, extolling and praising the Man of Peace.

The ambulances had finished their work. The dead lay with folded hands, surrounded by candles, the lights of faith. And under the fading moon the old city rested and watched.

Automobile Owners!

Put your Trust in the Test

Factory testing of TESTBESTOS brake lining anticipates your most sudden and severe road requirements. TESTBESTOS grips, holds, lasts.

TESTBESTOS

AUTOMOBILE

Brake Lining

"Every Foot is Tested"

TESTBESTOS is the safety "first" in automobiling. Not until every foot has withstood the tests of friction, distortion, disintegration, contact with gases, greases and liquids do we put on the TESTBESTOS guarantee.

Ours is a complete process from the long-fibre crude Canadian asbestos to the reinforcing with brass wire. Leading lawyers and engineers all over the world endorse TESTBESTOS

SPECIAL FORD OUTFIT—ready to apply—sent direct for $2.00 if your dealer cannot supply you. Money refunded if not satisfactory

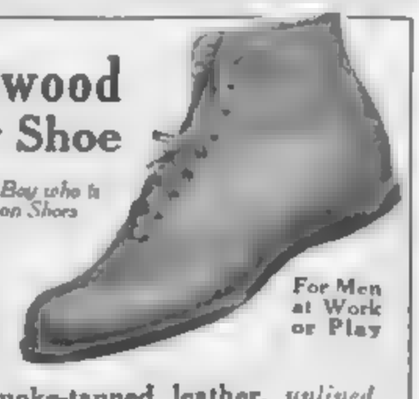
We will consider a few more active salesmen [illegible]. Send for a written report of a $3,000 a year TESTBESTOS Salesman

American Asbestos Company, Norristown, Pa., U.S.A.
Sole makers of TESTBESTOS

Asbestos yarns, cloths, theatre curtains, tapes [illegible]

Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes



For Men at Work or Play

Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined*. Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak-tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable Spring heel, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot

The best shoe for football, baseball, tramping, shooting, as well as all around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe [illegible]

Youths' Sizes 10 to 13½, delivered	$3.50
Boys' Sizes 1 to 5	4.00
Men's Sizes, 5 to 11	4.50
Same with Flat Broad Heel	5.00
For Golf—Heels and Hob Nails "	6.00

Spring Booklet on request

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 393 Main Street Rochester, N. Y.

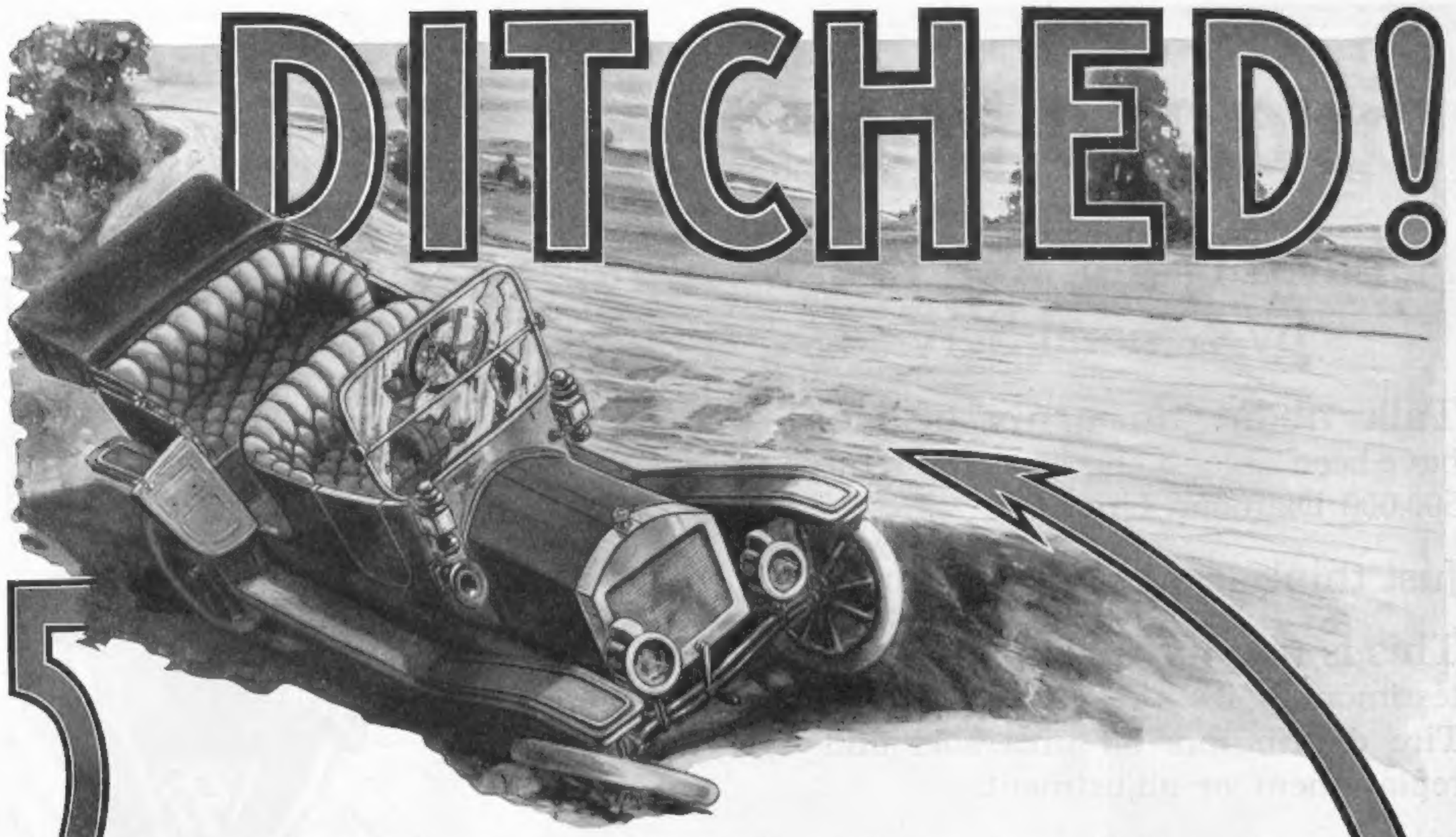
The Home of Good Shoemaking

RADIO

BRILLIANT looking—brilliant results in shaving—that's the EVER READY RADIO BLADE.

Cleaner shaves and happier shaves than from any blade made. Sold wherever razors are sold. 6 for 30c—10 for 50c.

EVER-READY 12 bladed Dollar Safety Razors—the world's standard.



Every Owner of a Ford or Electric or Any Other Car Needs This Safety Steering Device to Help Avoid Accidents

Perhaps it has become second nature always to keep a firm hold on your steering wheel because the slack in the steering gear creates a tendency in the front wheels of your car to swerve at the slightest roughness or obstruction on the road.

Neither you nor your women folk will get very much pleasure motoring if it is necessary to grip the steering wheel with **both** hands **all** the time—or be in constant fear that the slightest relaxation means a nerve-racking, bone-breaking, car-smashing wabble, perhaps a tumble into the ditch. If your car is equipped with the Ideal Safety Steering Device you can take your hands off the wheel altogether and the car will still hold true to its course.

Perhaps you have been lucky enough so far to avoid serious accidents caused by the slack in your steering gear; but you are surely nursing anxiety, inviting calamity, missing all the joys of motoring every day that you, or those you love, continue to drive your car without first equipping it with an Ideal Safety Steering Device.

Over 90 per cent of the Accident Insurance claims paid on Automobiles are due to the cars' hitting some obstacle and turning to one side. The Ideal Safety Steering Device prevents such accidents.

Even though you may be fortunate enough never to have a serious accident on account of the slack in your steering gear, this slack causes sufficient disalignment of the front wheels to make an unnecessary tire expense which annually amounts to many times the small expense of equipping your Ford, Electric, or any other car with an

IDEAL Safety Steering Device

The King of Safety for All Auto Drivers

When this positive steering gear is installed it braces the steering rod of a Ford, Electric, or any other car, 17 inches across the center.

If either end of the steering rod should break, the Ideal Safety Steering Device would still hold the car to the road. It stops the wabbling of the front wheels that is so hard on tires. It prevents all shocks that have a wearing effect on your car and therefore acts as a shock absorber.

This device is extremely simple, inconspicuous on the car, can be installed by anyone in 15 minutes. It is firmly clamped onto both steering rod and front axle. No tools required except a wrench.

It Makes Motoring a Pleasure

Thousands of owners of Fords, Electrics, and other cars have proven absolutely that the improvement in steering, the ease with which the car is kept true to course, the safety, comfort, peace of mind afforded by the installation of an Ideal Safety Steering Device are worth many times its slight cost.

Sold by Dealers and Agents Everywhere Under a Positive Guarantee

The Ideal Safety Steering Device is made of cold rolled steel from dies. Every part is standardized and interchangeable. Handsomely finished in highest grade nickel-plate. Fully guaranteed. Any part proving defective within one year will be replaced free of cost.

If your dealer cannot supply you with the Ideal Safety Steering Device, we will send it parcel post prepaid on receipt of price, **$6.50** Weight only 5 pounds. Send for descriptive literature.

Limited Territory Still Open For State and County Agencies

Thousands of automobile owners have proven that the Ideal Safety Steering Device has "made good." Hundreds of thousands more will see this announcement. It will carry a special appeal to them. The price is so low that the demand for the Ideal Safety Steering Device is enormous. We have a limited amount of territory still open for live-wire State and County Representatives. Write today for Special Agency Proposition.

Ideal Safety Steering Device Company
522 Midland Building, Dept. 10, Kansas City, Mo.
Eastern Branch Office:
523 White Building, Dept. 10, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ideal
Safety Steering Device
Made of cold rolled steel from dies. Fully guaranteed. Any part proving defective within one year will be replaced free of cost.
Every Part Interchangeable and Finished In Nickel

500,000 Strong

Lined up for your review by General Service

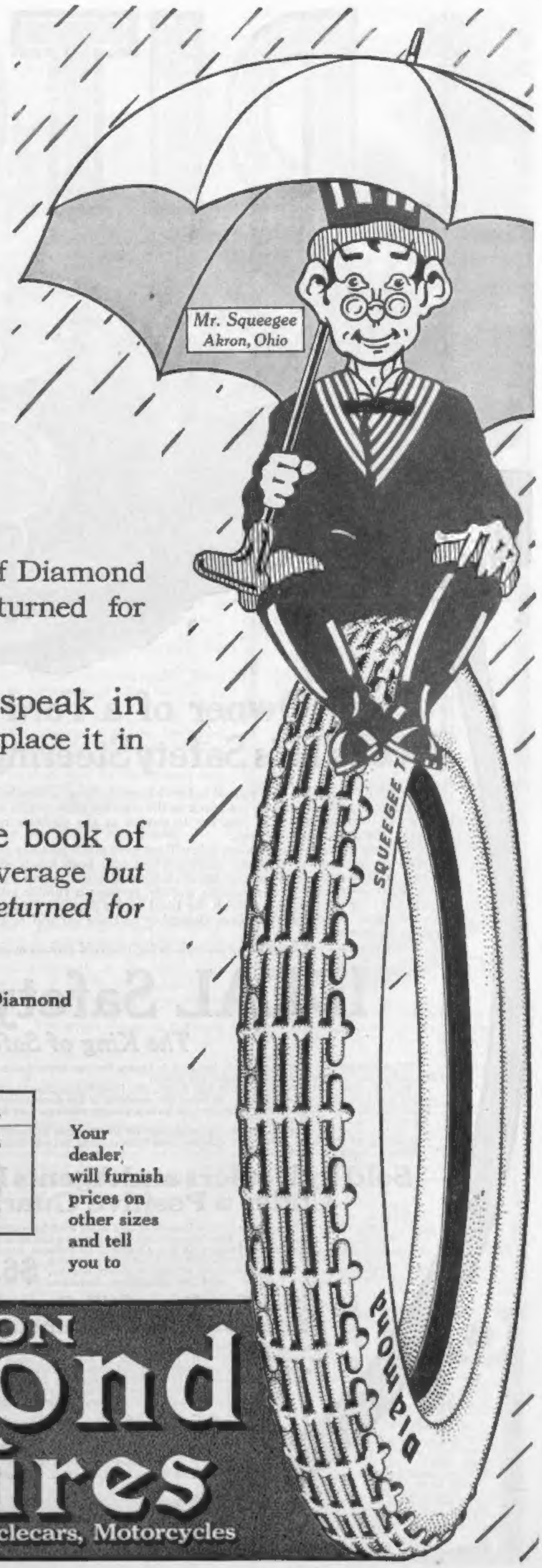
Talk about an army of facts—we have been able to check up the returns from 500,000 Diamond Tires.

Just think it over for a minute.

This is no puny group of isolated tire testimonials, it's a real report from hundreds of Diamond Tire distributors on tires sold and tires returned for replacement or adjustment.

No tire manufacturer ever dared to speak in public about such a report, let alone offer to place it in the hands of every interested tire buyer.

Use the return coupon and receive the book of compelling tire facts showing that on an average *but one Diamond Tire out of every hundred was returned for replacement or adjustment.*



Added to the wonderful Diamond service you can now buy Diamond Squeegee Tread Tires at the following

"FAIR-LIST" PRICES:

Size	Diamond Squeegee	Size	Diamond Squeegee
30 x 3 - -	$ 9.45	34 x 4 - -	$20.35
30 x 3½ - -	12.20	36 x 4½ - -	28.70
32 x 3½ - -	14.00	37 x 5 - -	33.90
33 x 4 - -	20.00	38 x 5½ - -	46.00

Your dealer will furnish prices on other sizes and tell you to

PAY NO MORE

DIAMOND TIRES
AKRON, OHIO
Send me your book entitled "500,000 Strong."

Name_____

Address_____

PUT ON Diamond Squeegee Tread Tires

For Automobiles, Bicycles, Cyclecars, Motorcycles

PALMOLIVE SOAP

Appeals to Dainty Women

Dainty women revel in the fragrant, creamy, abundant PALMOLIVE lather and its wonderful cleansing qualities. Made from palm and olive oils, PALMOLIVE SOAP is delightfully mild. Sold everywhere.

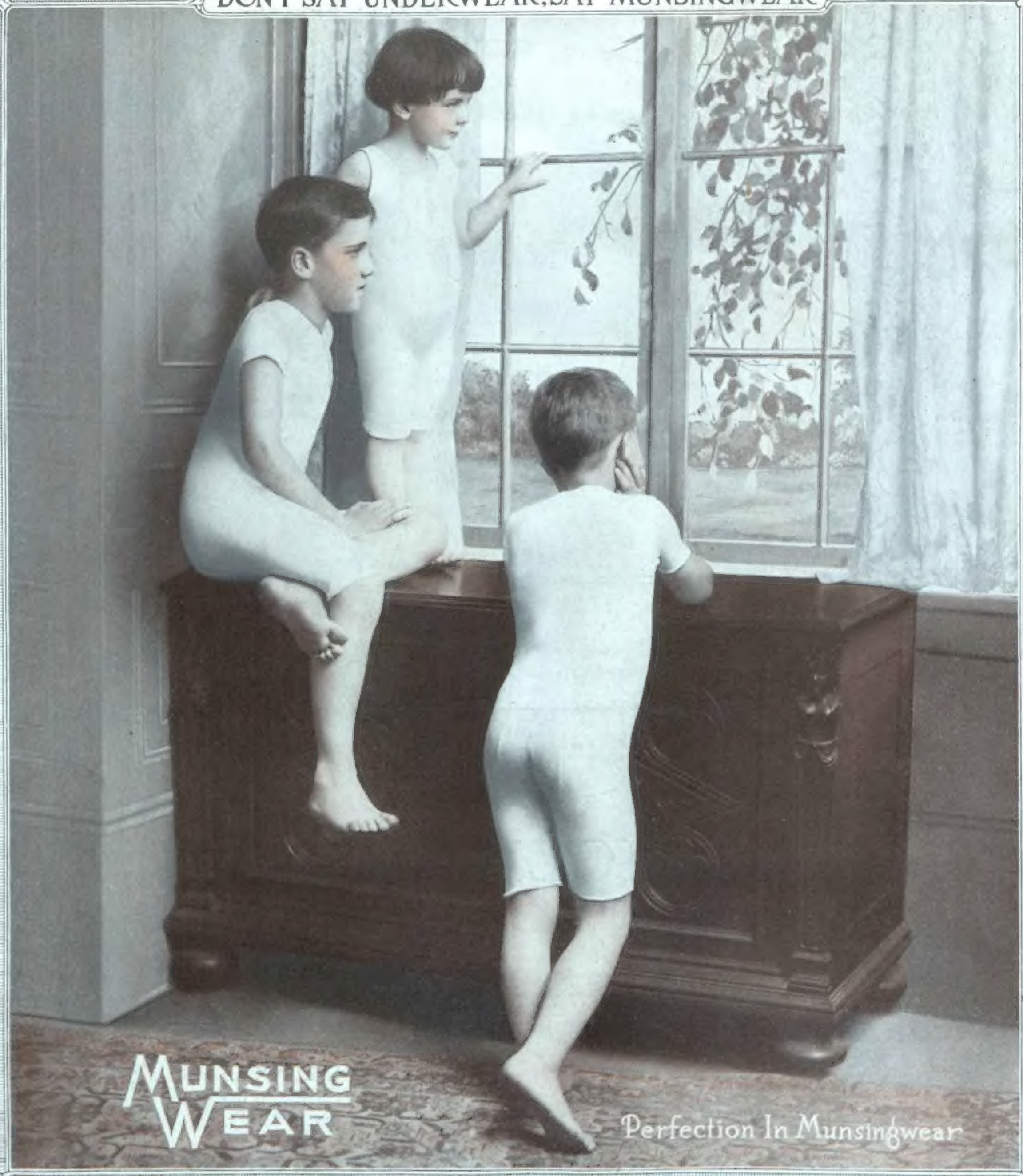
PALMOLIVE CREAM keeps the skin smooth by supplementing the natural oils. Use a little before applying powder.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO is *liquid* PALMOLIVE. Makes the proper cleansing of the hair easy.

Threefold Sample Offer—Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.
Canadian Factory: 155–157 George St., Toronto, Ont.

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR, SAY MUNSINGWEAR



Union Suits for Men, Women and Children in every required style and size in a variety of light weight fabrics of fine quality. The coolest and most comfortable summer underwear that can be made. Popular because satisfactory. Over 9,000,000 perfect fitting, non-irritating, long wearing Munsingwear garments sold annually.

THE NORTHWESTERN KNITTING COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minnesota